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PERSONAL SKETCHES

OF

HIS OWN TIMES,

BY

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON,

JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY IN IRELAND,

&c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES KENDAL BUSHE,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF IRELAND.

THIS trifle—the pastime of my winter evenings, is presented to a person of whom I have long held the highest opinion among the circle of my friends and the crowd of my contemporaries;—and for whom my regards have been both disinterested and undeviating.

The work is too trivial to be of any weight, and I offer it only as a *Souvenir*, which may amuse one who can be constant to friendship at all periods, and knows how to appreciate a gift, not by its value, but by the feelings of the heart which sends it.

JONAH BARRINGTON, K. C.

INTRODUCTION.

The compilation by me of a medley of this description may appear rather singular. Indeed, I myself think it so, and had got nearly half-way through it before I could reasonably account for the thing;—more especially as it was by no means commenced for mercenary purposes. The fact is, I had long since engaged my mind and time on a work of real public importance; and so far as that work was circulated, my literary ambition was *more* than gratified by the approbation it received. But it has so happened, that my publishers, one after another, have been wanting in the qualification of stability; and hence, my "Historic Memoirs of Ireland" have been lying fast asleep,

in their own sheets, on the shelves of three successive booksellers or their assignees; and so ingeniously were they scattered about, that I found it impossible for some years to collect them. This was rather provoking, as there were circumstances connected with the work, which, be its merits what they may, would, in my opinion, have ensured it an extensive circulation. However, I have at length finished the Memoirs in question, which I verily believe are now about to be published in reality,* and will probably excite sundry differences of opinion and shades of praise or condemnation (both of the book and the author) among His Majesty's liege subjects.

For the purpose of completing that work, I had lately re-assumed my habit of writing: and being tired of so serious and responsible a concern as "Memoirs of Ireland and the Union," I began to consider what species of employment might lightly wear away the long and tedious winter-evenings of a demi-invalid; and recollecting that I could neither live for ever nor was *sure* of being the "last man," I conceived

* See the Prospectus, published with the present work.

the idea of looking over and burning a horse-load or two of letters, papers, and fragments of all descriptions, which I had been carrying about in old trunks (not choosing to leave them at any body's mercy), and to which I had been perpetually adding.

The execution of this *inflammatory* project I immediately set about with vast assiduity and corresponding success; and doubtless, with very great advantage to the literary reputation of an immense number of my former correspondents as well as my own. After having made considerable progress, I found that some of the fragments amused myself, and I therefore began to consider whether they might not also amuse other people. I was advised to make selections from my store, particularly as I had, for near half a century, kept—not a diary—but a sort of rambling chronicle, wherein I made notes of matters which, from time to time, struck my fancy. Some of these memoranda were illegible; others just sufficient to set my memory working; some were sad, and some were cheerful; some very old, others recent. In fine, I

began to *select:* but I soon found that any thing like a regular series was out of the question; so I took a heap indiscriminately, picked out the subjects that amused me most, wrote a list of their several headings, which were very numerous; and, as his Majesty pricks for sheriffs, so did I for subjects, and thereby gathered as many as I conceived would make two or three volumes. My next process was to make up *court-dresses* for my Sketches and Fragments, such as might facilitate their introduction into respectable company, without observing strict *chronological sequence,* to which I am aware light readers have a rooted aversion.

This laudable occupation served to amuse me and to fill up the blanks of the winter-evenings; and being finished, the residue of the papers re-deposited, and the trunks locked again, I requested the publisher of my "Historic Memoirs" also to set my "Personal Sketches" afloat. This he undertook to do: and they are now sent out to the public—the *world,* as it is called; and the reader (*gentle* reader is too hackneyed a term to be employed by me) is fully at

liberty to draw from them whatever deductions he pleases. All I have to say is, that the several matters contained herein are neither fictions nor essays, but relate to real matters of fact, and personages composed of flesh and blood. I have aimed at no display of either fancy or imagination; nor have I set down long dialogues, which could not possibly be recorded except when heroes and heroines carried short-hand writers in their pockets, which must have been peculiarly inconvenient. In speaking of *fanciful* matters, by-the-bye, I may as well except my own opinions on certain subjects here and there interspersed, which I freely leave to the mercy of any one who is disposed to esteem them visionary.

However, be it understood, that I by no means intend this disclaimer as an assault on—but on the contrary as a distinguished compliment to writers and to works of pure imagination—of improbability and impossibility!—inasmuch as such works prove an unlimited range of intellect and talent, on the part of the authors, for inventing *matters of fact* that never could have occur-

red, and *conversations* that never could have taken place; a talent which, when duly cultivated and practised for the use of friends and private families, seldom fails to bring an author's name into most *extensive circulation;* and if perchance he should get himself into any scrape by it, nothing is so likely as the exercise of the same talent of *invention,* to get him out of it again.

On the other hand, I must own, even against myself, that the writing of mere common-place truths requires no talent whatsoever! it is quite a *humdrum* straight-forward acquirement, which any person may attain. Besides, matter of fact is not at all in vogue just now: the disrepute under which truth in general at present labours, in all departments and branches of literature, has put it quite out of fashion even amongst the *savans:*—so that chemistry and mathematics are almost the only subjects, on the certainty of which, the "nobility, gentry, and the public at large," appear to place any very considerable reliance.

Having thus, I hope, proved my candour at my own cost, the deduction is self-evident—

namely, that the unfortunate authenticity of these sketches must debar them from any competition with the tales and tattle of unsophisticated invention: when, for instance, *scandal* is *true*, it is (as some ladies have assured me) considered by the whole sex as scarcely worth listening to, and actually requiring at least very considerable exaggeration to render it at all amusing! I therefore greatly fear I may not, in this instance, experience so much of their favour as I am always anxious to obtain: my only consolation is, that when their desire to indulge an amiable appetite for scandal is very ardent, they may find ample materials in every bookseller's shop and *haut-ton* society to gratify the passion.

I feel now necessitated to recur to another point, and I do it at the risk of being accused of egotism. I hope, however, I can advance a good reason for my proceeding; namely, that, on reading over some of the articles whereof this *mélange* is composed, I freely admit, that if I were not *very* intimately acquainted with myself, I might be led at least into a puzzle as to the writer's genuine sentiments on many

points of theology and politics. Now, I wish, seriously speaking, to avoid, on these subjects, all ambiguity; and therefore, as responsible for the opinions put forth in the following Sketches, I beg to state, that I consider myself strictly orthodox both in politics and theology: that is to say, I profess to be a sound protestant, without bigotry; and an hereditary royalist, without ultraism. Liberty I love—Democracy I hate: Fanaticism I denounce! These principles I have ever held and avowed, and they are confirmed by time and observation. I own that I have been what is generally called a *loyalist*, and I have been also what is generally called a *patriot;* but I never was either *unqualifiedly:* I always thought, and I think still, that they never should, and never need be (upon fair principles) opposed to each other. I can also see no reason why there may not be patriot kings as well as patriot subjects—a patriot *minister*, indeed, may be more problematical. In my public life, I have met with but one transaction that even *threatened* to make my patriotism overbalance my loyalty: I

allude to the purchase and sale of the Irish Parliament, called a Union, which I ever regarded as one of the most flagrant public acts of corruption on the records of history, and certainly the most mischievous to this empire—except our absurdities at Vienna. I believe very few men sleep the sounder for having supported either the former or the latter measures; though some, it is true, *went to sleep* a good deal sooner than they expected when they carried those measures into execution.

I must also observe that, as to the *detail* of politics, I feel now very considerable apathy. My day for actual duty is past; and I shall only further allude, as a simple casuist, to the slang terms in which it has become the fashion to dress up the most important subjects of British statistics—subjects on which certain of these Sketches appear to have a remote bearing, and on which my ideas may possibly be misunderstood.

I wish it therefore to be considered as my humble opinion, that what, in political slang, is termed *Radical Reform*, is, in reality, *proximate*

revolution :—*Universal Suffrage* appears to me to be *inextinguishable uproar* :—*Annual Parliaments*, nothing less than *periodical bloodshed*. My doubts as a casuist, with these impressions on my mind, must naturally be, how the orderly folks of Great Britain would relish proximate revolution, inextinguishable uproar, and periodical bloodshed?—I do not extend the query to the natives of my own country, because, since His Majesty was there, nobody has taken much notice of them; and besides, the people in Ireland having very little to eat and no amusement at all, the aforesaid pastimes might divert them, or at least their hunger, and of course be extremely acceptable to a great body of the population.

As I also perceive some articles in these Sketches touching upon matters relative to Popes, Catholic countries, &c.; lest I may be misconstrued or misrepresented on that head, I beg to observe, that I meddle not at all in the controversy of Catholic Emancipation. The *Doctors* employed *differ* so essentially in opinion, that, as it frequently falls out on many other consultations, they may lose their patient

whilst debating on the prescription:—in truth, I don't see how the Doctors *can* ever agree, as the prescribers must necessarily take the *assay*, and one half of them verily believe that they should be poisoned thereby!—"Amongst ye be it, blind harpers!"

I apprehend I have now touched on most of the topics which occurred to me as requiring a word of explanation. I repeat that this book is only to be considered as a desultory *mélange*—the whim of a winter's evening—a mere chance-selection. I shall therefore make no sort of apology for inaccuracies as to unity of time, for defective connexion, or the like. It amused my leisure hours; and if it fortunately amuses those of other people, I shall receive a great deal of satisfaction.

JONAH BARRINGTON.

May 28th, 1827.

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I WAS born at Knapton, near Abbeyleix, in the Queen's County, at that time the seat of my father, but now of Sir George Pigott. I am the third son and fourth child of John Barrington, who had himself neither brother nor sister; and at the period of my birth, my immediate connexions were thus circumstanced.

My family, by ancient patents, by marriages, and by inheritance from their ancestors, possessed very extensive landed estates in Queen's County, and had almost unlimited influence over its population, returning two members to the Irish Parliament for Ballynakill, then a close borough.

Cullenaghmore, the mansion where my ancestors had resided from the reign of James the First, was then occupied by my grandfather, Colonel Jonah Barrington. He had adopted me as soon as I was born, brought me to Cullenaghmore, and with him I resided until his death.

That old mansion (the Great House as it was called) exhibited altogether an uncouth mass, warring with every rule of symmetry in architecture. The original castle had been demolished, and its materials converted to a much worse purpose: the front of the edifice which succeeded it was particularly ungraceful; a Saracen's head (our crest) in coloured brick-work being its only ornament, whilst some of the rooms inside were wainscoted with brown oak, others with red deal, and some not at all. The walls of the large hall were decked (as is customary) with fishing-rods, fire-arms, stags' horns, foxes' brushes, powder-flasks, shot-pouches, nets, and dog-collars; here and there relieved by the extended skin of a kite or a king-fisher, nailed up

in the vanity of their destroyers: that of a monstrous eagle, which impressed itself indelibly on my mind, surmounted the chimney-piece, accompanied by a card announcing the name of its slaughterer—" Alexander Barrington;"—who, not being a *rich* relation, was subsequently entertained in the Great House two years, as a compliment for his present. A large parlour on each side of the hall, the only embellishments of which were some old portraits, and a multiplicity of hunting, shooting, and racing prints, with red tape nailed round them by way of frames, completed the reception-rooms; and as I was the only child in the house, and a most inquisitive brat, every different article was explained to me.

I remained here till I was nine years old; I had no play-fellows to take off my attention from whatever I observed or was taught; and so strongly do those early impressions remain engraven on my memory, naturally most retentive, that even at this long distance of time I fancy I can see the entire place as it stood then, with its old inhabitants moving before me:—their faces I most clearly recollect.

The library was a gloomy closet, and rather scantily furnished with every thing but dust and cobwebs: there were neither chairs nor tables; but I cannot avoid recollecting many of the principal books, because I read such of them as I

could comprehend, or as were amusing; and looked over all the prints in them a hundred times. While trying to copy these prints, they made an indelible impression upon me; and hence I feel confident of the utility of embellishments in any book intended for the instruction of children. I possessed many of the books long after my grandfather's death, and have some of them still. I had an insatiable passion for reading from my earliest days, and it has occupied the greater proportion of my later life. Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Fairy Tales, and The History of the Bible, all with numerous plates, were my favourite authors and constant amusement: I believed every word of them except the fairies, and was not entirely sceptical as to those good people neither.

I fancy there was then but little variety in the libraries of most country gentlemen; and I mention as a curiosity, the following volumes, several of which, as already stated, I retained many years after my grandfather and grandmother died:—The Journals of the House of Commons; Clarendon's History; The Spectator and Guardian; Killing no Murder; The Patriot King; Bailey's Dictionary; some of Swift's Works; George Falkner's Newspapers; Quintus Curtius in English; Bishop Burnet; A Treatise on Tar-water, by some bishop; Robin-

son Crusoe; Hudibras; History of the Bible, in folio; Nelson's Fasts and Feasts; Fairy Tales; The History of Peter Wilkins; Glums and Gouries; somebody's Justice of Peace; and a multiplicity of Farriery, Sporting, and Gardening Books, &c. which I lost piecemeal, when making room for law-books—probably not half so good, but at least much more experimental.

Very few mirrors in those days adorned the houses of the country gentlemen:—a couple or three shaving-glasses for the gentlemen, and a couple of pretty large dressing-glasses, in black frames, for the ladies' use, composed, I believe, nearly the entire stock of reflectors at my grandfather's, except tubs of spring water, which answered for the maid-servants.

A very large and productive, but not neatly dressed-up garden, adjoined the house. The white-washed stone images; the broad flights of steps up and down; the terraces, with the round fish-pond,—rivetted my attention, and gave an impressive variety to this garden, which I shall ever remember, as well as many curious incidents which I witnessed therein.

At the Great House all disputes amongst the tenants were then settled,—quarrels reconciled,—old debts arbitrated: a kind Irish landlord reigned despotic in the ardent affections of the

tenantry, their pride and pleasure being to obey and to support him.

But there existed a happy reciprocity of interests. The landlord of that period protected the tenant by his influence—any wanton injury to a tenant being considered as an insult to the lord; and if either of the landlord's sons were grown up, no time was lost by him in demanding satisfaction from any gentleman for mal-treating even his father's blacksmith.

No gentleman of this degree ever distrained a tenant for rent: indeed the parties appeared to be quite united and knit together. The greatest abhorrence, however, prevailed as to tithe proctors, coupled with no great predilection for the clergy who employed them. These latter certainly were, in principle and practice, the real country tyrants of that day, and first caused the assembling of the White Boys.

I have heard it often said that, at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was *honoured* by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called rum-shrub—which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morn-

ing, by all country gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret.

My grandfather could not refrain, and therefore he suffered well:—he piqued himself on procuring, through the interest of Batty Lodge, (a follower of the family who had married a Dublin grocer's widow,) the very first importation of oranges and lemons to the Irish capital every season. Horse-loads of these, packed in boxes, were immediately sent to the Great House of Cullenaghmore; and no sooner did they arrive, than the good news of *fresh fruit* was communicated to the Colonel's neighbouring friends, accompanied by the usual invitation.

Night after night the revel afforded uninterrupted pleasure to the joyous gentry: the festivity being subsequently renewed at some other mansion, till the Gout thought proper to put the whole party *hors de combat;* having the satisfaction of making cripples for a few months such as he did not kill.

Whilst the convivials bellowed with only toe or finger agonies, it was a mere bagatelle; but when Mr. Gout marched up the country, and invaded the head or the stomach, it was then called *no joke;* and Drogheda usquebaugh, the hottest-distilled drinkable liquor ever invented, was applied to for aid, and generally drove the tormentor in a few minutes to his for-

mer quarters. It was, indeed, counted a specific; and I allude to it the more particularly, as my poor grandfather was finished thereby.

It was his custom to sit under a very large branching bay-tree in his arm-chair, placed in a fine sunny aspect at the entrance of the garden. I particularly remember his cloak, for I kept it twelve years after his death: it was called a *cartouche* cloak, from a famous French robber who, it was said, invented it for his gang for the purposes of evasion. It was made of very fine broad-cloth; of a bright blue colour on one side, and a bright scarlet on the other: so that on being turned, it might deceive even a vigilant pursuer.

There my grandfather used to sit of a hot sunny day, receive any rents he could collect, and settle any accounts which his indifference on that head permitted him to think of.

At one time he suspected a young rogue of having slipped some money off his table when paying rent; and therefore, when afterwards the tenants began to count out their money, he used to throw the focus of his large reading-glass upon their hands:—the smart, without any visible cause, astonished the ignorant creatures! —they shook their hands, and thought it must be the devil who was scorching them. The priest was let into the secret: he seriously

told them all it *was* the devil, who had mistaken them for the fellow that had stolen the money from the Colonel; but that if he (the priest) was *properly considered,* he would say as many masses as would bother fifty devils, were it necessary. The priest got his fee; and another farthing never was taken from my grandfather.

He was rather a short man, with a large red nose—strong made; and wore an immense white wig, such as the portraits give to Dr. Johnson. He died at eighty-six years of age, of shrub-gout and usquebaugh, beloved and respected. I cried heartily for him; and then became the favourite of my grandmother, the best woman in the world, who went to reside in Dublin, and prepare me for college.

Colonel John Barrington, my great-grandfather, for some time before his death, and after I was born, resided at Ballyroan. My grandfather having married Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Byrne, Bart., had taken to the estates and mansion, and gave an annuity to my great-grandfather, who died, one hundred and four years old, of a fever, having never shown any of the usual decrepitudes or defects of age—he was the most respectable man by tradition of my family, and for more than seventy years a parliament man.

Sir John Byrne, Bart. my maternal great-

grandfather, lived at his old castle, Timogee, almost adjoining my grandfather Barrington: his domains, close to Stradbally, were nearly the most beautiful in the Queen's County. On his decease, his widow, Lady Dorothea Byrne, an Englishwoman, whose name had been Warren, I believe a grand-aunt to the late Lady Bulkley, resided there till her death; having previously seen her son give one of the first and most deeply to be regretted instances of what is called forming English connexions. Sir John Byrne, my grand-uncle, having gone to England, married the heiress of the Leycester family:—the very name of Ireland was then odious to the English gentry; and previous terms were made with him, that his children should take the cognomen of Leycester, and drop that of Byrne; that he should quit Ireland, sell all his paternal estates there, and become an Englishman. He assented; and the last Lord Shelburne purchased, for less than half their value, all his fine estates, of which the Marquis of Lansdown is now the proprietor.

After the father's death, the son became, of course, Sir Peter Leycester, the predecessor of the present Sir John Fleming Leycester: thus the family of Byrne, descended from a long line of Irish princes and chieftains, condescended to become little amongst the rank of English

commoners; and so ended the connexion between the Byrnes and Barringtons.

My mother was the daughter of Patrick French, of Peterswell, county of Galway, wherein he had large estates: my grandmother (his wife) was one of the last remaining to the first house of the ancient O'Briens. Her brother, my great-uncle, Donatus, also emigrated to England, and died fifteen or sixteen years since, at his mansion, Blatherwick, in Cheshire, in a species of voluntary obscurity, inconsistent with his birth and large fortune. He left great hereditary estates in both countries to the enjoyment of his *mistress*, excluding the legitimate branches of his family from all claims upon the manors or demesnes of their ancestors. The law enabled him to do what a due sense of justice and pride would have interdicted.

The anomaly of political principles among the Irish country gentlemen at that period was very extraordinary. They professed what they called "*unshaken loyalty*;" and yet they were unqualified partizans of Cromwell and William, two decided *usurpers*—one of them having dethroned his father-in-law, and the other decapitated his king.

The fifth of November was celebrated in Dublin for the preservation of a Scottish king

from gunpowder in London: then the thirtieth of January was much approved of by a great number of Irish, as the anniversary of making his son, Charles the First, shorter by the head; and then the very same Irish celebrated the restoration of Charles the Second, who was twice as bad as his father; and whilst they rejoiced in putting a crown upon the head of the son of the king who could not quietly keep his own head on, they never failed to drink bumpers to the memory of *Old Noll*, who had cut that king's head off. To conclude, in order to commemorate the whole story, and make their children remember it, they dressed up a fat calf's head on every anniversary of King Charles's throat being cut, and with a smoked ham placed by the side of it, all parties partook thereof most happily, washing down the emblem and its accompaniment with as much claret as they could hold.

Having thus proved their loyalty to James the First, and their attachment to his son's murderer, and then their loyalty to one of his grandsons, to another of whom they were disloyal, they next proceeded to celebrate the birth-day of William of Orange, a Dutchman, who turned their king, his father-in-law, out of the country, and who, in all probability, would have given the Irish another calf's head for their celebra-

tion, if his said father-in-law had not got out of the way with the utmost expedition, and gone to live upon charity in France, with the natural enemies of the British nation.

One part of the Irish people then invented a toast, called "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William, the Dutchman;" whilst another raised a counter-toast, called "The memory of the chesnut-horse," that broke the neck of the same King William.* But in my mind (if I am to judge of past times by the corporation of Dublin) it was only to coin an excuse for getting loyally drunk as often as possible, that they were so enthusiastically fond of *making sentiments*, as they called them.†

As to the politics of my family, we had, no doubt, some very substantial reasons for being both Cromwellians and Williamites; the one confirmed our grants, and the other preserved them for us: my family, indeed, had certainly not only those, but other very especial reasons

* King William's neck was not broken; but it was said that he got a fall from a chesnut horse, which hurt him inwardly, and hastened his dissolution.

† Could his majesty, King William, learn in the other world that he has been the cause of more broken heads and drunken men, since his departure, than all his predecessors, he must be the proudest ghost and most conceited skeleton that ever entered the gardens of Elysium.

to be pleased with King William; and though he gave them nothing, they kept what they had, which might have been lost but for his usurpation.

During the short reign of James the Second in Ireland, those who were not for him were considered to be against him, and of course were subjected to the severities and confiscations usual in all civil wars. Amongst the rest, my great-grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, being a Protestant, and having no predilection for King James, was ousted from his mansion and estates at Cullenaghmore by one O'Fagan, a Jacobite wig-maker and violent partizan, from Ballynakill. He was, notwithstanding, rather respectfully treated, and was allowed forty pounds a year so long as he behaved himself.

However, he only behaved well for a couple of months; at the end of which time, with a party of his faithful tenants, he surprised the wig-maker, turned him out of possession in his turn, and repossessed himself of his mansion and estates.

The wig-maker, having escaped to Dublin, laid his complaint before the authorities; and a party of soldiers were ordered to make short work of it, if the colonel did not submit on the first summons.

The party demanded entrance, but were refused; and a little firing from the windows of the mansion took place. Not being, however, tenable, it was successfully stormed: the old gamekeeper, John Neville, killed, and my great-grandfather taken prisoner, conveyed to the drum-head at Raheenduff, tried as a rebel by a certain Cornet M'Mahon, and in due form ordered to be hanged in an hour.

At the appointed time, execution was punctually proceeded on; and so far as tying up the colonel to the cross-bar of his own gate, the sentence was actually put in force. But at the moment the first haul was given to elevate him, Ned Doran, a tenant of the estate, who was a trooper in King James's army, rode up to the gate—himself and horse in a state of complete exhaustion. He saw with horror his landlord strung up, and exclaimed,—

"Holloa! holloa! blood and ouns, boys! cut down the colonel! cut down the colonel! or ye'll be all hanged yeerselves, ye villains of the world, ye! I am straight from the Boyne Water, through thick and thin: ough, by the hokys! we're all cut up and kilt to the devil and back agin—Jemmy's scampered, bad luck to him, without a 'good bye to yees!'—or, 'kiss my r—p!'—or the least civility in life!"

My grandfather's hangmen lost no time in

getting off, leaving the colonel slung fast by the neck to the gate-posts. But Doran soon cut him down, and fell on his knees to beg pardon of his landlord, the holy Virgin, and King William from the Boyne Water.

The colonel obtained the trooper pardon, and he was ever after a faithful adherent. He was the grandfather of Lieutenant-colonel Doran, of the Irish brigade, afterwards, if I recollect rightly, of the 47th regiment—the officer who cut a German colonel's head clean off in the mess-room at Lisbon, after dinner, with one slice of his sabre. He dined with me repeatedly at Paris about six years since, and was the most disfigured warrior that could possibly be imagined. When he left Cullenagh for the continent, in 1783, he was as fine a clever-looking young farmer as could be seen; but he had been blown up once or twice in storming batteries, which, with a few gashes across his features, and the obvious aid of numerous pipes of wine, or something not weaker, had so spoiled his beauty, that he had become of late absolutely frightful.

This occurrence of my great-grandfather fixed the political creed of my family. On the 1st of July, the orange lily was sure to garnish every window in the mansion: the hereditary petereroes scarcely ceased cracking all the evening,

to glorify the victory of the Boyne Water, till one of them burst, and killed the gardener's wife, who was tying an orange ribbon round the mouth of it, which she had *stopped* for fear of *accidents*.

The tenantry, though to a man Papists, and at that time nearly in a state of slavery, joined heart and hand in these rejoicings, and forgot the victory of their enemy while commemorating the rescue of their landlord. A hundred times have I heard the story repeated by the "Cotchers," as they sat crouching on their hams, like Indians, around the big turf fire. Their only lament was for the death of old John Nevill, the game-keeper. His name I should well remember; for it was his grandson's wife, Debby Clarke, who nursed me.

This class of stories and incidents was well calculated to make indelible impressions on the mind of a child, and has never left mine.—The old people of Ireland (like the Asiatics) took the greatest delight in repeating their legendary tales to the children, by which constant repetition their old stories became in fact hereditary, and I dare say neither gained nor lost a single sentence in the recital for a couple of hundred years. The massacres of Queen Elizabeth were quite familiar to them; and by an ancient custom of every body throwing a stone on the spot

where any celebrated murder had been committed, upon a certain day every year, it is wonderful what mounds were raised in numerous places, which no person, but such as were familiar with the customs of the poor creatures, would ever be able to account for.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

My great-aunt, Elizabeth—Besieged in her castle of Moret—My uncle seized and hanged before the walls—Attempted abduction of Elizabeth, whose forces surprise the castle of Reuben—Severe battle.

A GREAT-AUNT of mine, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose husband, Stephen, possessed the castle of Moret, near Bally-Brittis and not very far from Cullenagh, did not fare quite so well as my great-grandfather, before mentioned.

She and her husband held their castle firmly during the troubles. They had forty good warders; their local enemies had no cannon, and but few guns. The warders, protected by the battlements, pelted their adversaries with large stones, when they ventured to approach the walls; and in front of each of that description of castles, there was a hole, perpendicularly over the entrance, wherefrom any person, himself unseen, could drop down every species of defensive material upon assailants.

About the year 1690, when Ireland was in a state of great disorder, and no laws were really regarded, numerous factious bodies were formed

in every part of the country to claim old rights, and take possession of estates under legal pretences.

My uncle and aunt, or rather my aunt and uncle (for she was said to be far the most effective of the two), at one time suffered the enemy (who were of the faction of the O'Cahils, and who claimed my uncle's property, which they said Queen Elizabeth had turned them out of,) to approach the gate in the night-time. There were neither outworks nor wet fosse; the assailants therefore, counting upon victory, brought fire to consume the gate, and so gain admittance. My aunt, aware of their designs, drew all her warders to one spot, large heaps of great stones being ready to their hands at the top of the castle.

When the O'Cahils had got close to the gate, and were directly under the loop-hole, on a sudden streams of boiling water, heated in the castle coppers, came showering down upon the heads of the crowd below: this extinguished their fire, and cruelly scalded many of the besiegers.

The scene may be conceived which was presented by a multitude of scalded wretches, on a dark night, under the power and within the reach of all offensive missiles. They attempted to fly; but whilst one part of the warders hurled volleys of weighty stones *beyond* them, to deter

them from *retreating*, another party dropped stones more ponderous still on the heads of those who, for protection, crouched close under the castle-walls: the lady of the castle herself, meantime, and all her maids, assisting the chief body of the warders in pelting the Jacobites with every kind of destructive missile, till all seemed pretty still; and wherever a groan was heard, a volley quickly ended the troubles of the sufferer.

The old traditionists of the country often told me, that at day-break there were lying above one hundred of the assailants under the castle-walls—some scalded, some battered to pieces, and many lamed so as to have no power of moving off: but my good aunt kindly ordered them all to be put out of their misery, as fast as ropes and a long gallows, erected for their sakes, could perform that piece of humanity.

After the victory, the warders had a feast on the castle-top, whereat each of them recounted his own feats. Squire Fitzgerald, who was a quiet easy man, and hated fighting, and who had told my aunt, at the beginning, that they would surely kill him, having seated himself all night peaceably under one of the parapets, was quite delighted when the fray was over. He had walked out into his garden outside the walls to take some tranquil air, when an ambuscade of the hostile survivors surrounded and carried him off. In

vain his warders sallied—the squire was gone past all redemption!

It was supposed he had paid his debts to Nature—if any he owed—when, next day, a large body of the O'Cahil faction appeared near the castle. Their force was too great to be attacked by the warders, who durst not sally; and the former assault had been too calamitous to the O'Cahils to warrant them in attempting another. Both were therefore standing at bay, when, to the great joy of the garrison, Squire Fitzgerald was produced, and one of the assailants, with a white cloth on a pike, advanced to parley.

The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. "I'm a truce, lady!—Look here, (showing the terrified squire,) we have your husband in hault—yee's have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now we'll change, if you please: we'll render the squire and you'll render the keep; and if yees won't do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour."

"Flag of truce!" said the heroine, with due dignity and without hesitation; "mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle: they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce! I *won't* render my keep, and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitz-

gerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet."

The O'Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which however was not without a mixture of consolation) of my great-aunt, Elizabeth.

This magnanimous lady, after Squire Stephen had been duly cut down, waked, and deposited in a neighbouring garden, conceived that she might enjoy her castle with tranquillity: but, to guard against every chance, she replenished her stony magazine; had a wide trench dug before the gate of the castle; and pit-falls, covered with green sods, having sharp stakes driven within, scattered round it on every side—the passage through these being only known to the faithful warders. She contrived, besides, a species of defence that I have not seen mentioned in the Peccata Hibernia, or any of the murderous annals of Ireland: it consisted of a heavy beam of wood, well loaded with iron at the bottom, and suspended by a pulley and cord

at the top of the castle, and which, on any future assault, she could let down through the projecting hole over the entrance;—alternately, with the aid of a few strong warders above, raising and letting it drop smash among the enemy who attempted to gain admittance below,—thereby pounding them as if with a pestle and mortar, without the power of resistance on their part.

The castle-vaults were well victualled, and at all events could safely defy any attacks of hunger; and as the enemy had none of those despotic engines called cannon, my aunt's garrison were in all points in tolerable security. Indeed, fortunately for Elizabeth, there was not a single piece of ordnance in the country, except those few which were mounted in the Fort of Dunnally, or travelled with the king's army: and, to speak truth, fire-arms then would have been of little use, since there was not sufficient gunpowder among the people to hold an hour's hard fighting.

With these and some interior defences, Elizabeth imagined herself well armed against all marauders, and quietly awaited a change of times and a period of general security.

Close to the castle there was, and I believe still remains, a dribbling stream of water, in which there is a large stone with a deep indenture on the top. It was always full of limpid

water, and called St. Bridget's Well,—that holy woman having been accustomed daily to kneel in prayer on one knee, till she wore a hole in the top of the granite by the cap of her pious joint.

To this well, old Jug Ogie, the oldest piece of furniture in Moret Castle, (she was an hereditary cook,) daily went for the purpose of drawing the most sacred crystal she could, wherewith to boil her mistress's dinner; and also, as the well was naturally consecrated, it saved the priest a quantity of trouble in preparing holy water for the use of the warders.

On one of these sallies of old Jug, some fellows (who, as it afterwards appeared, had with a very deep design lain in ambush) seized and were carrying her off, when they were perceived by one of the watchmen from the tower, who instantly gave an alarm, and some warders sallied after them. Jug was rescued, and the enemy fled through the swamps; but not before one of them had his head divided into two equal parts by the hatchet of Keeran Karry, who was always at the head of the warders, and the life and soul of the whole garrison.

The dead man turned out to be a son of Andrew M'Mahon, a faction-man of Reuben; but nobody could then guess the motive for endea-

vouring to carry off old Jug. However, that matter soon became developed.

Elizabeth was accounted to be very rich,—the cleverest woman of her day,—and she had a large demesne into the bargain: and finding the sweets of independence, she refused matrimonial offers from many quarters; but as her castle was, for those days, a durably safe residence, such as the auctioneers of the present time would denominate *a genuine undeniable mansion,* the country squires determined she *should* marry one of them, since marry willingly she would not—but they nearly fell to loggerheads who should *run away* with her. Almost every one of them had previously put the question to her by *flag of truce,* as they all stood in too much awe of the lady to do it personally: and at length, teased by their importunities, she gave notice of her intention to hang the next flag of truce who brought any such impudent proposals.

Upon this information, they finally agreed to decide by lot who should be the hero to surprise and carry off Elizabeth, which was considered a matter of danger on account of the warders, who would receive no other commandant.

Elizabeth got wind of their design and place

of meeting, which was to be in the old castle of Reuben, near Athy. Eleven or twelve of the squires privately attended at the appointed hour, and it was determined that whoever should be the lucky winner, was to receive the aid and assistance of the others in bearing away the prize, and gaining her hand. To this effect, a league offensive and defensive was entered into between them—one part of which went to destroy Elizabeth's warders root and branch; and to forward their object, it was desirable, if possible, to procure some inmate of the castle, who, by fair or foul means, would inform them of the best mode of entry: this caused the attempt to carry off old Jug Ogie.

However, they were not long in want of a spy: for Elizabeth, hearing of their plan from the gassoon of Reuben (a nephew of Jug's), determined to take advantage of it. "My lady," said Jug Ogie, "pretend to turn me adrift in a dark night, and give out that my gassoon here was found robbing you—they'll soon get wind of it, and I'll be the very person the squires want—and then you'll hear all."

The matter was agreed on, and old Jug Ogie and the gassoon were turned out, as thieves, to the great surprise of the warders and the country. But Jug was found and hired, as she expected; and soon comfortably seated in the

kitchen at Castle Reuben, with the gassoon, whom she took in as kitchen-boy. She gave her tongue its full fling,—told a hundred stories about her "devil of a mistress,"—and undertook to inform the squires of the best way to get to her apartment.

Elizabeth was now sure to learn every thing so soon as determined on. The faction had arranged all matters for the capture:—the night of its execution approached:—the old cook prepared a good supper for the quality—the squires arrived, and the gassoon had to run only three miles to give the lady the intelligence. Twelve cavaliers attended, each accompanied by one of the ablest of his faction, for they were all afraid of each other, whenever the wine should rise upwards.

The lots, being formed of straws of different lengths, were held by the host, who was disinterested, and the person of Elizabeth, her fortune, and Moret castle, fell to the lot of Cromarty O'Moore, one of the Cremorgan squires, and, according to tradition, as able-bodied, stout a man as any in the whole county. The rest all swore to assist him till death; and one in the morning was the time appointed for the surprise of Elizabeth and her castle—while in the mean time they began to enjoy the good supper of old Jug Ogie.

Castle Reuben had been one of the strongest places in the county, situated in the midst of a swamp, which rendered it nearly inaccessible. It had belonged to a natural son of one of the Geraldines, who had his throat cut by a game-keeper of his own; and nobody choosing to interfere with the sportsman, he remained peaceably in possession of the castle, and now accommodated the squires with it during their plot against Elizabeth.

That heroic dame, on her part, was not inactive; she informed her warders of the scheme to force a new master on her and them; and many a round oath she swore (with corresponding gesticulations, the description of which would not be over agreeable to modern readers,) that she never would grant her favours to man, but preserve her castle and her chastity to the last extremity.

The warders took fire at the attempt of the squires. They always detested the defensive system; and probably to that hatred may be attributed a few of the robberies, burglaries, and burnings, which in those times were little more than occasional pastimes.

"Arrah! lady," said Keeran Karry, "how many rogues 'ill there be at Reuben, as you larn, to-night?—arrah!"

"I hear only four-and-twenty," said Elizabeth, "besides the M'Mahons."

"Right, a'nuff," said Keeran, "the fish in the Barrow must want food this hard weather; and I can't see why the rump of a rapparee may not make as nice a tit-bit for them as any thing else."

All then began to speak together, and join most heartily in the meditated attack.

"Arrah! run for the priest," says Ned Regan, "may be you'd like a touch of his reverence's office first, for fear there might be any sin in it."

"I thought you'd like him with your brandy, warders," said Elizabeth with dignity, "I have him below: he's praying a little, and will be up directly. The whole plan is ready for you, and Jug Ogie has the signal. Here, Keeran," giving him a green ribbon with a daub of old Squire Fitzgerald, who was hanged, dangling to the ribbon, "if you and the warders do not bring me their captain's ear, you have neither the courage of a weazel, nor—nor" (striking her breast hard with her able hand) "even the revenge of a woman in you."

"Arrah, be asy, my lady!" said Keeran, "be asy! by my sowl, we'll bring you four-and-twenty pair, if your ladyship have any longing for the ears of such villains."

"Now, warders," said Elizabeth, who was too cautious to leave her castle totally unguarded, "as we are going to be just, let us be also generous; there's only twenty-four of them, besides the M'Mahons, will be there. Now it would be an eternal disgrace to Moret, if we went to overpower them by numbers: twenty-four chosen warders, Father Murphy and the corporal, the gassoon and the piper, are all that shall leave the castle to-night; and if Castle Reuben is let to stand till day-break to-morrow, I hope none of you will come back to me again."

The priest now made his appearance; he certainly seemed rather as if he had not been idle below during the colloquy on the leads; and the deep impressions upon the bottle which he held in his hand, gave grounds to suppose that he had been very busy and earnest in his devotions.

"My flock!" said Father Murphy, rather lispingly.

"Arrah!" said Keeran Karry, "we're not sheep to-night: never mind your flocks just now, Father! give us a couple of glasses a piece!—time enough for mutton-making."

"You are right, my chickens!" bellowed forth Father Murphy, throwing his old black surtout over his shoulder, leaving the empty sleeves dangling at full liberty, and putting a knife and

fork in his pocket for ulterior operations:—"I forgive every mother's babe of you every thing you choose to do till sun-rise: but if you commit any sin after that time, as big even as the blacks of my nele, I can't take charge of yeer sowls, without a chance of disappointing you."

All was now in a bustle:—the brandy circulated merrily, and each warder had in his own mind made mince-meat of three or four of the Reuben faction, whose ears they fancied already in their pockets. The priest marked down the "De profundis" in the leaves of his double manual, to have it ready for the burials:—every man took his skeen in his belt—had a thick club, with a strong spike at the end of it, slung with a stout leather thong to his wrist; and under his coat, a sharp broad hatchet with a black blade and a crooked handle. And thus, in silence, the twenty-five Moret warders set out with their priest, the piper, and the gassoon with a copper pot slung over his shoulders, and a piece of a poker in his hand, on their expedition to the castle of Reuben.

Before twelve o'clock, the warders, the priest, Keeran Karry, and the castle piper, had arrived in the utmost silence and secrecy. In that sort of large inhabited castle, the principal entrance was through the farm-yard, which was, indeed, generally the only assailable quarter. In the

present instance, the gate was half open, and the house lights appeared to have been collected in the rear, as was judged from their reflection in the water of the Barrow, which ran close under the windows. A noise was heard, but not of drunkenness;—it was a sound as of preparation for battle. Now and then a clash of steel, as if persons were practising at the sword or skeen for the offensive, was going forward in the back hall; and a loud laugh was occasionally heard. The warders foresaw it would not be so easy a business as they had contemplated, and almost regretted that they had not brought a less chivalrous numerical force.

It was concerted that ten men should creep upon their hands and feet to the front entrance, and await there until, by some accident, it might be sufficiently open for the ferocious rush which was to surprise their opponents.

But Keeran, always discreet, had some forethought that more than usual caution would be requisite. He had counted on dangers which the others had never dreamt of, and his prudence, in all probability, saved the lives of many of the warders. He preceded his men, crawling nearly on his breast; he had suspected that a dog overheard them, and a bark soon confirmed the truth of that suspicion, and an-

nounced the possibility of discovery. Keeran, however, was prepared for this circumstance; he had filled his pockets with pieces of bacon impregnated with a concentrated preparation of nux vomica, then, and at a much later period, well known to the clergy and spirituals, I cannot tell for what purpose, nor shall I here inquire. Its effect on dogs was instantaneous; and the savoury bacon having rendered them quite greedy to devour it, it had now an immediate effect on two great mastiffs and a wolf-dog who roamed about the yard at nights. On taking each a portion, they quickly resigned their share of the contest without further noise.

Keeran advanced crawling to the door; he found it fast, but having listened, he soon had reason to conjecture that the inmates were too well armed and numerous to make the result of the battle at all certain.—He crept back to the hedge—and having informed the warders of the situation in which they were placed, they one and all swore that they would enter or die. The priest had lain himself down under a hay-stack in the outer hay-yard, and the piper had retired nobody knew where, nor in fact did any body care much about him, as he was but a very indifferent chanter.

Keeran now desired the warders to handle their hatchets, and be prepared for an attack so

soon as they should see the front door open and hear three strokes on the copper kettle.—The gassoon had left that machine on a spot which he had described near the gate, and Keeran requested that, in case of any fire, they should not mind it till the kettle sounded. He then crawled away, and they saw no more of him.

The moments were precious, and seemed to advance too fast. At one o'clock a body armed possibly better than themselves, and probably more numerous, would surely issue from the castle on their road to Moret, well prepared for combat. The result in such a case might be very precarious. The warders by no means felt pleased with their situation; and the absence of their leader, priest, and piper gave no additional ideas of conquest or security. In this state of things near half an hour had elapsed, when of a sudden they perceived, on the side of the hay-yard towards their own position, a small blaze of fire issue from a corn-stack—in a moment another, and another! The conflagration was most impetuous; it appeared to be devouring every thing, but as yet was not perceived by the inmates at the rear of the house. At length volumes of flame illuminated by reflection the waters of the river under the back windows. The warders now expecting the sally, rubbed their hands well with bees' wax, and grasped

tightly their hatchets, yet moved not :—breathless, with a ferocious anxiety, they awaited the event in almost maddening suspense. A loud noise now issued from the interior of the house; the fire was perceived by the garrison—still it might be accidental—the front door was thrown open, and near thirty of the inmates poured out, some fully, others not fully armed. They rushed into the hay-yard—some cried out it was "treachery!" whilst others vociferated "accident! accident!"—All was confusion, and many a stout head afterwards paid for its incredulity.

At that moment the copper kettle was beaten rapidly and with force :—a responsive sound issued from the house—the garrison hesitated, but hesitation was quickly banished; for on the first blow of the kettle, the warders, in a compact body, with hideous yells, rushed on the astonished garrison, who had no conception who their enemies could be. Every hatchet found its victim;—limbs, features, hands, were chopped off without mercy—death or dismemberment followed nearly every blow of that brutal weapon, whilst the broad sharp skeens soon searched the bodies of the wounded, and almost half the garrison were annihilated before they were aware of the foe by whom they had been surprised. The survivors, however, soon learned the cause (perhaps merited) of their comrades'

slaughter. The war cry of "A Gerald!—a Gerald!—a Gerald!"—which now accompanied every crash of the murderous hatchet, or every plunge of the broad-bladed skeen, informed them who they were fighting with:—fifteen or sixteen still remained unwounded of the garrison—their case was desperate. Keeran Karry now headed his warders. The gassoon rapidly and fiercely struck the copper, in unison with the sound of the fatal weapons, whilst the old and decrepid Jug Ogie, within the castle, repeated the same sound, thereby leading the garrison to believe that to retreat inside the walls would only be to encounter a fresh enemy.

The affair, however, was far from being finished;—the survivors rapidly retired, and got in a body to the position first occupied by Keeran's warders. They were desperate—they knew they must die, and determined not to go alone to the other regions. The flames still raged with irresistible fury in the hay-yard. It was Keeran who had set fire to the corn and hay, which materials produced an almost supernatural height of blaze and impetuosity of conflagration. The survivors of the garrison were at once fortified, and concealed from view, by a high holly hedge, and awaited their turn to become assailants:—it soon arrived. From the midst of the burning ricks in the hay-yard a shrill and piercing

cry was heard to issue, of "Ough, murther—murther!—the devil—the devil! ough Holy Virgin, save me! if there is any marcy, save me!" The voice was at once recognised by the warriors of Moret as that of their priest Ned Murphy, who had fallen asleep under a hay-stack, and never awakened till the flames had seized upon his cloak. Bewildered, he knew not how to escape, being met, wherever he ran, by crackling masses. He roared and cursed to the full extent of his voice: and gave himself up for lost, though fortunately, as the materials of his habit did not associate with flame, he was not dangerously burned, although he suffered somewhat in his legs. No sooner did they perceive his situation, than the warders, each man forgetting himself, rushed to save their "clergy," on whom they conceived their own salvation entirely to depend. They now imagined that the fight was ended, and prepared to enjoy themselves by the plunder of Castle Reuben.

This was the moment for the defeated garrison:—with a loud yell of "a Moore, a Moore! a Moore!" they fell in their turn upon the entangled warders in the hay-yard, five of whom had been wounded and one killed in the first fray, whilst many had subsequently thrown down their hatchets to receive their pastor, and had only their spikes and skeens wherewith to defend

themselves. The battle now became more serious, because more doubtful, than at its commencement. Several of the warders were wounded, and four more lay dead at the entrance to the hay-yard; their spirit was dashed, and their adversaries laid on with the fury of desperation. Keeran Karry had received two sword-thrusts through his shoulder and could fight no more; but he could do better—he could command. He called to the warders to retreat and take possession of the castle, which was now untenanted: this step saved them; they retired thither with all possible rapidity, pursued by the former garrison of the place, who however were not able to enter with them, but killed another man before the doors were fast closed. Keeran directed the thick planks and flag stones to be torn up, thereby leaving the hall open to the cellar beneath, as had been done at Moret. The enemy were at bay at the door, and could not advance, but, on the other hand, many of the warders having, as we before stated, flung away their hatchets, were ill armed. The moment was critical: Keeran, however, was never at a loss for some expedient; he counted his men; five had been killed in the hay-yard, and one just outside the walls; several others were wounded, amongst whom was the piper, who had been asleep. Keeran told the warders that

he feared the sun might rise on their destruction, if something were not immediately done. "Are there," said he, "five among ye, who are willing to swap your lives for the victory?" Every man cried out for himself—and I!—I!—I!— echoed through the hall. "Well!" said Keeran, who without delay directed five men, and the gassoon with the copper kettle, to steal out at the back of the castle, creep through the hedges, and get round directly into the rear of the foe before they attacked; having succeeded in which, they were immediately to advance beating the vessel strongly.—"They will suppose," said the warlike Keeran, "that it is a reinforcement, and we shall then return the sound from within. If they believe it to be a reinforcement, they will submit to mercy: if not, we'll attack them front and rear—and as our numbers are pretty equal, very few of us on either side will tell the story to our childer! but we'll have as good a chance as them villains."

This scheme was carried into immediate execution, and completely succeeded. The enemy, who were now grouped outside the door, hearing the kettle in the rear, supposed that they should be at once attacked by sally and from behind. Thinking that they had now only to choose between death and submission, the mercy,

which was offered, they accepted;—and peep-o'day being arrived, the vanquished agreed to throw their arms into the well,—to swear before the priest that they never would disturb, or aid in disturbing, Lady Elizabeth or the castle of Moret,—that no man on either side should be called upon by law for his fighting that night; and finally, that the person who had succeeded in drawing the lot for Elizabeth, should deliver up the lock of his hair that grew next his ear to testify his submission: this latter clause, however, was stipulated needlessly, as Cromarty O'Moore was discovered in the farm-yard, with nearly all his face cut off, and several skeen wounds in his arms and body. Early in the morning, the dead were buried without noise or disturbance, and both parties breakfasted together in perfect cordiality and good-humour: those who fell were mostly tenants of the squires. The priest, having had his burnt legs and arm dressed with chewed herbs by Jug Ogie, said a full mass, and gave all parties double absolution, as the affair was completed by the rising of the sun. The yard was cleared of blood and havock; the warders and garrison parted in perfect friendship; and the former returned to the castle, bringing back Jug Ogie to her impatient mistress. Of the warders, thirteen returned safe; six remained behind badly

wounded, and six were dead. Keeran's wounds were severe, but they soon healed; and Elizabeth afterwards resided at Moret to a very late period in the reign of George the First. Reuben soon changed its occupant, M'Mahon, who was hanged for the murder of his master; and that part of the country has since become one of the most civilized of the whole province.

I have given the foregoing little history in full, inasmuch as it is but little known, is strictly matter of fact, and exhibits a curious picture of the state of Irish society and manners in or about the year 1690.

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS.

Instances of attachment formerly of the lower orders of Irish to the gentry—A field of corn of my father's reaped in one night without his knowledge—My grandfather's servants cut a man's ears off by misinterpretation—My grandfather and grandmother tried for the fact—Acquitted—The colliers of Donane—Their fidelity at my election at Ballynakill, 1790.

THE numerous and remarkable instances, which came within my own observation, of mutual attachment between the Irish peasantry and their landlords in former times, would fill volumes. A few only will suffice, in addition to what has already been stated, to show the nature of that reciprocal good-will, which, on many occasions, was singularly useful to both: and in selecting these instances from such as occurred in my own family,—I neither mean to play the vain egotist nor to determine generals by particulars, since good landlords and attached peasantry were then spread over the entire face of Ireland, and bore a great proportion to the whole country.

I remember that a very extensive field of corn of my father's had once become too ripe, inasmuch as all the reapers in the country were employed in getting in their own scanty crops before they shedded. Some of the servants had heard my father regret that he could not by possibility get in his reapers without taking them from these little crops, and that he would sooner lose his own.

This field was within full view of our windows. My father had given up the idea of being able to cut his corn in due time. One morning, when he rose, he could not believe his sight:—he looked—rubbed his eyes—called the servants, and asked them if they saw any thing odd in the field:—they certainly did—for, on our family retiring to rest the night before, the whole body of the peasantry of the country, after their hard labour during the day, had come upon the great field, and had reaped and stacked it before dawn! None of them would even tell him who had a hand in it. Similar instances of affection repeatedly took place; and no tenant on any of the estates of my family was ever distrained, or even pressed, for rent. Their gratitude for this knew no bounds; and the only individuals who ever annoyed them were the parsons, by their proctors, and the tax-gatherers for hearth-money; and though hard cash was scant with both land-

lord and tenant, and no small bank-notes had got into circulation, provisions were plentiful, and but little inconvenience was experienced by the peasantry from want of a circulating medium. There was constant residence and work: no banks and no machinery: — and though the people might not be quite so refined, most undoubtedly they were vastly happier.

But a much more characteristic proof than the foregoing of the extraordinary devotion of the lower to the higher orders in Ireland, in former times, occurred in my family, and is on record.

My grandfather, Mr. French, of County Galway, was a remarkably small, nice little man, but of an extremely irritable temperament. He was an excellent swordsman; and, as was often the case in that county, proud to excess.

Some relics of feudal arrogance frequently set the neighbours and their adherents together by the ears:—my grandfather had conceived a contempt for, and antipathy to, a sturdy *half-mounted* gentleman, one Mr. Dennis Bodkin, who, having an independent mind, entertained an equal aversion to the arrogance of my grandfather, and took every possible opportunity of irritating and opposing him.

My grandmother, an O'Brien, was high and proud—steady and sensible; but disposed to be rather violent at times in her contempts and animosities, and entirely agreed with her husband in his detestation of Mr. Dennis Bodkin.

On some occasion or other, Mr. Dennis had outdone his usual outdoings, and chagrined the squire and his lady most outrageously. A large company dined at my grandfather's, and my grandmother launched out in her abuse of Dennis, concluding her exordium by an hyperbole of hatred expressed, but not at all meant, in these words:—"I wish the fellow's ears were cut off! that might quiet him."

It passed over as usual: the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper; at which time, when every body was in full glee, the old butler, Ned Regan (who had drank enough) came in:—joy was in his eye; and whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents:—when, lo! a considerable portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table!—The horror and surprise of the company may be conceived: upon which old Ned exclaimed—"Sure, my lady, you wished that

Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off; so I told old Gahagan (the game-keeper), and he took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears—and there they are; and I hope you are plazed, my lady!"

The scene may be imagined;—but its results had like to have been of a more serious nature. The sportsman and the boys were ordered to get off as fast as they could; but my grandfather and grandmother were held to heavy bail, and were tried at the ensuing assizes at Galway. The evidence of the entire company, however, united in proving that my grandmother never had an idea of any such order, and that it was a mistake on the part of the servants. They were, of course, acquitted. The sportsman never re-appeared in the county till after the death of Dennis Bodkin, which took place three years subsequently.

This anecdote may give the reader an idea of the devotion of servants, in those days, to their masters. The order of things is now reversed—and the change of times cannot be better proved than by the propensity servants *now* have to rob (and, if convenient, murder) the families from whom they derive their daily bread. Where the remote error lies, I know not;—but certainly the ancient fidelity of domestics seems

to be totally out of fashion with those gentry at present.

A more recent instance of the same feeling as that illustrated by the two former anecdotes,—namely, the devotion of the country people to old settlers and families,—occurred to myself, which, as I am upon the subject, I will now mention. I stood a contested election in the year 1790, for the borough of Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members to Parliament during nearly 200 years. It was usurped by the Marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates, and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning officer, Mr. French, lost no time: six voters were polled against me; mine were refused generally in mass; the books were repacked, and the poll declared—the election ended, and my opponents just retiring from the town,—when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colours flying and pipers playing; their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shoutings, &c. the chief captain came up to me:—

"Counsellor, dear!" said he, "we're all come from Donane to help your honour against the villains that oppose you:—we're the boys that can *tittivate!*—Barrington for ever! hurra!" Then coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added,—"Counsellor, jewel! which of the villains shall we *settle first?*"

To quiet him, I shook his black hand, told him nobody should be hurt, and that the gentlemen had all left the town.

"Why then, counsellor," said he, "we'll be after overtaking them. Barrington for ever!—Donane, boys!"

I feared that I had no control over the riotous humour of the colliers, and knew but one mode of keeping them quiet. I desired Billy Howard, the innkeeper, to bring out all the ale he had; and having procured many barrels in addition, together with all the bread and cheese in the place, I set them at it as hard as might be. I told them I was sure of being elected in Dublin, and "*to stay azy*" (their own language); and in a little time I made them as tractable as lambs. They made a bonfire in the evening, and about ten o'clock I left them as happy and merry a set of colliers as ever existed. Such as were able strolled back in the night, and the others next morning, and not the slightest injury was done to any body or any thing.

This was a totally unexpected and voluntary proof of the disinterested and ardent attachment of the Irish country people to all whom they thought would protect or procure them justice.

MY EDUCATION.

My godfathers—Lord Maryborough—Personal description and extraordinary character of Mr. Michael Lodge—My early education—At home—At school—My private tutor, Rev. P. Crawley, described—Defects of the University course—Lord Donoughmore's father—Anecdote of the Vice-Provost—A country sportsman's education.

My godfathers were Mr. Pool of Ballyfin, and Captain Pigott of Brocologh Park; and I must have been a very pleasant infant, for Mr. Pool, having no children, desired to take me home with him, in which case I should probably have cut out of feather a very good person and a very kind friend — the present Lord Maryborough, whom Mr. Pool afterwards adopted whilst a midshipman in the navy, and bequeathed him a noble demesne and a splendid estate near my father's. My family have always supported Lord Maryborough for Queen's County, and his lordship's tenants supported me in my hard-contested election for Maryborough in 1800.

No public functionary could act more laudably than Mr. Pool did whilst secretary in Ireland; and it must be a high gratification to

him to reflect that, in the year 1800, he did not abet the degradation of his country.

Captain Pigott expressed the same desire to patronise me as Mr. Pool;—received a similar refusal, and left his property, I believe, to a parcel of hospitals: whilst I was submitted to the guardianship of Colonel Jonah Barrington, and the instructions of Mr. Michael Lodge, a person of very considerable consequence in my early memoirs, and to whose ideas and eccentricities I really believe I am indebted for a great proportion of my own, and certainly not the worst of them.

Mr. George Lodge had married a love-daughter of old Stephen Fitzgerald, Esq. of Bally Thomas, who by affinity was a relative of the house of Cullenaghmore, and from this union sprang Mr. Michael Lodge.

I never shall forget his figure!—he was a tall man with thin legs and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails whilst employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald: his hair was clubbed with a rose-ribbon; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choking him: his chin and jaws were very long—and he used to hang his under jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the cieling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect anything.

Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a Matross in the artillery service. My grandfather had got him made a gauger; but he was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling. He then became a land-surveyor and architect for the farmers:—he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physic, and was accounted the best bleeder and bone-setter in that county—all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant—in fine, was every thing at Cullenagh: steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also clerk to Mr. Barret as the parson: but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants; whilst the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despotic! He had a turning-lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench, in his room. He used to tin the saucepans, which act he called *chymistry;* and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings; but above all he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning*.

Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge,

who was surnamed the "wise man of Cullenaghmore," I was placed at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years: at the expiration of which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then (he said) I should go to school "*to teach the master.*"

This idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible incitement to me; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Every thing was explained to me; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was found to be so strong, that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather *half learning* would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. In truth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. Lodge's stock of information (fortification and gunnery excepted), and I verily believe he only began to learn many things himself when he commenced teaching them to me.

He took me a regular course by Horn-book, Primer, Spelling-book, Reading-made-Easy, Æsop's Fables, &c.: but I soon aspired to such of the old library books as had pictures in them; and particularly, a very large History of the Bible with cuts was my constant study. Hence I knew how every saint was murdered; and

Mr. Lodge not only told me that each martyr had a painter to take his likeness before death, but also fully explained to me how they had all sat for their pictures, and assured me that most of them had been murdered by the *Papists*. I recollect at this day the faces of every one of them at their time of martyrdom; so strongly do youthful impressions sink into the mind, when derived from objects which at the time were viewed with interest.*

Be this as it may, however, my wise man, Mr. Michael Lodge, used his heart, head, and hands, as zealously as he could to teach me most things that he did know, and many things he did not know; but with a skill which none of our schoolmasters practise, he made me think he was only amusing instead of giving me a task. The old man tried to make me *inquisitive*, and inclined to ask about the thing which he wanted to explain to me; and consequently, at

* Formerly the chimneys were all covered with *tiles*, having scripture-pieces, examples of natural history, &c. daubed on them; and there being a great variety, the father or mother (sitting of a winter's evening round the hearth with the young ones) explained the meaning of the tiles out of the Bible, &c.; so that the impression was made without being called a lesson, and the child acquired knowledge without thinking that it was being taught. So far as it went, this was one of the best modes of instruction.

eight years old I could read prose and poetry, write text,—draw a house, a horse, and a game-cock, tin a copper saucepan, and turn my own tops. I could do the manual exercise with my grandfather's crutch; and had learnt, besides, how to make bullets, pens, and black-ball; to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the Jew's harp. Michael also showed me, out of scripture, how the world stood stock still whilst the sun was galloping round it; so that it was no easy matter at college to satisfy me as to the Copernican system. In fact, the old Matross gave me such a various and whimsical assemblage of subjects to think about, that my young brain imbibed as many odd, chivalrous, and puzzling theories as would drive some children out of their senses; and, truly, I found it no easy matter to get rid of several of them when it became absolutely necessary, whilst *some* I shall certainly retain till my death's day.

This course of education I most sedulously followed, until it pleased God to suspend my learning by the death of my grandfather, on whom I doated. He had taught me the broad-sword exercise with his cane, how to snap a pistol, and shoot with the bow and arrow; and had bespoken a little quarter-staff to perfect me in that favourite exercise of his youth, by which he had been enabled to knock a gentleman's

brains out for a wager, on the ridge of Maryborough, in company with the grandfather of the present Judge Arthur Moore, of the Common Pleas of Ireland. It is a whimsical gratification to me, to think that I do not at this moment forget much of the said instruction which I received either from Michael Lodge, the Matross, or from Colonel Jonah Barrington,—though after a lapse of nearly sixty years!

A new scene was now to be opened to me. I was carried to Dublin, and put to the famous schoolmaster of that day, Dr. Ball, of St. Michael-a-Powell's, Ship-street;—and here my puzzling commenced in good earnest. I was required to learn the English Grammar in the Latin tongue; and to translate languages without understanding any of them. I was taught prosody without verse, and rhetoric without composition; and before I had ever heard any oration except a sermon, I was flogged for not minding my emphasis in recitation. To complete my satisfaction,—for fear I should be idle during the course of the week, castigation was regularly administered every Monday morning, to give me, by anticipation, a sample of what the repetition-day might produce.

However, notwithstanding all this, I worked my way, got two premiums, and at length was

reported fit to be placed under the hands of a private tutor, by whom I was to be *finished* for the University.

That tutor was well known many years in Digges-street, Dublin, and cut a still more extraordinary figure than the Matross. He was the Rev. Patrick Crawly, Rector of Killgobbin, whose son, my schoolfellow, was hanged a few years ago for murdering two old women with a shoemaker's hammer. My tutor's person was, in my imagination, of the same genus as that of Caliban. His feet covered a considerable space of any room wherein he stood, and his thumbs were so large that he could scarcely hold a book without hiding more than half the page of it:—though bulky himself, his clothes doubled the dimensions proper to suit his body; and an immense frowzy wig, powdered once a week, covered a head which, for size and form, might vie with a quarter-cask.

Vaccination not having as yet plundered horned cattle of their disorders, its predecessor had left evident proofs of attachment to the rector's countenance. That old Christian malady, the small-pox, which had resided so many centuries amongst our ancestors, and which modern innovations have endeavoured to undermine, had placed his features in a perfect state of compact-

ness and security—each being screwed quite tight to its neighbour, and every seam appearing deep and gristly, so that the whole visage appeared to defy alike the edge of the sharpest scalpel and the skill of the most expert anatomist.

Yet this was as good-hearted a parson as ever lived:—affectionate, friendly, and, so far as Greek, Latin, Prosody, and Euclid went, excelled by few: and under him I acquired, in one year, more classical knowledge, than I had done during the former six, whence I was enabled, out of thirty-six pupils, early to obtain a place in the University of Dublin.

The college course, at that time, though a very learned one, was ill arranged, pedantic, and totally out of sequence. Students were examined in "Locke on the Human Understanding," before their own had arrived at the first stage of maturity; and Euclid was pressed upon their reason before any one of them could comprehend a single problem. We were set to work at the most abstruse sciences before we had well digested the simpler ones, and posed ourselves at optics, natural philosophy, ethics, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, &c. &c. without the least relief from belles-lettres, modern history, geography, or poetry; in short, without regard to any of those acquirements—the

classics excepted, which form essential parts of a gentleman's education.*

Nevertheless, I jogged on with *bene* for the classics—*satis* for the sciences—and *mediocriter* for mathematics. I had, however, the mortification of seeing the stupidest fellows I ever met, at school or college, beat me out of the field in some of the examinations, and very

* Mr. Hutchinson, a later provost, father of Lord Donoughmore, went into the opposite extreme; a most excellent classic scholar himself, he wished to introduce every elegant branch of erudition:—to cultivate the modern languages,—in short, to adapt the course to the education of men of rank as well as men of science. The plan was most laudable, but was voted not monastic enough—indeed, a polished gentleman would have operated like a ghost amongst those pedantic fellows.

Mr. Hutchinson went too far in proposing a riding-house. The scheme drew forth from Dr. Duigenan a pamphlet called "Pranceriana," which turned the project and projector into most consummate, but very coarse and ill-natured ridicule.

Doctor Barrett, late vice-provost, dining at the table of the new provost, who lived in a style of elegance attempted by none of his predecessors, helped himself to what he thought a peach, but which happened to be a shape made of ice. On taking it into his mouth, never having tasted ice before, he supposed, from the pang given to his teeth and the shock which his tongue and mouth instantly received, that the sensation was produced by heat. Starting up, therefore, he cried out (and it was the first oath he had ever uttered), "I'm *scalded*, by G—d!"—ran home, and sent for the next apothecary!

justly obtain premiums for sciences which I could not bring within the scope of my comprehension.

My consolation is, that many men of superior talent to myself came off no better; and I had the *satisfaction* of knowing that some of the most erudite, studious, and distinguished of my contemporary collegians, went raving — and others melancholy—mad; and I do believe, that there are at this moment five or six of the most eminent of my academic rivals roaring in asylums for lunatics.

When I seek amusement by tracing the fate of such of my school and college friends as I can get information about, I find that many of the most promising and conspicuous have met untimely ends; and that most of those men whose great talents distinguished them first in the university and afterwards at the bar, had entered, as sizers, for provision as well as for learning: — indigence and genius were thus jointly concerned in their merited elevation; and I am convinced that the finest abilities are frequently buried alive in affluence and in luxury.

The death of my grandmother, which now took place, made a very considerable change in my situation, and I had sense enough, though still very young, to see the necessity of turning

my mind towards a preparation for some lucrative profession—either law, physic, divinity, or war.

I debated on all these, as I thought, with great impartiality:—the pedantry of college disgusted me with clericals; wooden legs put me out of conceit with warfare; the horror of death made me shudder at medicine; and whilst the law was but a lottery-trade, too precarious for my taste, manufacture was too humiliating for my pride. Nothing, on the other hand, could induce me to remain a walking gentleman: and so, every occupation that I could think of having its peculiar disqualification, I remained a considerable time in a state of great uncertainty and disquietude.

Meanwhile, although my choice had nothing to do with the matter, I got almost imperceptibly engaged in that species of *profession* exercised by a young sportsman, whereby I was initiated into a number of *accomplishments* ten times worse than the negative ones of the walking gentleman:—namely, riding, drinking, dancing, carousing, hunting, shooting, fishing, fighting, racing, cock-fighting, &c. &c.

After my grandmother's death, as my father's country-house was my home, so my two elder brothers became my tutors—the rustics my precedents—and a newspaper my literature.

However, the foundation for my propensities had been too well laid to be easily rooted up; and whilst I certainly, for a while, indulged in the habits of those around me, I was not at all idle as to the pursuits I had been previously accustomed to. I had a pretty good assortment of books of my own, and seldom passed a day without devoting some part of it to reading or letter-writing; and though I certainly somewhat mis-spent, I cannot accuse myself of having lost, the period I passed at Bladsfort—since I obtained therein a full insight into the manners, habits and dispositions of the different classes of the Irish, in situations and under circumstances which permitted nature to exhibit her traits without restraint or caution: building on which foundation, my greatest pleasure has ever been that of adding to and embellishing the superstructure which my experience and observation have since conspired to raise.

It is quite impossible I can give a better idea of the dissipation of that period, into which I was thus plunged, than by describing an incident I shall never forget, and which occurred very soon after my first *entrée* into the sporting sphere.

IRISH DISSIPATION IN 1778.

The Huntsman's cottage—Preparations for a seven days carousal—A cock-fight—Welsh main—Harmony—A cow and a hogshead of wine consumed by the party—Comparison between former dissipation and that of the present day—A dandy at dinner in Bond-street—Captain Parsons Hoye and his nephew—Character and description of both—The nephew disinherited by his uncle for dandyism—Curious anecdote of Dr. Jenkins piercing Admiral Cosby's fist.

Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chace, and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments.

My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chace, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called "hard going," till the weather should break up.

A hogshead of superior claret was therefore

sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the "*hard*

goers" partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their "*shut-up pilgrimage.*"

The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at

length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chace: the fiddler sawed his merriest

jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver,) gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer!

My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and master; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonized by two rattling pipers, a jigging fiddler, and twelve voices, in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise: for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained;—the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number; and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint *tally ho!* was attempted by my

reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy.

Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of "*stole away!*" which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage.

At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever.

The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman: spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrowbones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting: jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed.

A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot

water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner.

In this battle-royal, every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was re-acted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent;—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days; and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio.—Fresh visitors were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes; the claret was upon its stoop; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene.

An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbour-

hood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment; and what was then termed a 'raking pot of tea,' put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good-humour, to such a revel as I never saw before, and, I am sure, shall never see again.

When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favourite box in Bond-street; amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer; employing six sauces to coax one appetite; burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite; sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive or neutralized by a chesnut; lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard;—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicenes, if they had had them at the "Pilgrimage" in the huntsman's cot.

To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice. It may, however, afford our reader some diversion to trace the degrees which led from the

grossness of the former down to the effeminacy of the latter; and these may, in a great measure, be collected from the various incidents which will be found scattered throughout these sketches of sixty solar revolutions.

Nothing indeed can better illustrate the sensation which the grandfathers, or even aged fathers, of these slim lads of the Bond-street establishments, must have felt upon finding their offspring in the occupation I have just mentioned, than a story relating to Captain Parsons Hoye, of County Wicklow, who several years since met with an instance of the kind at Hudson's, in Covent-Garden.

A nephew of his, an effeminate young fellow, who had returned from travelling, and who expected to be his heir, accidentally came into the coffee-room. Neither uncle nor nephew knew each other; but old Parsons' disgust at the dandified manners, language, and dress of the youth, gave rise to an occurrence which drew from the bluff seaman epithets rather too coarse to record:—the end of it was, that, when Parsons discovered the relationship of the stranger, he struck him out of a will which he had made, and died very soon after, as if on purpose to mortify the macaroni!

We will take this opportunity of subjoining an accurate description of the person of Captain

Parsons Hoye, thereby enabling our reader to estimate the singularity of his collision with the dandy.

Commodore Trunnion was a civilized man, and a beauty (but a fool), compared to Parsons Hoye. He had a moderate hereditary property near Wicklow; had been a captain in the royal navy; was a bad farmer, a worse sportsman, and a blustering justice of peace: but great at potation! and what was called, "in the main, a capital fellow." He was nearly as boisterous as his adopted element: his voice was always as if on the quarter-deck; and the whistle of an old boatswain, who had been decapitated by his side, hung as a memento, by a thong of leather, to his waistcoat button-hole. It was frequently had recourse to, and, whenever he wanted a word, supplied the deficiency.

In form the Captain was squat, broad, and coarse:—a large purple nose, with a broad crimson chin to match, were the only features of any consequence in his countenance, except a couple of good enough bloodshot eyes, screened by most exuberant grizzle eye-lashes. His powdered wig had behind it a queue in the form of a hand-spike, and a couple of rolled-up paste curls, like a pair of carronades, adorned its broad-sides; a blue coat, with slash cuffs and plenty of navy buttons, surmounted a scar-

let waistcoat—the skirts of which, he said, he would have of their enormous length because it assured him that the tailor had put *all the cloth in it;* a black Barcelona adorned his neck; an old round hat bordered with gold lace, pitched on one side of his head, and turned up also on one side, with a huge cockade stuck into a buttonless loop, gave him a swaggering air. He bore a shillelagh, the growth of his own estate, in a fist which would cover more ground than the best shoulder of wether mutton in a London market.* Yet the Captain had a look of generosity, good nature, benevolence and hospitality, which his features did their very best to conceal, and which none but a good physiognomist could possibly discover.

* I once saw the inconvenience of that species of fist strongly exemplified.—The late Admiral Cosby, of Stradbally Hall, had as large and as brown a fist as any admiral in His Majesty's service. Happening one day unfortunately to lay it on the table during dinner, at Colonel Fitzgerald's, Merrion Square, a Mr. Jenkins, a half-blind doctor, who chanced to sit next to the admiral, cast his eye upon the fist: the imperfection of his vision led him to believe it was a French roll of bread, and, without further ceremony, the doctor thrust his fork plump into the admiral's fist. The confusion which resulted may be easily imagined.

MY BROTHER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

Waking the piper—Curious scene at my brother's hunting-lodge—Joe Kelly's and Peter Alley's heads fastened to the wall—Operations practised in extricating them.

I MET with a ludicrous instance of the dissipation of even later days, a few months after my marriage. Lady B— and myself took a tour through some of the Southern parts of Ireland, and among other places visited Castle Durrow, near which place my brother, Henry French Barrington, had built a hunting cottage, wherein he happened to have given a house-warming the previous day.

The company, as might be expected at such a place and on such an occasion, was not the most select:—in fact, they were "*hard-going*" sportsmen.

Amongst the rest, Mr. Joseph Kelly, of unfortunate fate, brother to Mr. Michael Kelly, (who by the bye does not say a word about him in his Reminiscences,) had been invited, to add to the merriment by his pleasantry and voice,

and had come down from Dublin for the purpose.

It may not be amiss to say something here of that remarkable person. I knew him from his early youth. His father was a dancing-master in Mary-street, Dublin; and I found in the newspapers of that period a number of puffs, in French and English, of Mr. O'Kelly's abilities in that way—one of which, a certificate from a French *artiste*, of Paris, is curious enough.* What could put it into his son's head, that he had been *Master of the ceremonies at Dublin Castle* is rather perplexing! He became a wine-merchant latterly, dropped the O, which had been placed at the beginning of his name, and was a well-conducted and respectable man.†

* Mr. O'Kelly is just returned from Paris. Ladies and Gentlemen, who are pleased to send their commands to No. 30, Mary-street, will be most respectfully attended to.

Je certifie que M. Guillaume O'Kelly est venu à Paris pour prendre de moi leçons, et qu'il est sorti de mes mains en état de pouvoir enseigner la dance avec succès.

GARDEL, Maître à Danser de la Reine,
et Maître des Ballets du Roy.

'A Paris, le 20ème Août 1781.

† But as he was a *Roman Catholic*, and as no Roman Catholic could *then* hold any office in the vice-regal establishment of Dublin Castle, Mr. M. Kelly must have been misinformed on that point as to his father, whom I have

Joe was a slender young man, remarkably handsome; but with regard to character, always what in that part of the country they emphatically styled "the *devil!*" I recollect his dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's costume most admirably upon the stage. He also sang the songs of *Young Meadows*, in "Love in a Village," extremely well, as likewise those of *Macheath* and other parts; but he could never give the *acting* any effect. He was, strictly speaking, a bravura singer;—there was no *pathos*—nothing *touchant* in his cadences, but in drinking-songs &c. he was unrivalled. As his brother has not thought proper to speak about him, it might be considered out of place for me to go into his history, all of which I know, and many passages of which might probably be both entertaining and instructive. Some parts of it however are already on record, and others I hope will never be recorded. The Duke of Wellington knew Joe Kelly extremely well; and if he had *merited* advancement, I dare say he would have received it. The last conversa-

often seen. Mr. Gofton, a dancing-master of Anne-street, Linen Hall, and uncle to Doctor Barrett, the late extraordinary vice-provost of Trinity College, was a friend of Mr. O'Kelly's and taught me to the day of his death, which was sudden.

tion I had with him was on the Boulevard Italien, in Paris. I was walking with my son, then belonging to the 5th Dragoon Guards. Kelly came up and spoke to us. I shook him by the hand, and he talked away:—spoke to my son—no answer:—he tried him again—no reply.—Kelly seemed surprised, and said, "Don't you know me, Barrington? why don't you speak to me?"—"'Tis because I *do* know you that I do *not* speak to you," replied my son.—Kelly blushed, but turned it off with a laugh. I could not then guess the reason for this cut direct; and my son refused to tell me: I have *since*, however, become acquainted with it, and think the sarcasm *well* merited. It was indeed the bitterer, from its being the only one I ever heard my son utter.—Joe Kelly killed his man in a duel, for which he was tried and *narrowly* escaped. According to his *own* account indeed, he killed plenty more men at the Battle of Waterloo and in other actions. He was himself shot at Paris by a commissary with whom he had quarrelled, and the humorists remarked thereupon that Joe had died a natural death.

Of this convivial assemblage at my brother's, he was, I suppose, the very life and soul. The dining-room had not been finished when the day of the dinner-party arrived, and the lower parts

of the walls having only that morning received their last coat of plaster, were, of course, totally wet.

We had intended to surprise my brother; but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. On driving to the cottage-door I found it open, whilst a dozen dogs, of different descriptions, showed ready to receive us not in the most polite manner. My servant's whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlour to see what cheer.— It was about ten in the morning: the room was strewed with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons &c. all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had cleanly picked.—Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was quite open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

I went out, and sent away my carriage and its inmate to Castle Durrow, whence we had come, and afterwards proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favourable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as maître d'hôtel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlour, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken

away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar and nutmeg in plenty; a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes roasted on the turf ashes;—in addition to which, ale, whiskey, and port made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbour: they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa!**

The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was however in a very different tone from the *view holloa,*—and perpetuated much longer.

"Come, boys," says French, giving Joe a pull—"come!"

"Oh, murder!" says Joe "I can't!"—"Murder!—murder!" echoed Peter.—French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places.—I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic;

* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was nevertheless setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the

obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons :—this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason ;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *praskeen*;* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-

* A coarse *dirty* apron, worn by working women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of any thing else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely,—clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Bob Casey got the making of a skull-piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it, as gentlemen in those days honoured any order given by a guest to the family shop-keeper or artizan.

I ate a hearty breakfast, returned to Durrow, and, having rejoined my companion, we pursued our journey to Waterford,—amusing ourselves the greater part of the way with the circumstances just related, which, however, I do not record merely as an abstract anecdote, but, as I observed in starting, to show the manners and habits of Irish country society and

sportsmen, even so recently as thirty years ago; and to illustrate the changes of those habits and manners, and the advances towards civilization, which, coupled with the extraordinary *want* of *corresponding prosperity*, present phenomena I am desirous of impressing upon my reader's mind, throughout the whole of this miscellaneous collection of original anecdotes and observations.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

The Army—Irish volunteers described—Their military ardour—The author inoculated therewith—He grows cooler.—The Church—The Faculty—The Law—Objections to each—Colonel Barrington removes his establishment to the Irish capital—A country gentleman taking up a city residence.

My veering opinion as to a choice of profession was nearly decided by that military ardour which seized all Ireland, when the whole country had entered into resolutions to free itself for ever from English domination. The entire kingdom took up arms—regiments were formed in every quarter—the highest, the lowest, and the middle orders, all entered the ranks of freedom, and every corporation, whether civil or military, pledged life and fortune to attain and establish Irish independence.

My father had raised and commanded two corps—a dragoon regiment called the Cullenagh Rangers, and the Ballyroan Light Infantry. My elder brother commanded the Kilkenny Horse, and the Durrow Light Dragoons. The general

enthusiasm caught me, and before I well knew what I was about, I found myself a military martinet and a red-hot patriot. Having been a university man, I was also considered to be of course a *writer*, and was accordingly called on to draw up resolutions for volunteer regiments all over the county. This was the first tirade I ever attempted on a political subject, and it being quite short enough and warm enough to be comprehended by all the parties, it was unanimously adopted—every man swearing, as he kissed the blade of his sword, that he would adhere to these resolutions to the last drop of his blood, which he would by no means spare, till we had finally achieved the independence of our country. We were very sincere, and, really I think, determined to perish, if necessary, in the cause—at least, I am sure, I was so.

The national point was gained, but not without much difficulty and danger. The Irish parliament had refused to grant supplies to the crown for more than six months. The people had entered into resolutions to prevent the importation of any British merchandise or manufactures. The entire kingdom had disavowed all English authority or jurisdiction, external or internal; the judges and magistrates had declined to act under British statutes:—the flame had spread rapidly, and had become irresistible.

The British Government saw that either temporising or an appeal to force would occasion the final loss of Ireland: 150,000 independent soldiers, well armed, well clothed, and well disciplined, were not to be coped with,—and England yielded. Thus the volunteers kept their oaths: they redeemed their pledge, and did not lay down their arms until the independence of Ireland had been pronounced from the throne, and the distinctness of the Irish nation promulgated in the government gazette of London.

Having carried our point with the English, and having proposed to prove our independence by going to war with Portugal about our linens, we completely set up for ourselves, except that Ireland was bound, constitutionally and irrevocably, never to have any king but the King of Great Britain.

We were now, in fact, regularly in a fighting mood: and being quite in good humour with England, we determined to fight the French, who had threatened to invade us; and I recollect a volunteer belonging to one of my father's corps, a school-master of the name of Beal, proposing a resolution to the Ballyroan Infantry, which purported, "that they would never stop fighting the French till they had flogged every man of them into mincemeat!" This magnanimous resolution was adopted with cheers, and

was, as usual, *sworn to*, each hero kissing the muzzle of his musket.

I am not going any further into a history of those times, to which I have alluded in order to mention what, for the moment, excited my *war-like ardour*, and fixed my determination, although but temporarily, to adopt the military profession.

On communicating this decision to my father, he procured me, from a friend and neighbour, General Hunt Walsh, a commission in that officer's own regiment, the 30th. The style of the thing pleased me very well:—but, upon being informed that I should immediately join the regiment, in America, my heroic tendencies received a serious check. I had not contemplated transatlantic emigration, and feeling that I could get my head broken just as well in my own country, I, after a few days' mature consideration, perceived my military ardour grow cooler and cooler every hour—until, at length, it was obviously defunct. I therefore wrote to the General a most thankful letter, but at the same time, "begging the favour of him to present my commission in his regiment to some hardier soldier, who could serve his majesty with more vigour; as I, having been brought up by my grandmother, felt as yet too *tender* to be any way effective on foreign service—though I had no objection to fight as much as possible

in Ireland, if necessary." The general accepted my resignation, and presented my commission to a young friend of his, whose brains were blown out in the very first engagement.

Having thus rejected the military, I next turned my thoughts to that very opposite profession—the clerical. But though preaching was certainly a much safer and more agreeable employment than bush-fighting, yet a curacy and a wooden leg being pretty much on a parallel in point of remuneration, and as I had the strongest objection to be half starved in the service of either the king or the altar, I also declined the cassock, assuring my father that "I felt I was not steady enough to make an 'exemplary parson;' and as any other kind of parson generally did more harm than good in a country, I could not, in my conscience, take charge of the morals of a flock of men, women, and children, when I should have quite enough to do to manage my own; and I should therefore leave the church to some more orthodoxical graduate."

Medicine, therefore, was the next in the list of professions to which I had, abstractedly, some liking. I had attended several courses of anatomical lectures at Dublin, and, although with some repugnant feelings, I had studied that most sublime of all sciences, human organization, by a persevering attention to the celebrated wax-

works of that university. But my horror and disgust of *animal putridity* in all its branches was so great, inclusive even of stinking venison, (which most people admire,) that all surgical practice by me was necessarily out of the question; and medicine without surgery presenting no better chance than a curacy, it shared an equally bad fate with the sword and the pulpit.

Of the liberal and learned professions, there now remained but one, namely, the law. Now, as to this, I was told by several old practitioners, who had retired into the country, (from having no business to do in town), that if I was even as wise as Alfred, or as learned as Lycurgus, nobody would give me sixpence for all my law (if I had a hundred weight of it), until I had spent at least ten years in watching the manufacture. However, they consoled me by saying, that if I could put up with light eating and water-drinking during that period, I might then have a very reasonable chance of getting some briefs, particularly after having a gang of attornies to dine with me. Here I was damped again! and though I should have broken my heart if condemned to remain much longer a walking gentleman, I determined to wait a while, and see if nature would open my propensities a little wider, and give me some more decisive indication of what she thought me fittest for.

Whilst in this comfortless state of indecision, my father, like other country gentlemen, to gratify his lady under the shape of educating his children, gave his consent to be launched into the new scenes and pleasures of a city residence. He accordingly purchased an excellent house in Clare-street, Merrion-square; left a steward in the country to *mis*manage his concerns there; made up new wardrobes for the servants; got a fierce three-cocked hat for himself; and removed his establishment (the hounds excepted) to the metropolis of Ireland.

Here my good and well-bred mother (for such she was) had her Galway pride revived and gratified; the green coach *de cérémonie* was re-gilt and regarnished, and four black horses, with two postilions and a sixteen-stone footman, completed her equipage.

I had my bit of blood in the stable; my elder brother, who had been in the 1st Horse, had plenty of them:—my father had his old hunter, "brown Jack;" and we set out at what is commonly called a *great rate*—but which great rates are generally, like a fox-chase, more hot than durable. However, the thing went on well enough; and during our city residence many pleasurable and many whimsical incidents occurred to me and other individuals of my family; one of which was most interesting to myself, and

will form a leading feature in my subsequent Memoirs.

Before adverting to this, however, I will mention a lamentable event which occurred during our stay in Clare-street, to a neighbour of ours, Captain O'Flaherty, brother to Sir John, whom I shall hereafter notice. The captain resided nearly facing us, and though the event I speak of, and the very extraordinary incident which succeeded it, are clearly digressions, yet the whole story is so interesting, that I will, without further apology, introduce it.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY.

Murder of Captain O'Flaherty by Mr. Lanegan, his son's tutor, and Mrs. O'Flaherty—The latter, after betraying her accomplice, escapes—Trial of Lanegan—He is hanged and quartered at Dublin—Terrific appearance of his supposed ghost to his pupil, David Lander, and the author, at the Temple, in London—Lander nearly dies of fright—Lanegan's extraordinary escape—Not even suspected in Ireland—He gets off to France, and enters the Monastery of La Trappe—A church-yard anecdote—My own superstition nearly fatal to me.

CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY, a most respectable gentleman, resided in Clare-street, Dublin, exactly opposite my father's house. He had employed a person of the name of Lanegan, as tutor to the late John Burke O'Flaherty, and his other sons. But after some little time Lanegan became more attentive to Mrs. O'Flaherty, the mother, than to her boys.

This woman had certainly no charms either of appearance or address, which might be thought calculated to captivate any one; and there was a something indescribably repulsive in her general manners, in consequence whereof all ac-

quaintance between her and our family soon terminated. She was not satisfied with the occasional society of Mr. Lanegan, whilst he continued in the house as tutor, but actually proceeded to form a criminal intercourse with him; and, in order to free herself from all restraint, meditated the very blackest of human crimes, which she determined to perpetrate by giving the unfortunate captain a rice-pudding for his dinner, by virtue whereof she might at any rate be saved the trouble of ever making another for him.

Mr. Lanegan was with this view sent by her to several apothecaries' shops; at each of which, to avoid suspicion, he asked for a *very little* stuff *to kill the rats;* and thus, by small portions, they ultimately procured a sufficient quantity to kill not only the rats, but the husband into the bargain.

The murderous scheme was carried into execution by Mrs. O'Flaherty herself, and the captain was found dead in his bed! Some misgivings, however, were generated from the appearance of the body, which swelled and exhibited black spots: and these, with other unequivocal signs, conspired to prove that the rats (for they were actually dealt with) had not been the only sufferers. The Coroner's Inquest, indeed, soon decided the matter, by a verdict of "*Poisoned by Arsenic.*"

Mrs. O'Flaherty and Mr. Lanegan began now to suspect that they were in rather a ticklish situation, and determined to take a private journey into the country until they should discover how things were likely to go. The adulterous wife, full of crime and terror, conceived a suspicion that Lanegan, who had only purchased the poison by her directions, and had not administered it (except to the rats) might turn king's evidence, get the reward, and save himself by convicting her. Such a catastrophe she therefore determined if possible to prevent.

On their journey she told him that, upon full consideration, she conceived there could be no possibility of bringing conclusive evidence against them, inasmuch as it would appear most probable that the captain had, by accident, taken the poison himself—and that she was determined to surrender and take her trial as soon as possible, recommending Mr. Lanegan to do the same. In pursuance of this decision, as they passed near the town of Gowran, County Kilkenny, she said, "There is the gate of a magistrate: do you go up first, put on a bold face, assure him of your entire innocence, and say that as infamous and false reports have been spread, both of yourself and me, you came expressly to surrender and take your trial;—and that you could not live in society under such vile imputations! Say, also,

that you hear Mrs. O'Flaherty intends likewise to surrender herself in the evening, and request that he will be at home to receive her."

Lanegan, suspecting no fraud, followed these instructions literally;—he was secured, though without roughness, and preparations were made for his being taken to Dublin next day in custody. The magistrate waited for Mrs. O'Flaherty, but she did not appear: he sent down to his gate-house to know if any lady had passed by: the porter informed him that a lady and gentleman had been near the gate in a carriage, in the morning, and that the gentleman got out and went up the avenue to the house, after which the lady had driven away.

It now appearing that they had been actually together, and that Lanegan had been telling falsehoods respecting his companion, strong suspicions arose in the mind of the magistrate. His prisoner was confined more closely, sent under a strong guard to Dublin, indicted for murder, and tried at the ensuing assizes.

Positive evidence was given of Lanegan's cri minal connexion with Mrs. O'Flaherty, coupled with the strongest circumstantial proof against him. He had not the courage boldly to deny the fact, and being found guilty was sentenced to be hanged and quartered; the former part of which sentence having been carried into execu-

tion, and his body cut on each limb, it was delivered up to his mother for burial. Mrs. O'Flaherty escaped beyond sea, and has, I believe, never since been heard of in the country.

Such is the history which forms the prelude to an occurrence in which I was a party, several years after, and which may be regarded as a curious illustration of stories of supposed ghosts.

A templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux-court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head—his lips quivered convulsively—his teeth chattered—large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite these emotions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man, retreated backwards—his

eyes still fixed—to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the next best thing he could do: as—"What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!" &c. &c.

I instantly concluded the man was mad; and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander," said the figure, "sure 'tis me that's here."

When Davy Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) stalked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug

of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried—

"For the love of God, give me some of that,—for I am périshing!"

I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult:—he stammered, and gazed at the figure, for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion! though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing Kerry dialect: "Why then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?"

"Ah, Sir, speak easy," said the wretched being.

"How the devil," resumed Davy, "did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green!"

"Ah, Gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor culprit, "speak low: have mercy on me, Master Davy,

you know it was I taught you your Latin.—I'm starving to death!"

"You shall not die in *that* way, you villanous schoolmaster!" said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

The miserable creature having ate the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final

recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery :—at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the Borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead; and though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food, for fear of detection! but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since.

This incident is not related as a mere isolated

anecdote, unconnected with any serious general considerations: but rather with a view to show how many deceptions a man's imagination may hastily subject him to; and to impress the consideration that nothing should be regarded as supernatural, which can by *possibility* be the result of human interference.

In the present case, if Lanegan had withdrawn before Lander had arisen and spoken to him, no reasoning upon earth could ever have convinced the Templar of the materiality of the vision. As Lanegan's restoration to life after execution had not at that time been spoken of, nor even suspected, Lander would have willingly deposed, upon the Holy Evangelists, that he had seen the *actual ghost* of the schoolmaster who had been hanged and quartered in Dublin a considerable time before; his identification of the man's person being rendered unequivocal from the circumstance of his having been formerly Lanegan's pupil. And I must confess that I should myself have seen no reason to doubt Lander's assertions, had the man withdrawn from the chamber before he spoke to me—to do which, under the circumstances, it was by no means improbable fear might have induced him.

Thus one of the "best authenticated ghost stories ever related" has been lost to the history of supernatural occurrences. The circumstance, however, did not cure Davy Lander in the least

of his dread of apparitions, which was excessive.

Nor have I much right to reproach my friend's weakness in this particular. I have, on the other hand, throughout my writings admitted—nay, I fear, occasionally boasted—that I was myself *superstitious*. The species of reading I adopted and ardently pursued from my infancy upwards may, I admit, have impressed my mind indelibly; and the consciousness of this fact should have served to render me rather *sceptical* than *credulous* upon any subject that bore a mysterious character.

My relations, whilst I was a boy, took it into their heads that I was a decided coward in this way, which though I in round terms denied, I freely admitted at the same time my coyness with regard to trying any unnecessary experiments or making any superstitious invocations, particularly on Allhallow-eve, or other mysterious days, whereupon a sort of bastard witchcraft is always practised in Ireland.

Hence I was universally ridiculed on those anniversaries for my timidity; and, one Allhallow-eve, my father proposed to have a prayer-book, with a £5 bank-note in it, left on a certain tomb-stone in an old catholic burial-ground quite apart from any road, and covered with trees. It was two or three fields' distance from the dwelling-house; and the proposal was, that if I

would go there at twelve o'clock at night, and bring back the book and a dead man's bone, many of which latter were scattered about the cemetery, the note should be mine; and, as an additional encouragement, I was never after to be charged with cowardice. My pride took fire, and I determined, even though I might burst a blood-vessel through agitation, or break my neck in running home again, I would perform the feat, and put an end to the imputation.

The matter therefore was fully arranged. The night proved very dark; the path was intricate, but I was accustomed to it. There were two or three stiles to be crossed; and the Irish always conceive that if a ghost is any where in the neighbourhood, he invariably chooses a stile at which to waylay the passengers.

However, at the appointed hour I set out. I dare say most ladies and gentlemen who may read this know what *palpitation of the heart* means; if so, let them be so good as to fancy an excess of that feeling, and they may then form some idea of the sensations with which I first touched the cold grave-stones of the dead, who, if they had possessed any spirit, would have arisen, *en masse*, to defend their bones from being made the subject of ridiculous experiment.

Having groped for some time in the dark, I found the book, but my hand refused to lift it,

and I sat down panting and starting at every rustle of the foliage: through the gloom wherewith the trunks and branches of the trees were invested, my excited imagination conjured up figures and shapes which I expected, at every glance, would open into skeletons or shrouded spectres! I would, at that moment, have given the world to be at home again!—but I really could not stir: my breath had got too short, and my eyesight too confused, for motion.

By degrees these sensations subsided. I obtained a little confidence; the moving of a branch no longer startled me, and I should have got on well enough had not an unlucky goat, which came roaming near the place, though with a different object, thrown me into a complete relapse. At the conclusion of about half an hour, however, which appeared to me at least five-and-twenty years, I secured the book snugly in my pocket, together with a dead man's thigh-bone, which I tied up in a cloth brought with me for the purpose; and, fastening it round my waist, lest it should drop during my flight, I made a very rapid exit from this scene of perilous achievement.

Having reached the house in triumph, and taken a large tumbler of wine, I proceeded to exhibit my book, put the bank-note in my pocket, and with an affectation of unconcern

untied my cloth and flung my huge bone upon the supper-table. I had my full revenge! The women, who had been amusing themselves by telling each other's fortunes, were cruelly shocked—they all, *una voce,* set up a loud shriek, and whilst some were half swooning, others ran headlong out of the room. My courage now grew rampant: I said, if they pleased, they might leave the bone on the top of my bed till morning, and that would sufficiently show, who was most in dread of dead people!

Confidence was at length restored on all sides. I was half cured of my superstitious fears, and the family universally admitted that I certainly should make a brave general if I went into the army. We made merry till a late hour, when I retired joyously to bed, and sleep very soon began to make still further amends for my terrors.

While dreaming away most agreeably, I was suddenly aroused by a rustling noise for which I could not account. I sat up, and, upon listening, found it to proceed from the top of my bed, whereon something was in rapid motion. The dead man's thigh-bone immediately started into my recollection, and horrible ideas flashed across my mind. A profuse perspiration burst out at once on my forehead, my hair rose, the cramp seized both my legs, and just gather-

ing power to call out "Murder, murder!—help, help!" I buried my head under the clothes. In this situation, I could neither hear nor see, and was besides almost suffocated: after a while, I began to think I might have been dreaming, and with that idea thrusting my head fearfully out, the bone (for that it certainly was) sprang with a tremendous crash from the bed down beside me upon the floor, where it exhibited as many signs of life as when its owner was in existence. Upon viewing this, my spirits sank again, I shook like a man in an ague, gave some inarticulate screams, and at length dropped back, nearly senseless, upon the pillow.

How long I lay thus, I know not; I only remember that the bone still continued its movements, and now and then striking a chair or table, warned me of my probable fate from its justly enraged proprietor, who I was apprehensive would soon appear to demand his undoubted property. Had the scene continued long, I actually believe I should scarce have survived it: but at last, paradise seemed all on the sudden to be regained, though in no very orthodox way. A loud laugh at the door clearly announced that I had been well played off upon by the ladies, for my abrupt display of a dead man's bone on a supper-table. The whole of the young folks entered my room in a body,

with candles; and after having been re-assured, and nourished by a tumbler of buttered white wine, I obtained, by degrees, knowledge of the trick which had occasioned a laugh so loud, so long, and so mortifying to my self-conceit.

The device was simple enough: a couple of cords had been tied to the bone, and drawn under the door, which was at the bed's foot; and by pulling these alternately, the conspirators kept the bone in motion, until their good-humoured joke had well nigh resulted in the loss of their kinsman's reason.

ADOPTION OF THE LAW.

Marriage of my eldest brother—The bride's-maid, Miss D. W.—Female attractions not dependent on personal beauty—Mutual attachment—Illustration of the French phrase *je ne sais quoi*—Betrothal of the author, and his departure for London, to study for the Bar.

My father still conceived that the military profession was best suited to my ardent and volatile spirit. I was myself, however, of a different opinion; and fortune shortly fixed my determination. An incident occurred, which, uniting passion, judgment, and ambition, led me to decide that the Bar was the only road to my happiness or celebrity; and accordingly I finally and irrevocably resolved that the law should be the future occupation of my life and studies.

The recollection of the incident to which I have alluded excites, even at this moment, all the sensibility and regret which can survive a grand climacteric, and four-and-forty years of vicissitude. I shall not dilate upon it extensively; and, in truth, were it not that these

personal fragments would be otherwise still more incomplete, I should remain altogether silent on a subject which revives in my mind so many painful reflections.

My elder brother married the only daughter of Mr. Edwards, of Old Court, County Wicklow. The individuals of both families attended that marriage, which was indeed a public one. The bride-maid of Miss Edwards was the then admired Miss D. W. This lady was about my own age: her father had been a senior Fellow of Dublin University, and had retired on large church preferments. Her uncle, with whom she was at that time residing, was a very eminent barrister in the Irish capital. She had but one sister, and I was soon brought to think she had no equal whatever.

Those who read this will perhaps anticipate a story of a volatile lad struck, in the midst of an inspiring ceremony, by the beauty of a lively and engaging female, and surrendering without resistance his boyish heart to the wild impulse of the moment. This supposition is, I admit, a natural one; but it is unfounded. Neither beauty, nor giddy passion, nor the glare of studied attractions, ever enveloped me in their labyrinths. Nobody admired female loveliness more than myself; but beauty in *the abstract* never excited within me that delirium which

has so impartially made fools of kings and beggars—of heroes and cowards; and to which the wisest professors of law, physic, and divinity, have from time immemorial surrendered their liberty and their reason.

Regularity of feature is very distinct from expression of countenance, which I never yet saw mere symmetry successfully rival. I thank heaven, that I never was either the captive or the victim of "perfect beauty;" in fact, I never loved any handsome woman save one, who still lives, and I hope will do so long: those whom I admired most (when I was of an age to admire any) had no great reason to be grateful for the munificence of creating Nature.

Were I to describe the person of D. W., I should say that she had no beauty; but, on the contrary, seemed rather to have been selected as a foil to set off the almost transparent delicacy of the bride whom she attended. Her figure was graceful, it is true; but, generally speaking, I incline to think that few ladies would have envied her perfections. Her dark and rather deep-sunk, yet penetrating and animated eye, could never have reconciled their looking-glasses to the sombre and swarthy complexion which surrounded it; nor the carmine of her pouting lip to the disproportioned extent of feature which it tinted. In fine, as I began, so will I conclude

my personal description—she had *no beauty*. But she seems this moment before me as in a vision. I see her countenance, busied in unceasing converse with her heart;—now illuminated by brilliant wit, now softened down by sense and sensibility—the wild spirit of the former changing like magic into the steadier movements of the latter;—the serious glance silently commanding restraint and caution, whilst the counteracting smile even at the same moment set caution at defiance. But upon this subject I shall desist, and only remark further, that before I was aware of the commencement of its passion, my whole heart was hers!

D. W. was at that time the fashion in society: many admired, but I know of none who loved her save myself, and it must have been through some attractive congeniality of mind that our attachment became mutual.

It will doubtless appear unaccountable to many, whence the spell arose by virtue of which I was thus bound to a female, from whom every personal attribute seems to have been withheld by Nature. But I am unable to solve the enigma. I once ventured myself to ask D. W. if she could tell me *why* I loved her? She *answered* by *returning the question;* and hence, neither of us being able to give an ex-

plicit reason, we mutually agreed that the query was unanswerable.

There are four short words in the French language which have a power of expressing what in English is inexplicable—"*Je ne sais quoi*"—and to these, in my dilemma, I resorted. I do not now wish the phrase to be understood in a *sentimental* vein,—or, in the set terms of young ladies, as "a *nice* expression!" In my mind it is an *amatory idiom;* and, in those few words, conveys more meaning than could a hundred pages.

I have said that the phrase is inexplicable; but, in like manner as we are taught to aim at perfection whilst we know it to be unattainable, so will I endeavour to characterize the "*Je ne sais quoi*" as meaning a species of indefinable grace which gives despotic power to a female. When we praise in detail the abstract beauties or merits of a woman, each of them may form matter for argument, or subject for the exercise of various tastes; but of the "Je ne sais quoi" there is no specification, and upon it there can be no reasoning. It is that fascinating enigma which expresses *all* without expressing *anything;* that mysterious source of attraction which we can neither discover nor account for; and which nor beauty, nor wit, nor education, nor anything, in short, but *nature*, ever can create.

D. W. was the fashion:—but she depended solely, as to fortune, on her father and her uncle. I was the third son of a largely estated, but not prudent family, and was entitled to a younger child's portion in addition to some exclusive property; but I had passed twenty-one, and had not even fixed on a profession—therefore, the only probable result of our attachment seemed to be misery and disappointment. Notwithstanding, when in the same neighbourhood we met,—when separate we corresponded; but her good sense at length perceived that some end must be put to this state of clandestine intercourse, from which, although equally condemning it, we had not been able to abstain. Her father died, and she became entitled to a third of his estate and effects; but this accession was insufficient to justify the accomplishment of our union. I saw, and, with a half-broken heart, acquiesced in her view of its impossibility until I should have acquired some productive profession. She suggested that there was no other course but the Bar, which might conciliate her uncle. The hint was sufficient, and we then agreed to have a ceremony of betrothal performed, and to separate the next moment, never to meet again until fortune, if ever so disposed, should smile upon us.

The ceremony was accordingly performed by

a Mr. Tay, and immediately afterwards I went on board a packet for England, determined, if it were possible, to succeed in a profession which held out a reward so essential to my happiness.

I did succeed at the Bar: but alas! she for whose sake my toil was pleasure had ceased to exist. I never saw her more! Her only sister still lives in Merrion Square, Dublin, and in her has centered all the property of both the father and uncle. She is the wife of one of my warmest friends, a King's Counsel.

I hasten to quit a subject to me so distressing. Some very peculiar circumstances attended, as I learned, the death of that most excellent of women: but a recital of these would only increase the impression which I fear I have already given grounds for, that I am deeply superstitious. However, I have not concealed so important an incident of my life hitherto not published, and I have done.

A DUBLIN BOARDING-HOUSE.

Sketch of the company and inmates—Lord Mountmorris—Lieut. Gam Johnson, R. N.—Sir John and Lady O'Flaherty—Mrs. Wheeler—Lady and Miss Barry—Memoir and character of Miss Barry, afterwards Mrs. Baldwin—Ruinous effects of a dramatic education exemplified—Lord Mountmorris's duel with the Honorable Francis Hely Hutchinson at Donnybrook—His Lordship wounded—Marquis of Ely, his second.

On my return to Dublin from London, before I could suit myself with a residence to my satisfaction, I lodged at the house of Mr. Kyle, in Frederick-street, uncle to the present provost of Dublin University. Mrs. Kyle was a remarkably plain woman, of the most curious figure, being round as a ball; but she was as good as she was ordinary. This worthy creature, who was a gentlewoman by birth, had married Kyle, who, though of good family, had been a trooper. She had lived many years, as companion, with my grandmother, and in fact regarded me as if I had been her own child.

In her abode so many human curiosities were

collected, and so many anecdotes occurred, that, even at this distance of time, the recollection of it amuses me. Those who lodged in the house dined in company: the table was most plentifully served, and the party generally comprised from eight to ten select persons. I will endeavour to sketch the leading members of the society there at the period of which I speak; and first on the list I will place the late Lord Mountmorris, of celebrated memory. He was a very clever and well-informed, but eccentric man;—one of the most ostentatious and at the same time parsimonious beings in the world. He considered himself by far the greatest orator and politician in Europe; and it was he who sent a florid speech, which he *intended* to have spoken in the Irish House of Lords, to the press:—the debate on which it was to be spoken did not ensue; but his lordship having neglected to countermand the publication, his studied harangue appeared next day in the Dublin newspapers with all the supposititious *cheerings*, &c. duly interposed! I believe a similar *faux pas* has been committed by some English legislator.

His Lordship, at the period in question, was patronizing what is commonly ycleped a *Led Captain*—one Lieutenant Ham or Gam Johnson, of the Royal Navy, brother to the two judges, and the attorney, of whom I shall speak here-

after. Without being absolutely disgusting, Lieut. Johnson was certainly the ugliest man in Christendom. It was said of him that he need never fire a shot, since his countenance was sufficient to frighten the bravest enemy. His bloated visage, deeply indented by that cruel ravager of all comeliness, the small-pox, was nearly as large as the body which supported it, and that was by no means diminutive. Yet the man was civil and mild, and had, withal, a much higher character as an officer than his Captain in the Artois frigate, Lord Charles Fitzgerald, who, it was at that time thought, preferred a sound nap to a hard battle.

Next in the company came Sir John O'Flaherty, Bart. and Lady O'Flaherty his *sposa*. He was a plain, agreeable country gentleman. Her Ladyship was to the full as *plain*, but not quite so agreeable. However, it was (as Mrs. Kyle said) *respectable*, at a boarding-house, to hear—"Sir John O'Flaherty's health!"—and "Lady O'Flaherty's health!"—drunk or hobnobbed across the table.—They formed, indeed, excellent make-weights to cram in between Lord Mountmorris and the *canaille*.

Lady Barry, widow of the late Sir Nathaniel Barry, Bart. and mother of Sir Edward, (who was also an occasional guest,) follows in my

catalogue, and was as valuable a curiosity as any of the set.

Mrs. Wheeler, the grandmother of Sir Richard Jonah Denny Wheeler Cuffe, gave up her whole attention to lap-dogs; and neither she nor the last-mentioned dowager were by any means averse to the fermented grape—though we never saw either of them "*very* far gone."

Lady Barry's only daughter, afterwards the unfortunate Mrs. Baldwin, was also of the party. Though this young female had not a beautiful face, it was yet peculiarly pleasing, and she certainly possessed one of the finest figures,—tall, and slender in its proportions, and exquisitely graceful,—I had ever seen. Her father, Sir Nathaniel Barry, many years the principal physician of Dublin, adored his daughter, and had spared no pains nor expense on her education. She profited by all the instruction she received, and was one of the most accomplished young women of her day.

But unfortunately he had introduced her to the practice of one very objectionable accomplishment,—calculated rather to give unbounded latitude to, than check, the light and dangerous particles of a volatile and thoughtless disposition. He was himself enthusiastically fond of *theatricals*, and had fitted up a theatre in the

upper story of his own house.—There the youthful mind of his hitherto untainted daughter was first initiated into all the schemes, the passions, the arts and the deceptions of lovers and of libertines!—the close mimicry of which forms the very essence of dramatic perfection. At sixteen, with all the warmth of a sensitive constitution, she was taught to personify the vices, affect the passions, and assume the frivolities of her giddy sex!

Thus, through the folly or vanity of her father, she was led to represent by turns the flirt, the jilt, the silly wife, the capricious mistress and the frail maiden,—before her understanding had arrived at sufficient maturity, or his more serious instructions had made sufficient impression,—to enable her to resist voluptuous sensations. She had not penetration enough (how could she have?) to perceive that a moral may be extracted from almost every crime, and that a bad example may sometimes be more preservative against error, (from exhibiting its ruinous consequences,) even than a good one. She was too young, and too unsteady, to make these subtle distinctions. She saw the world's pleasures dancing gaily before her, and pursued the vision—until her mimicry, at length, became nature, and her personification identity. After two or three years, during which this

mistaken course was pursued, Sir Nathaniel died, leaving his daughter in possession of all the powers of attraction without the guard of prudence. In the dance—in declamation—in music—in the languages—she excelled: but in those steady and solid qualities which adapt women for wedlock and domesticity, she was altogether deficient. Her short-sighted father had been weak enough to deck her with the gaudy qualifications of an actress at the expense of all those more estimable acquirements which her mind and her genius were equally suscepible of attaining.

The misfortunes which ensued should therefore be attributed rather to the folly of the parent than to the propensities of the child. Her heart once sunk into the vortex of thoughtless variety and folly, her mother was unable to restrain its downward progress; and as to her weak dissipated brother, Sir Edward, I have myself seen him, late at night, require her to come from her chamber to sing, or play, or spout, for the amusement of his inebriated companions;—conduct which the mother had not sufficient sense nor resolution to control. However, good fortune still gave Miss Barry a fair chance of rescuing herself, and securing complete comfort and high respectability. She married well, being united to Colonel Baldwin,

a gentleman of character and fortune :—but alas! that delicacy of mind which is the best guardian of female conduct had been irrecoverably lost by her pernicious education, and in a few years she sank beyond the possibility of regaining her station in society.

Long after the period of her unhappy fall, I saw Mrs. Baldwin at the house of a friend of mine, into which she had been received, under an assumed name, as governess. This effort, on her part, could not be blamed : on the contrary, it was most commendable ; and it would have been both cruel and unjust, by discovering her, to have thwarted it. Though many years had elapsed, and her person had meanwhile undergone total alteration,—her size being doubled, and her features grown coarse and common,—I instantly recognised her as one whom I had known long before, but whose name I could not recollect. I had tact enough to perceive that she courted concealment, and, in consequence, I carefully abstained from any pointed observation. The mother of the children subsequently told me that her governess was an admirable musician, and took me to the door of her room to hear her play. She was sitting alone, at the piano. I listened with an anxiety I cannot describe nor indeed scarcely account for. She sang not with superiority, but in plaintive tones,

which I was confident I had heard before, yet could not remember where,—when an air which, from a very peculiar cause, had in early days impressed itself *indelibly* on my memory, brought Miss Barry at once to my recollection. Her image swam into my mind as she appeared when youth, grace, innocence and accomplishments made her a just subject for general admiration, and had particularly attracted a friend of mine, Mr. Vicars, the brother of Mrs. Peter Latouche, who loved her to distraction.

Her secret I kept inviolably :—but some person, I believe, was afterwards less considerate, and she was discovered. Had I supposed it possible she could have then enfeebled the morals, or injured the habits, of my friend's children, I should myself have privately given her a hint to change her situation ;—but I never should have *betrayed* the poor creature.—However, I conceived her at that time to be trustworthy in the execution of the duties she had undertaken. She had suffered amply. Her own daughter resided with her, and scarcely ever left her side. No longer a subject for the irregular passions, she had just lived long enough, and felt keenly enough, to render her early follies a warning for her later years, and even to cause her to entertain disgust for those errors which had led her to destruction :—and I then believed,

nor have I now any reason to question the solidity of my judgment, that she was on the direct road to prudence and good conduct.

I have related these events, as I confess myself to be an avowed enemy to a dramatic education. That sexual familiarity which is indispensable upon the stage undermines, and is, in my opinion, utterly inconsistent with, the delicacy of sentiment, the refinement of thought, and reserve of action, which constitute at once the surest guards and the most precious ornaments of female character. Strong minds and discriminating understandings may occasionally escape; but, what a vast majority of Thalia's daughters fall victims to the practices of their own calling!

But let us return to Kyle's boarding-house. The different pursuits adopted by these curious members of the society assembled there were to me subjects of constant entertainment. I stood well with all parties.

One day, after dinner, Lord Mountmorris seemed rather less communicative than usual, but not less cheerful. He took out his watch; made a speech, as customary; drank his *tipple* (as he denominated the brandy and water); but seemed rather impatient. At length, a loud rap announced somebody of consequence, and the Marquis of Ely was named.

Lord Mountmorris rose with his usual ceremony, made a very low bow to the company, looked again at his watch, repeated his congé, and made his exit. He entered the coach where Lord Ely was waiting, and away they drove. Kyle (a most curious man) instantly decided that a duel was in agitation, and turned pale at the dread of losing so good a lodger. Lieutenant Gam Johnson was of the same opinion, and equally distressed by the fear of losing his Lordship's interest for a frigate. Each snatched up his beaver, and, with the utmost expedition, pursued the coach. I was also rather desirous to see *the fun*, as Gam (though with a sigh!) called it; and made the best of my way after the two mourners, not, however, hurrying myself so much—as, whilst they kept the coach in view, I was contented with keeping them within sight. Our pursuit exceeded a mile; when, in the distance, I perceived that the coach had stopped at Donnybrook-fair green, where, on every eighth of June, many an eye seems to mourn for the broken skull that had protected it from expulsion. I took my time, as I was now sure of my game, and had just reached the field when I heard the firing. I then ran behind a large tree, to observe further.

Gam and Kyle had flown towards the spot, and nearly tumbled over my Lord, who had re-

ceived a bullet from the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, (late collector for Dublin,) on the right side, directly under his Lordship's pistol arm. The peer had staggered and measured his length on the green-sward, and I certainly thought it was all over with him. I stood snugly all the while behind my tree, not wishing to have any thing to do at the coroner's inquest, which I considered inevitable. To my astonishment, however, I saw my Lord arise! and, after some colloquy, the combatants bowed to each other and separated; my Lord got back to his coach, with aid, and reached Frederick-street, if not in quite as good health, certainly with as high a character for bravery, as when he had left it. In fact, never did any person enjoy a wound more sincerely! He kept his chamber a month, and was inconceivably gratified by the number of inquiries daily made respecting his health—boasting ever after of the profusion of *friends* who thus proved their solicitude. His answer from first to last was—"*no better.*"—To speak truth, one-half of the querists were sent in jest by those whom his singularity diverted.

IRISH BEAUTIES.

Strictures on change of manners—Moral influence of dress—The three beauties—Curious trial respecting Lady M—— Termination favorable to her ladyship—Interesting and affecting incidents of that lady's life—Sir R—— M——, his character, and cruelty—Lady M—— married against her will--Quits her husband—Returns—Sir R. mistakes her for a rebel in his sleep, and nearly strangles her.

It is singular enough, but at the same time true, that female beauty has of late years kept pace in improvement with modern accomplishments. She who in the early part of my life would have been accounted a perfect beauty,—whose touch upon a harpsichord or spinnet, accompanied by a simple air sung with what they then called "judgment," (in tune,) would have constituted her at once a Venus and a Syren; would now be passed by merely as "a pretty girl, but such a confounded *bore* with her music!" In fact, women fifty years since (and much later) not being, generally speaking, thrust into society till they had arrived at the age of maturity, were more respected, more beloved,

and more sedulously attended than in these days, when the men seem to have usurped the ladies' corsets, to affect their voices, practise their gait, imitate their small-talk, and, in surtouts and trowsers, hustle ladies off the foot-paths, to save their own dog-skins from humidity.

This degradation of both sexes has arisen from various causes. Beauty is apparently become less rare, accomplishments more common, dress less distinguished, dignity worse preserved, and decorum less attended to, than in former times. It is a great mistake in women not to recollect their own importance, and keep up that just medium between reserve and familiarity which constitutes the best criterion whereby to appreciate the manners of a gentlewoman. But women are too apt to run into extremes in every thing; and overlook the fact, that neither personal beauty nor drawing-room display are calculated to form permanent attractions, even to the most adoring lover. The *breakfast-table* in the morning, and *fire-side* in the evening, must be the ultimate touch-stones of connubial comfort; and this is a maxim which any woman who intends to marry should never lose sight of.

To such lengths did respect for the sex extend, and so strong was the impression that men were bound to protect it even from accidental

offence, that I remember, if any gentleman presumed to pass between a lady and the wall in walking the streets of Dublin, he was considered as offering a personal affront to her escort; and if the parties wore swords, (as was then customary,) it is probable the first salutation to the offender would be—" Draw, sir!" However, such affairs usually ended in an apology to the lady for inadvertence.

But if a man ventured to intrude into the boxes of the theatre in his surtout, or boots, or with his hat on, it was regarded as a general insult to every lady present, and he had little chance of escaping without a shot or a thrust before the following night. Every gentleman then wore in the evening a sword, a queue, and a three-cocked hat—appointments rather too fierce-looking for the modern dandy! whilst the morning dress consisted of what was then called a French frock, a waistcoat bordered with lace, and a *couteau de chasse*, with a short, curved broad blade—the handle of green ivory, with a lion's head in silver or gilt at the end, and a treble chain dangling loose from its mouth, terminating at an ornamented cross or guard, which surmounted the scabbard. Such was the Irish costume: but although either the male or female attire of that day might now appear rather grotesque, yet people of fashion had then the

exclusive dress and air of such, and gentlewomen ran no risk of being copied in garb or manner by their pretty waiting-maids—now called " young persons!"

The Irish court at that period was kept up with great state, and hence the parties who frequented it were more select. I recollect when the wives and daughters of attorneys (who now I believe are the general occupiers of the red benches,) were never admitted to the vice-regal drawing-rooms. How far the present growing system of equality in appearance amongst different ranks will eventually benefit or injure society in general, is for casuists, not for me, to determine. I must, however, take occasion to own myself an admirer, and (whenever it is proper) a zealous contender for distinction of ranks; and to state my decided opinion, that nothing but superior talents, learning, military reputation, or some other quality which raises men by general assent, should be permitted to amalgamate society.

It is an observation I have always made, (although it may be perhaps considered a frivolous one,) that dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition

to negligence of address. He may, *en deshabille,* curse and swear, and speak roughly and *think* roughly: but put the same man into full dress; powder him well, clap a sword by his side, and give him an evening coat, breeches, and silk stockings,—he will feel himself quite another person! To use the language of the blackguard would then be out of character: he will talk smoothly, affect politeness, if he has it not, pique himself upon good manners, and respect the women: nor will the spell subside until, returning home, the old *robe de chambre* (or its substitute surtout), with other slovenly appendages, make him lose again his brief consciousness of being a gentleman!

Some women mistake the very nature and purposes of dress: glaring abroad, they are slatterns at home. The husband detests in his *sposa* what he is too apt to practise himself: he rates a dirty wife, she retorts upon a ruffianly husband, and each of them detests the other for neglect which neither will take the trouble of avoiding.

Three ladies, about the period of my return from London, became very conspicuous for their beauty, though extremely different in all points both of appearance and manners. They still live:—two of them I greatly admired—not for beauty alone, but for an address the most cap-

tivating; and one of these, especially, for the kindest heart and the soundest sense, when she gave it fair play, that I have ever met with amongst females.

In admitting my great preference to this individual lady, I may, perhaps, by those who know her, be accused of partiality, less to herself than to a family:—be it so!—she is the wife of my friend, and I esteem her for his sake—but she is also an excellent woman, and I esteem her for her own.

Another of the parties alluded to, Lady M—, is a gentlewoman of high birth, and was then, though not *quite* a beauty, in all points attractive. She passed her spring in misfortune—her summer in misery—her autumn without happiness!—but I hope the winter of her days is spent amidst every comfort. Of the third lady I have not yet spoken:—though far inferior to both the former, she has succeeded better in life than either; and, beginning the world without any pretensions beyond mediocrity, is likely to end her days in ease and more than ordinary respectability.

My first knowledge of Lady M— arose from a circumstance which was to me of singular professional advantage; and, as it forms a curious

anecdote respecting myself, I will proceed to relate it.

At the assizes of Wexford whilst I was but young at the bar, I received a brief in a cause of Sir R—— M——, Bart., against a Mr. H——. On perusal, I found it was an action brought by the baronet against the latter gentleman respecting his lady, and that I was retained as advocate for the lady's honour. It was my "first appearance" in that town. But, alas! I had a senior in the business; and therefore was without opportunity of displaying my abilities. The ill-fated Bagenal Harvey* was that senior counsel, and he had prepared himself to make some exhibition in a cause of so much and such universal excitement. I felt dispirited, and would willingly have given up twenty fees in order to possess his opportunity.

The cause proceeded before Judge Kelly: the evidence was finished, and the proper time for the defence had arrived; every thing as to the lady was at stake. Bagenal Harvey had gone out to take fresh air, and probably to read over some notes, or con some florid sentences and quotations with which he intended to in-

* An unfortunate friend of mine who was afterwards hanged, and his head stuck over the door of the same Court-house.

terlard his elocution. At the moment the evidence closed, the Judge desired me to proceed; I replied, that Mr. Harvey, my senior, would return into court directly.

Judge Kelly, who was my friend, and clearly saw my wish, said he would not delay public business one minute for anybody; and, by a sort of instinct, or rather impulse,—I cannot indeed exactly say what it was—but certainly it was totally *impromptu*,—I began to state her ladyship's case. I always had words enough at command; the evidence afforded sufficient material for their exercise; and, in fact, being roused by the cause into a sort of knight-errantry, I felt myself completely identified with it. If I should succeed, it would greatly serve me. I forgot poor Bagenal Harvey, and was just getting into the marrow and pathos of my case, when the cryer shouted out "Clear the way for Counsellor Harvey!" Bagenal came in, puffing and blowing, and struggling through the crowd—scarcely able to command utterance. I instantly stopped, and begged his pardon, adding that the Judge had said the public time could wait for nobody! "So," continued I, "let me just show you where I left off! (turning over the leaves of my brief:)—there, begin there—it will be useless to repeat what I have already said, so begin there." A loud laugh succeeded.

Bagenal became irritated as much as he was susceptible of being, and whispered me that he considered it as a personal insult: whilst old Judge Kelly gravely said, "Go on, Mr. Barrington, go on! we can have no speeches by dividends; go on, sir!" So on I went, and I believe, (because every body told me so,) that my impromptu speech was entirely successful. I discredited the witnesses by ridicule, destroyed all sympathy with the husband, and interested every body for the wife. In short, I got the judge and jury into good humour. Yet, I know not by what means I should have ensured a verdict, had not a certain point of law, which I believe was then started for the first time, occurred to me; and which, though rational in itself, and on that trial recognized by the judge, has since been over-ruled in terms, though it stands in substance;—namely, if a husband cannot truly aver that he has sustained mental injury by the loss of that comfort arising from the *society* of a wife, it is anomalous to say he has any claim to damages; and this averment can scarcely be made where the parties have been separated voluntarily and completely for years.*

* This is, indeed, altogether a species of action maintained in no country but England (a money country). Why not transfer the offence to the *criminal* side of the courts of justice? All the rest of Europe ridicules our system. The

The judge, the kindest-hearted man living, chuckled at this new point. The jury, who did not much admire the plantiff, were quite pleased with my suggestion; and after the judge had given his charge, in a few minutes, to the utter discomfiture of the Baronet, there was a verdict against him! His lips quivered; he stood pale and trembling with anger; and subsequently quitted the town with the utmost expedition.

Some time afterwards, a reconciliation took place between the parties so far that her Ladyship consented to live with him again:—influenced much, I rather think, by having suffered great inconvenience, if not distress, from want of regularity in the receipt of her separate maintenance of £700 per annum. I had the pleasure of meeting her frequently at the Lady Lieutenant's parties.

The conclusion of the renewed intercourse is too curious to be omitted. Sir R— had taken a house in the city of Dublin; and it was thought possible that he and his wife might, at any rate, pass some time under the same roof: but fate decided otherwise.

Sir R— was literally insane on all political

idea entertained on the Continent upon such occasions is *silence* or *death!*—if not the most lucrative, certainly the most *honourable* mode of procedure.

subjects, his imagination being occupied, night and day, with nothing but papists, jesuits, and rebels. Once in the dead of the night his Lady was awakened by a sense of positive suffocation, and rousing herself, found that Sir R— was in the very act of strangling her!—he had grasped her by the throat with all his might, and, muttering heavy imprecations, had nearly succeeded in his diabolical attempt.—She struggled, and at length extricated herself from his grasp; upon which he roared out, making a fresh effort—"You infernal papist rebel! you United Irishman! I'll never part from you alive, if you don't come quietly."

In fact this crazy Orange-man had in his dream fancied that he was contesting with a rebel, whom he had better choke than suffer to escape, and poor Lady M— was nearly sacrificed to his excess of loyalty. In her *robe de chambre* and slippers she contrived to get out of the house, and never more ventured to return, as she now clearly perceived that even her personal safety could not be calculated on in her husband's society.

I have in another work given a full character of Sir R— M—, and stated my opinion of his worse than mischievous history of Ireland. One more anecdote of him, and I have done.

Whilst he was High Sheriff for the county of

Waterford, an old man was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail for some political offence; when, the executioner not being in readiness, the *High Sheriff*,—a Baronet and Member of Parliament,—took up the cat-o'-nine-tails, ordered the cart to move on slowly, and operated himself with admirable expertness, but much greater severity than the hangman would have used!—Thus did he proceed to whip the old man through the streets of the city; and when the extreme point was reached, and he was scarcely able to raise his arm, he publicly regretted he had not a little further to go!

Lady M—— was, in her own right, entitled to a fortune of £15,000, to be paid on her marriage. Her father, a gentleman of rank and estate, had by some mismanagement become extremely embarrassed. Sir R— M—, a man of family, but whose fortune was not large, cast his eye on her beauty—not totally overlooking her property. His taste was indisputably good: the lady being, at that period, every thing that could be desired! She possessed an ardent mind, great constitutional gaiety, and a sensitive heart;—to which were added a most engaging figure and a lovely and expressive countenance. Her father she loved dearly; and for his unhappy circumstances, therefore, her heart bled; but Sir R— M— could make no im-

pression upon it. On the contrary, he excited her aversion.—Thus her affections being unattainable, the Baronet resolved, if possible, to *purchase* her hand, leaving her heart to some future opportunity! Hence commences the affecting narrative of her Ladyship's wrongs and misfortunes, related to me by herself in broken fragments and at several times.

"I was not aware (said she) what caused my dear father's obvious unhappiness, and often was I surprised at the pertinacity with which he pressed the Baronet upon my consideration. I rejected him over and over again; still his suit was renewed, still my father appeared more anxious on his behalf, whilst my mother seconded their wishes.—My aversion increased; yet Sir R— M—'s assiduities were redoubled with his repulses; and at length I contemplated the leaving my father's house, if I were longer persecuted by these addresses.

"Though young, I knew the failing of my own character, which possessed not sufficient resolution to oppose its constitutional tendencies. Nature had formed me for all the pleasures and the pains which are alike inseparable from sensibility. I found a glow in every thought—an enthusiasm in every action. My feelings were always *in earnest*. I could love to excess, and

hate to rancour! but I could do neither with mediocrity. I could be the best or the worst of wives. I could endure any thing with a man I loved, but could not sit upon a throne with one whom I might detest.

"At length, I discovered the whole of my father's more than pressing embarrassments; and understood that Sir R— M— had agreed to give up to him a considerable portion of my fortune, if our marriage was effected. This shock to such a disposition as mine was cruel;—and the dilemma was distracting, since it involved my father's ruin—or my own!

"Often, as we sat at our family repasts, have I perceived that dear parent lay down the fork he was conveying to his lips, and turn away to conceal the agitation of mind which might have betrayed to us his distresses.

"Gradually, I found that filial affection was taking the strongest hold of me. I thought I could endure unhappiness myself, but I could not bear to see my father miserable. I weighed the consequences, and reasoned so far as I possessed the faculty of reasoning. I saw his ruin or my own was inevitable!

"The struggle was, indeed, sharp—it was long—it was *very* painful: but at length filial piety prevailed over self; and I determined upon my own sacrifice. I communicated to my fa-

ther my decision to admit the addresses of Sir R— M—: but, at the same moment, I felt an indescribable change of character commence, which, from that sad period, has more or less affected every action of my life. I felt a sort of harsh sensation arise within my mind, and operate upon my temper, to which they had previously been strangers. My spirits flagged, my pursuits grew insipid, and I perceived that the ice of indifference was chilling all the sensibility of my nature.

" From the moment of my assent, my father's disposition seemed to have undergone almost as radical a change as my own. He became once more cheerful, and I had at least the gratification of reflecting that, if I were myself lost, I had saved a parent! But I must remark that it was not so as to my mother—who, indeed, had never been kind to me.

" In due time the settlements were prepared, and my fortune, I learn, secretly divided. The ceremony was about to be performed, and Sir R— M— at that very hour appeared to me to be the most disagreeable of mankind. There was a sort of uncouth civility—an abrupt, fiery, coarse expression, even in his most conciliating manners, which seemed to set all feelings of respect or cordiality at defiance. As to love, he was not susceptible of the passion, whilst I was created

to enjoy its tenderest blessings. He was half mad by nature;—I had become so from misery! and in this state of mind we met to be united at the altar! I was determined, however, that he should learn by anticipation what he had to expect from me as a wife. 'Sir R— M—, (said I to him,) I am resolved to give you the last proof you will ever receive of my candour. I accept you, not only as a husband whom I never can love, and never will obey, but whom I absolutely detest!—now marry me at your peril, and take the consequences!'—He laughed convulsively, took me by the hand, and having led me into the next room, that ceremony was performed to which I should have thought a sentence of death preferable. The moment we were united, I retired to my chamber, where tears flowing in torrents, cooled my heated feelings. My purpose in marrying was effected: I therefore determined that (if possible) I never would live an hour in his society, and it was two months before my ill-fated stars compelled me to become the actual wife of the most unfeeling and abominable of fanatics.

"Our residence together of course was short, and at twenty-one I was thrown upon the world to avoid my husband's society. Being possessed of sufficient means, I travelled; and for the fourteen years of our separation my

whole time was an unnatural and continued strife between passion and propriety. On a late occasion, you were my counsel, and from you nothing has been concealed. You did me more than justice—you have defeated him, and preserved me!"

I have not seen her Ladyship for these many years; but never did I meet with one whom I conceived to be more completely thrown away, or whose natural disposition seemed more calculated to lead to her own happiness and to the happiness of those within her sphere of influence.

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.

The three classes of gentlemen in Ireland described—Irish poets—Mr. Thomas Flinter and D. Henesey—The Bard—Peculiarities of the peasants—Their ludicrous misinformation as to distances accounted for—Civility of a waiter—Their equivocation and misdirection of travellers to different places.

I WILL now proceed to lay before the reader a brief but more general sketch of the state of Irish society at the period of my youth, reminding him of the principle which I have before assumed; namely, that of considering anecdotes, bon-mots, and such-like, valuable only as they tend to exemplify interesting facts, relative to history or manners: many such I have inserted in these fragments; and as I have been careful throughout to avoid mere inventions, my reader need not, by any means, reserve their perusal for the study of his travelling carriage.

Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable sketch of *Castle Rackrent*, gives a faithful picture of the

Irish character under the circumstances which she has selected; and the account that I am about to give may serve as a kind of supplement to that little work, as well as an elucidation of the habits and manners of Irish country society about the period Miss Edgeworth alludes to, and somewhat later.

In those days, then, the common people ideally separated the gentry of the country into three classes, and treated each class according to the relative degree of respect to which they considered it was entitled.

They generally divided them thus:

1. *Half-mounted* gentlemen.
2. Gentlemen every *inch of them*.
3. Gentlemen to the *back bone*.

The first-named class formed the only species of independent yeomanry then existing in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William; possessed about 200 acres of land each, in fee farm, from the Crown; and were occasionally admitted into the society of gentlemen—particularly hunters—living at other times amongst each other, with an intermixture of their own servants, with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever horses, which could leap over any thing, but had never felt the trimming-scis-

sors or currycomb. The riders commonly wore buck-skin breeches, and boots well greased, (blacking was never used in the country,) and carried large thong whips heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end, so that they were always prepared either to horsewhip a man or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horse-races, hurlings, and all public meetings, (as the soldiers keep the lines at a review). Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and slashing every body who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being but very *seldom* broken, and skulls still seldomer fractured, every body approved of their exertions, because all the by-standers gained therefrom a full view of the sport which was going forward. A shout of merriment was always set up when a half-mounted gentleman knocked down an interloper; and some of the *poets* present, if they had an opportunity, roared out their verses * by way of a song to encourage the gentlemen.

* I recollect an example of those good-humoured madrigals. A poet, called Daniel Bran, sang it aloud, as he

The second class, or gentlemen every *inch of them*, were of excellent old families;—whose finances were not in so good order as they might have been, but who were popular amongst all ranks. They were far above the first degree, somewhat inferior to the third; but had great influence, were much beloved, and carried more sway at popular elections and general county meetings than the other two classes put together.

The third class, or gentlemen to the *back bone*, were of the oldest families and settlers, universally respected, and idolized by the peasantry, although they also were generally a little out at elbows. Their word was law; their nod would have immediately collected an army of cottagers, or colliers, or whatever the population was composed of. Men, women, and children, were always ready and willing to execute any

himself lay sprawling on the grass, after having been knocked down and ridden over by old Squire Flood, who showed no mercy in the "execution of his *duty*."

> "There was Despard so brave,
> That son of the wave,
> And Tom Conway, the pride of the bower;
> But noble Squire Flood
> Swore, G—d d—n his blood!
> But he'd drown them all in the Delower."

thing "the squire" required, without the slightest consideration as to either its danger or propriety.

A curious circumstance perhaps rendered my family peculiarly popular. The common people had conceived the notion that the Lord of Cullenaghmore had a right to save a man's life every summer assizes at Maryborough; and it did frequently so happen, within my recollection, that my father's intercession in favour of some poor deluded creatures (when the White Boy system was in activity,) was kindly attended to by the government; and, certainly, besides this number, many others of his tenants owed their lives to similar interference. But it was wise in the government to accede to such representations; since their concession never failed to create such an influence in my father's person over the tenantry, that he was enabled to preserve them in perfect tranquillity, whilst those surrounding were in a constant state of insubordination to all law whatever.

I recollect a Mr. Tom Flinter, of Timahoe, one of the first-class gentlemen, who had speculated in cows and sheep, and every thing he could buy up, till his establishment was reduced to one blunt faithful fellow, Dick Hênesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of

money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighbouring fair! where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told in a few verses,* by a fellow called Ned the dog-stealer, but who was also a *great poet*, and resided in the neighbourhood.

In travelling through Ireland, a stranger is very frequently puzzled by the singular ways, and especially by the idiomatic equivocation, characteristic of every Irish peasant. Some years back, more particularly, these men were

* They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows:

Dialogue between Tom Flinter and his man.

TOM FLINTER. Dick! said he;
DICK HENESEY. What? said he;
TOM FLINTER. Fetch me my hat: says he;
For I will go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.
DICK HENESEY. Arrah! *pay what you owe!* said he;
And *then* you may go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.
TOM FLINTER. Well! by this and by that! said he;
Dick! *hang up my hat!* says he.

certainly originals—quite unlike any other people whatever. Many an hour of curious entertainment has been afforded me by their eccentricities; yet, though always fond of prying into the remote sources of these national peculiarities, I must frankly confess that, with all my pains, I never was able to develop half of them, except by one sweeping observation; namely, that the brains and tongues of the Irish are somehow differently formed or furnished from those of other people.

One general hint which I beg to impress upon all travellers in Hibernia, is the following: that if they show a disposition towards kindness, together with a moderate familiarity, and *affect* to be *inquisitive*, whether so or not, the Irish peasant will outdo them ten-fold in every one of these dispositions. But if a man is haughty and overbearing, he had better take care of himself.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of, by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to *distances*, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe? he will probably say it is, "*three short*

miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, "that it is *five long* miles." On you go, and the next will tell "your honour" it is "*four miles*, or about that same." The fourth will swear "if your honour stops at *three* miles, you'll never get there!" But, on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies,

"Oh! plaze your honour, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!"

"Why you said it was more than three miles off!"

"Oh yes! to be sure and sartain, that's from my *own cabin*, plaze your honour. We're no scholards in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honour, but from our own *little cabins?* Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that; plaze your honour."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then are*, but from his *own cabin;* so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct. But it is to be observed, that frequently you can get no reply at all, unless you understand *Irish*.

In parts of Kerry and Mayo, however, I have

met with peasants who speak Latin not badly. On the election of Sir John Brown for the County of Mayo, Counsellor Thomas Moore and I went down as his counsel. The weather was desperately severe. At a solitary inn, where we were obliged to stop for horses, we requested dinner; upon which, the waiter laid a cloth that certainly exhibited every species of dirt ever invented. We called, and remonstrating with him, ordered a clean cloth. He was a low fat fellow, with a countenance perfectly immovable, and seeming to have scarcely a single muscle in it. He nodded, and on our return to the room, (which we had quitted during the interval,) we found, instead of a clean cloth, that he had only folded up the filthy one into the thickness of a cushion. We now scolded away in good earnest. He looked at us with the greatest sang-froid, and said sententiously, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

He kept his word; when we had proceeded about four miles in deep snow, and through a desperate night, on a bleak road, one of the wheels came off the carriage, and down we went! We were at least two miles from *any* house. The driver cursed, in Irish, Michael the waiter, who, he said, had put a *new* wheel upon the carriage, which had turned out to be an *old* one, and had broken to pieces.

We had to march through the snow to a wretched cottage, and sit up all night to get a genuine *new wheel* ready for the morning.

The Irish peasant, also, never answers any question directly: in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply, "Does your honour see that large house there, all amongst the trees, with a green field before it?"—You answer, "Yes." "Well," says he, "plaze your honour that's *not it*. But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's* not it. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same house, and you'll see the top of a castle amongst the trees there, with a road going down to it betune the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honour, *that's not it* neither—but if your honour will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough*—and if your honour's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*,* and tell the squire your ho-

* A figurative expression for "with all possible *speed*"—used by the Irish peasants: by taking short cuts, and fairly hopping along, a young peasant would beat any good traveller.

nour's *galloping after* me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honour, is coming to see him? he's my own landlord, God save his honour day and night!"

IRISH INNS.

Their general character—Objections commonly made to them—Answer thereto—Sir Charles Vernon's mimicry—Moll Harding—Accident nearly of a fatal nature to the author.

An Irish inn has been an eternal subject of ridicule to every writer upon the habits and appearances of my native country. It is true that, in the early period of my life, most of the inns in Ireland were nearly of the same quality; a composition of slovenliness, bad meat, worse cooking, and few vegetables (save the royal Irish potato),—but plenty of fine eggs, smoked bacon, often excellent chickens, and occasionally the hen, as soon as she had done hatching them—if you could chew her. They generally had capital claret, and plenty of civility in all its ramifications.

The poor people did their best to entertain their guests, but did not understand their trade; and even had it been otherwise, they had neither furniture, nor money, nor credit, nor cattle, nor

customers enough to keep things going well together. There were then no post-horses nor carriages,—consequently, very little travelling in Ireland; and if there had been, the ruts and holes would have rendered thirty miles a-day a good journey. Yet I verily believe, on the whole, that the people in general were happier, at least they appeared vastly more contented, than at present. I certainly never met with so bad a thing in Ireland as the "Red Cow" in *John Bull:* for whatever might have been the quality, there was plenty of something or other always to be had at the inns to assuage hunger and thirst.

The best description I ever recollect to have heard of an Irish inn, its incidents and appurtenances, was in a sort of medley sung and spoken by the present Sir Charles Vernon, when he had some place in the Lord Lieutenant's establishment at Dublin Castle: it was delivered by him to amuse the company after supper, and was an excellent piece of mimicry. He took off ducks, geese, pigs, chickens,—the cook and the landlady,—the guests, &c., to the greatest possible perfection.

One anecdote respecting an Irish inn may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period. A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *natest* inn at Ballyroan, close to my father's

house. I recollect to have heard a passenger (they are very scarce there) telling her, "that his sheets had not been aired." With great civility Moll Harding begged his honour's pardon, and said,—"they certainly were and *must* have been *well* aired, for there was not a gentleman came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them!"

Another incident which occurred in an Irish inn is, for very good reasons, much more firmly impressed on my recollection, and may give a hint worth having to some curious travellers in their peregrinations to Kerry, Killarney, &c.

The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

The day of my arrival was, on one occasion, wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F., took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my

brethren in bed; the maid-servant full of good liquor; and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared, she could not think of permitting *my honour* to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fire-side, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one: the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and, in a few minutes, I was in a comfortable slumber.

My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over—suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upwards! I had neither time nor power for reflection:—I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible;—the agonies of death, I suppose, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor.—I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation, and cried out "murder!" with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came

running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out murder; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary, to bleed me. I had, however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

The maid, having been drunk when I went to bed, on awakening just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the counsellor! and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in its place: in consequence of which, down went my head and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the Antipodes.—The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!

I felt no inconvenience afterwards. But what has happened once may chance to occur again; and I only wonder that the same accident does not frequently take place among this kind of people and of beds.

FATAL DUEL OF MY BROTHER.

Duel of my brother William Barrington with Mr. M'Kenzie—He is killed by his antagonist's second, General Gillespie—The General's character—Tried for murder—Judge Bradstreet's charge—Extraordinary incidents of the trial—The jury arranged—The High Sheriff (Mr. Lyons) challenged by mistake—His hair cut off by Henry French Barrington—Exhibited in the ball-room—The Curl Club formed—The Sheriff quits the country, and never returns—Gillespie goes to India—Killed there—Observations on his cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

As the circumstances attending the death of my younger brother, William Barrington, by the hand of the celebrated General Gillespie, (whom government has honoured with a monument in Westminster Abbey,) have been variously detailed, (seldom, indeed, twice the same way,) I think it right to take this opportunity of stating the *facts* of that most melancholy transaction. I will do so as concisely as may be, and as dispassionately as the *slaughter* of a beloved brother will admit of.

William Barrington had passed his twentieth

year, and had intended, without delay, to embrace the military profession. He was active, lively, full of spirit and of animal courage;—his predominant traits were excessive good-nature and a most zealous attachment to the honour and individuals of his family.

Gillespie, then captain in a cavalry regiment, had shortly before the period in question married a Miss Taylor, an intimate friend of ours, and was quartered in Athy, where my mother resided.

A very close and daily intercourse sprang up between the families. After dinner, one day, at Gillespie's house, when every gentleman had taken more wine than was prudent, a dispute arose between my brother and a Mr. M'Kenzie, lieutenant in an infantry regiment, quartered at the same place. This dispute never should have been suffered to arise;—and, as it was totally private, should, at least, never have proceeded further. But no attempt was made either to reconcile or check it, on the part of Captain Gillespie, although the thing occurred at his own table.

Gillespie was a very handsome person; but it was not that species of soldier-like and manly beauty, which bespeaks the union of courage and generosity. He had a fair and smooth countenance, wherein impetuosity appeared to

be the prevailing feature. His, however, was not the rapid flow of transitory anger, which, rushing ingenuously from the heart, is instantly suppressed by reason and repentance:—I admire that temper; it never inhabits the same mind with treachery or malice. On the contrary, a livid paleness overspread the countenance of Gillespie upon the slightest ruffle of his humour:—the vulgar call such, "*white-livered persons*:" they are no favourites with the world in general; and I have never, throughout the course of a long life, observed one man so constituted, possessing a list of virtues.

I never could bear Gillespie! I had an *instinctive* dislike to him, which I strove, in vain, to conquer. I always considered him to be a dangerous man—an impetuous, unsafe companion—capable of any thing in his anger. I know I ought not to speak with prejudice; yet, alas! if I do, who can blame me?

A cenotaph, voted by the British Parliament, has raised his fame:—but it is the fame of a *sabreur*—erected on piles of slaughter, and cemented by the blood of Indians. No tale of social virtues appears to enrich the cornice of his monument. I wish there had! it would at any rate have indicated repentance.

To return to my story.—Midway between Athy and Carlow was agreed on for a meet-

ing. I resided in Dublin, and was ignorant of the transaction till too late! A crowd, as usual, attended the combat; several gentlemen, and some relatives of mine, were, I regret to say, present. In a small verdant field, on the bank of the Barrow, my brother and M'Kenzie were placed. Gillespie, who had been considered as the friend and intimate of my family, *volunteered* as second to M'Kenzie, (a comparative stranger), who was in no way adverse to an amicable arrangement. Gillespie, however, would hear of none; the honour of a military man, he said, must be satisfied, and nothing but *blood*, or at least every effort to draw it, could form that satisfaction.

The combatants fired and missed:—they fired again; no mischief was the consequence. A reconciliation was now proposed, but objected to by Gillespie:—and will it be believed that, in a civilized country, when both combatants were satisfied, one of the principals should be instantly slain by a *second?* Yet such was the case: my brother stood two fires from his opponent, and whilst professing his readiness to be reconciled, was shot dead by the hand of his opponent's second.

Gillespie himself is now departed: he died by the same death that he had inflicted. But he was more favoured by Providence;—he died

the death of a soldier;—he fell by the hand of the enemy, not by the weapon of an intimate.

William was my very beloved brother! The news soon reached me in Dublin. I could not, or rather, I durst not, give utterance to the nature and excess of my feelings on the communication. Thus much I will admit—that *sorrow* had the least share in those thoughts which predominated. A passion not naturally mine absorbed every other:—my determination was fixed: I immediately set out post; but my brother had been interred prior to my arrival; and Gillespie, the sole object of my vengeance, had fled, nor was his retreat to be discovered. I lost no time in procuring a warrant for murder against him from Mr. Ryan, a magistrate. I sought him in every place to which I could attach suspicion; day and night my pursuit was continued, but, as it pleased God, in vain. I was not, indeed, in a fit state for such a rencontre; for had we met, he or I would surely have perished.

I returned to Dublin, and, as my mind grew cooler, thanked heaven that I had not personally found him. I, however, published advertisements widely, offering a reward for his apprehension; and at length he surrendered into the prison of Maryborough.

The assizes approached: and I cannot give

the sequel of this melancholy story better than by a short recital of Gillespie's extraordinary trial, and the still more extraordinary incidents which terminated the transaction.

The judges arrived at the assize town, (it was during the summer assizes of 1788,) accompanied in the usual way by the High Sheriff, (Mr. Lyons, of Watercastle,) and escorted by numerous bailiffs and a grand cavalcade. Mr. Lyons was a gentleman of taste and elegance, who had travelled much; he possessed a small fortune and a beautiful cottage *ornée*, on the banks of the Nore, near Lord De Vesci's. Mr. Thomas Kemmis (afterwards crown solicitor of Ireland) was the attorney very judiciously selected by Captain Gillespie, to conduct his defence.

The mode of choosing juries in criminal cases is well known to every lawyer, and its description would be uninteresting to an ordinary reader. Suffice it to say, that by the methods then used of selecting, arranging, and summoning the panel, a sheriff, or sub-sheriff, in good understanding with a prisoner, might afford him very considerable if not decisive aid. And when it is considered that juries must be unanimous, even one dissentient or obstinate juror being capable of effectually preventing any conviction,—and further, that the charge we are al-

luding to was that of murder or homicide, occurring in consequence of a duel, on the same ground and at the same time,—it might fairly be expected that the culprit would stand a good chance of acquittal from military men, who, accustomed to duelling and living in a country where affairs of that kind were then more frequent than in any other, would obviously be inclined to regard the circumstance more indulgently than a jury of mere civilians would do.

To select, by management, a military jury, was therefore the natural object of the prisoner and his friends; and in fact, the list appeared with a number of half-pay officers at the head of it, who, as gentlemen, were naturally pained by seeing a brother-officer and a man of most prepossessing appearance, in the dock for murder. The two prisoners challenged forty-eight; the list was expended, and the prosecutor was driven back to show cause why he objected to the first thirteen. No *legal* ground for such objection could be supported, and thus, out of twelve jurors, no less than ten were military officers. The present Lord Downe, and the late judge Fletcher, were the prisoner's counsel.

On this, perhaps, the most interesting trial ever known in that county, numerous witnesses having been examined, the principal facts proved for the prosecution were:—that after M'Kenzie

and my brother had fired four shots without effect, the latter said he hoped enough had been done for both their honours, at the same time holding out his hand to M'Kenzie,—whose second, Captain' Gillespie, exclaimed, that his friend *should not* be satisfied, and that the affair should proceed. The spectators combined in considering it concluded, and a small circle having been formed, my brother, who persisted in uttering his pacific wishes, interposed some harsh expressions towards Gillespie, who thereupon losing all control over his temper, suddenly threw a handkerchief to William Barrington, asking if he dared to take a corner of that.—The unfortunate boy, full of spirit and intrepidity, snatched at the handkerchief, and at the same moment received a ball from Gillespie, through his body—so close were they together, that his coat appeared scorched by the powder. He fell, and was carried to a cabin hard by, where he expired in great agony the same evening. As he was in the act of falling, his pistol went off. Gillespie immediately fled, and was followed by three of his own dragoons, whom he had brought with him, and who were present at the transaction, but whom he declined examining on the trial. The spectators were very numerous, and scarcely a dry eye left the field.

Capt. Gillespie's defence rested upon an assertion on his part of irritating expressions having been used by my brother, adding that the cock of his own pistol was knocked off by my brother's fire. But that very fact proved every thing against him; because his shot *must* have been fired and have taken effect in my brother's body previously—for if the cock had been broken in the first place, Gillespie's pistol could not have gone off. In truth, the whole circumstance of a second killing a principal because he desired reconciliation was, and remains, totally unexampled in the history of duelling even in the most barbarous eras and countries.

Judge Bradstreet, who tried the prisoners, held it to be clearly murder by law. A verdict of even man-slaughter must (he contended) be returned by a forced or rather false construction;—but *acquit* him (Gillespie) generally, the jury could not.

The prosecution was not followed up against M'Kenzie, whose conduct throughout had been that of an officer and a gentleman, and who had likewise desired reconciliation. Of course he was acquitted.

The jury had much difficulty in making up their verdict. Some of them, being men of considerable reputation, hesitated long. They could not acquit; they *would* not convict;—and hence a

course was taken which corresponded neither with the law nor the evidence.—A verdict of "*justifiable homicide*" was returned, in consequence of which Capt. Gillespie was discharged on his recognizance to appear in the court of King's Bench the ensuing term, and plead his Majesty's pardon.

Thus was compromised the justice of the country. Thus commenced the brilliant career of that general whom the munificence of the British nation has immortalized by a monument amongst her heroes!—Thus did the blood of one of the finest youths of Ireland first whet Gillespie's appetite for that course of glorious butchery to which he owed his subsequent elevation. But conscience is retributive, and Heaven is just. I hear that he was never happy after:—intrepid to excess, he often tempted fate; and his restless and remorseful existence was at length terminated by a Gentoo under the walls of Bangalore.

The circumstances attending General Gillespie's death are remarkable, and manifest, in my opinion, desperation rather than real bravery. He had, contrary to instructions, attempted to storm:—his fire was inadequate—his troops repulsed:—new attempts were made, but again unsuccessfully—numerous brave men being sacrificed to no purpose. Still the General per-

sisted;—even the guard was taken from the paymaster, who had treasure under his care.—Gillespie was aware that he had disobeyed instructions, and was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt. He damned the paymaster, who remonstrated against being left unprotected—looked for a moment through his glass,—and seeing his men falling fast, he drew his sword, called upon every soldier to follow him, and in five minutes received several balls, which ended his cares and existence. *Requiescat in pace!*—but never will I set my foot in Westminster Abbey.

Scarcely was the melancholy trial referred to over, when the case was succeeded by another almost in the opposite extreme—altogether too ludicrous, indeed, to form the termination of so serious a business, but at the same time too extraordinary and too public to be omitted. It was certainly, in its way, as unparalleled an affair as that which gave rise to it.

On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington,—a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known—the latter quality having been severely felt in the county before,—came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the

law, its terms and proceedings; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession (the army excepted), my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular: indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing, to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbours in the country.

Having called me aside out of the Bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury-list, declared that it had been decidedly *packed!*—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do? I told him, we should have "challenged the array."—"That was my own opinion, Jonah," said he, "and I will do it now!" adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprised him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. "I have done it, by G-d!" (cried he, exultingly;) "'twas better late than never!" and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of pow-

dered hair and curls. "See here!" continued he, "the cowardly rascal!"

"Heavens!" cried I, "French, are you mad?"

"Mad!" replied he, "no, no! I followed your own advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury-room to '*challenge the array*,' and there I challenged the *head* of the array, that cowardly Lyons!—he peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, here they are,—the rascal! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the Sub-Sheriff."

I was thunder-struck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not *in liquor* at all. But after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took words in their commonest acceptation. He had seen the High Sheriff coming in with a great "*array*," and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal; and accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the High Sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory man-

ner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving-knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing,) had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement.

Mr. Lyons was a remarkably fine, handsome man; and, having lived very much abroad, was by no means acquainted with the humours of Irish country gentlemen, with whom he had associated but little, and by whom he was not at all liked; and this his first reception must have rather surprised him.

Mr. Flood, one of the grand jury, afterwards informed me, that no human gravity could possibly withstand the astonishment and ludicrous figure of the mutilated High Sheriff; the laugh, consequently, was both loud and long. Nobody chose to interfere in the concern; and as Mr. Lyons had sustained no bodily injury, he received very little condolement amongst the country gentlemen.

My situation in this curious *dénouement* was truly to be commiserated, since I should be considered as the adviser of my brother; and I therefore determined to consult Mr. Downe,

(Gillespie's counsel) as to what was best to be done in the matter.

Mr. (afterwards Lord) Downe, always proud, icy, and decorous, seemed to think my brother's case irremediable, and that a couple of years' imprisonment and a heavy fine, at least, must be the necessary result of such a trimming of a High Sheriff in the face of a county—advising French, at the same time, to fly and make terms, if possible. "Fly!" said French Barrington, when I informed him of the suggestion; "no—no! tell Counsellor *Thingumbob* to go to the ball to-night, and he'll see more of the matter." In fact, my brother went to the ball-room when it was crowded, and having tied the sheriff's curls and queue to a lamp which hung in the centre of the room, got upon a form, and made a loud proclamation of the whole transaction from first to last. A sort of sympathetic feeling caught the young men in the room, many of whom were my brother's companions: they immediately led out their partners, and formed a circle-dance (as about a may-pole) around the sheriff's spoils which were sticking to the lamp. The remonstrances of mothers, and other discreet efforts, were totally vain—the girls liked the fun, and a succession of different sets did honour in turn to Mr. Lyons'

late queue and curls. A club was subsequently proposed, to be called the *Curl Club*, and to be held every summer assize; and this was for several years kept up.

The ensuing morning, my brother dressed up the bridle of his hunter with the curls and queue, newly powdered; and having paraded the streets for a considerable time, (avoiding the judge's residence), he rode home; and was never called to account or molested on the subject in any way whatsoever.

Mr. Lyons left the country almost immediately, went back to the Continent, and never after, at least to my knowledge, returned.

The matter, however, having been justly represented in a serious light to the judge, he sent for me, and I related the entire truth. He had been much dissatisfied with the verdict, and had received strong hints as to the arrangement of the jury: he could not restrain a smile, but said he must, if required, give permission to a magistrate to take examinations against Mr. Barrington. He, however, declined all personal interference on circuit; desiring Mr. Lyons to apply to the King's Bench, where no doubt he would be duly attended to, according to the merits of the case. But no examinations whatever were taken; nor was any application made

to the King's Bench. It could not have been made without involving the question as to the way in which the jury was constituted; and since that matter would not bear sifting, the circumstances were suffered to remain without further investigation.

ENTRANCE INTO PARLIAMENT.

My first entrance into the Irish House of Commons—Dinner at Sir John Parnel's—Commencement of my intimacy with public men of celebrity—Maiden speech—I attack Grattan and Curran—Suicide of Mr. Thoroton—Lord De Blacquiere—His character.

THE day on which I first took my seat in the Irish Parliament for the City of Tuam, I still reflect on as one of the most gratifying of my life. The circumstance, abstractedly, was but of secondary consideration; but its occurrence brought back to my mind the events of past ages, and the high respectability of the race from which I sprang. I almost fancied, as I entered the House, that I could see my forefathers, ranged upon those seats which they had so long and so honourably occupied in the senate of their country, welcoming their descendant to that post which had not for a few years past been filled by any member of the family. In fact, the purer part of my ambition was hereby gratified. I felt myself an entirely

independent representative of an equally independent nation—as a man assuming his proper station in society, not acquiring a new one.

I confess I always had, and still continue to have, and to nourish, the pride which arises from having been born a gentleman. I am aware that wealth, and commerce, and perhaps talent, have, in modern times, occasioned family pride to be classed in the rank of follies, but I feel it, nevertheless, most strongly:—and if it be even a crime, I am culpable; if a folly, I submit to be regarded as imbecile. The sensations I experienced were indeed altogether delightful upon finding myself seated under that grand and solemn dome:—I looked around me, and saw the most dignified men of that day,—the ablest orators of the period,—many of the best-bred courtiers, and some of the most unsophisticated patriots, in the Empire! These, including a few friends and intimates of my family, were mingled, here and there, in amicable groups, and by turns kindly encouraged a young barrister, of only two years' practice, without patronage or party, as a fair aspirant to rank and eminence.

I was very greatly moved and excited: but it was not excitement of an ephemeral or feverish character; on the contrary, my emotions had their source in a tranquil, deep-seated, per-

haps proud, satisfaction, impossible to be clearly described, and almost impossible to be felt by any but such as might be placed in circumstances precisely similar.

There were members present, I have already said, with whom I was personally acquainted. My friend, Sir John Parnel, partly, I am sure, on my account, and partly, no doubt, with a view to the service of government, lost no time in introducing me to many of his own particular friends.

I dined with him on that day: he was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. The entire party I do not recollect; but I remember perfectly those individuals of it with whom I subsequently cultivated acquaintance. Amongst them were Major Hobart, (since Lord Buckinghamshire) Isaac Corry, Sir John (since Lord) De Blacquiere, Robert Thoroton, White, Marcus Beresford (Lord Clare's nephew), the present Lord Oriel (then Speaker), Thomas Burgh, of Bert, Sir Hercules Langreish, and James Cuffe, (since Lord Tyrawley). The scene was new to me:—hitherto, my society in Dublin had naturally fallen amongst the members of my own profession; we were all barristers, and I felt myself but a barrister: and though certainly we formed at that time the second-best society in Ireland, it was inferior to that of which I had now become

a member. I found myself, in fact, associated as an equal in a circle of legislators whose good-breeding, wit, and conviviality were mingled with political and general information. The first steps of the ladder were mounted; and as meanwhile Sir John's champaign was excellent, and quickly passed round, my spirits rose to a pitch far higher than in the morning, and any talent for conversation or anecdote which I might possess involuntarily coming out, Sir John Parnel, shaking his fat sides with laughter, according to his usual custom, said to me, before we broke up, "Barrington, you'll do!" upon which, Sir Hercules Langreish, who had very much the tone of a Methodist preacher, yet was one of the wittiest men in Ireland, immediately said,—"No—we must have another trial;" and a day was fixed to dine with him.

My acquaintance soon augmented to a degree almost inconvenient. My *friendship* I limited to such men as I held to possess congeniality of sentiment; and before any long time had elapsed, I was not only the frequent guest of many of the distinguished characters of Ireland, but was considered as an early and favoured candidate for any professional promotion which the shortness of my standing at the Bar would admit of.

Reflecting, soon after I had taken my seat, on the novel nature of my situation, I felt that it

was beset by considerable difficulties. I allude to the decision necessary for me to come to with respect to the line of politics I meant to pursue. I was not a *new* man, by whom any course might be taken, without exciting comment or question. On the contrary, I was of an old family, the importance and influence of which I was desirous to revive, and hence it became requisite that I should weigh my actions well, and avoid precipitancy.

Political parties at that time ran high, though but little individual hostility existed. Grattan, the two Ponsonbys, Curran, Brownlow, Forbes, Bowes, Daly, Connolly, Arthur Brown, and numerous other most respectable personages were then linked together in a phalanx of opposition which, under the name of whiggery, not only assailed the government upon every feasible occasion, but was always proposing measures which under the then existing system were utterly inadmissible. The opposition had the advantage in point of ability, and, therefore, nothing but supreme talent had any chance, amongst them, of rendering its possessor useful or valued. Though my nature was patriotic, I ever respected the aristocracy, which, whilst the democracy exhibits a people's general character and energy, tends to embellish the state, and to give it an imposing grandeur.

The supporters of the Irish government, as I have said, were certainly inferior, except in patronage and power, to the opposition by which they were assailed. But they lived socially: there was a sort of convivial union amongst them, which, whether in high or low life, is, of all other ties, for a while most binding upon my countrymen. It was therefore rather inconsistent in Lord Clare to give offence, as he did, to many of the most respectable gentlemen of Ireland by calling the whigs an "eating and drinking club," since the sarcasm might, at least with equal justice, have been retorted on the supporters of His Majesty's government. All the great constitutional questions were, in 1790, supposed to have been arranged. Still the opposition sought a more radical reform, to which the government would not accede. They wrangled, in fact, about every trifle—and that at a time when the local concerns of the country were advancing to the highest pitch of prosperity. To neither party, however, attached any dishonourable stigma, which should prevent an honest man from joining their ranks; and meanwhile, I sought celebrity and advancement. The coast was clear before me. I was my own master, and free to choose my own course. In case of my connecting myself with the whigs, I saw that I must play but a very inferior part in

their game. I felt that amidst such an assemblage of talent, I had but little right to expect eminence, and still less probability of acquiring professional advancement, even if my friends should become victorious. But, above all, I reflected that what at first view had appeared to me a blaze of constitutional patriotism, dwindled, on a closer inspection, into what is generally called party.

The country had prospered beyond all possible anticipation, and was still further advancing in prosperity, under the then existing system of administration. I did not perceive that any immediate change of men or of measures was at all in prospect, nor that it was at that moment necessary, or even desirable. My immediate personal connexions were on the side of the government. I had always doubted the sincerity of the whigs: my doubts were now realized, and, on the whole consideration, I determined to attach myself to the administration. I had previously voted with them on the choice of a Speaker; but that I did not consider as constituting any pledge as to my future conduct. I voted for Mr. Forster, as the friend of Sir John Parnel, and because I considered him more fitting for the station than his opponent, Mr. William Ponsonby.

Thus my mind being at length made up, I

determined to render myself of some importance to the side I had adopted. The common course of desultory debate, (even conquest over declaimers of my own calibre,) would have led to no distinction. I decided either to rise or fall; and with this view, resolved to fly at once at the highest game, in which attempt even if I should not succeed, the trial itself would be honourable. My earliest effort was therefore directed against the two most celebrated speakers of that period, Grattan and Curran; and on the first day I rose, I exhibited a specimen of what I may now call true arrogance. The novelty of such unexpected effrontery surprised the House, and afterwards surprised myself. It was a species of bold hardihood, which, I believe, no person who had a just sense of his own inferiority would have ventured on without great hesitation.—I launched into a strong philippic on the conduct of the most able and respectable opposition that Ireland had ever possessed. I followed and traced the whigs, as I thought, through all their meanderings and designs. In a word, I surpassed the boundaries, not only of what I had myself resolved, but of what common prudence and propriety should have dictated. The government party, at the same time, was evidently not gratified. Its members, no doubt, considered me as a lost partizan, who had courted and called for my own suppression;

and with some portion of the same feeling myself, I sat down almost ashamed of my forwardness, and awaiting, if not with resignation, at least with certainty, a just although cruel chastisement. How then must I have been surprised, and how wofully rebuked, by the mild and gentlemanly retorts which I received from Grattan! whilst Curran's good temper never showed itself more conspicuously than in his treating me merely with wit and facetiousness. I was abashed and mortified on contrasting the forbearance of those great men with my own intemperance. Had I perceived anything like contempt in that forbearance, I really believe I should have found it difficult to resume my spirits in the House; but no such feeling appeared towards me, and it is most singular to say, that some incidents which sprang from that very night's debate gave rise both to the friendship of Mr. Grattan, with which I was afterwards honoured, and to the close intimacy between me and Mr. Curran, which was never after interrupted.

I had the good fortune, on that occasion, to make one fair hit as to Grattan, which he afterwards told me he was much pleased by. It came across me at the moment—in fact, most of the speeches I ever made have been literally *impromptu*. I never studied a set speech in my

life, except on law cases; and perhaps to this circumstance I may honestly attribute an incorrectness of language that frequently attended my best efforts.

Grattan had repeatedly assailed our side of the house, as "a side from which all public virtues had long been banished." I observed, "that the right honourable gentleman had proved unequivocally the falsehood of his own assertion, that public virtue was confined to *one* side of the house—for I had had the honour of seeing the right honourable gentleman himself on *both*." I alluded to his having supported government against Mr. Flood, after the vote of £50,000 by parliament. This joke was loudly cheered, and perhaps somewhat contributed to save me from discomfiture.

From that day I attached myself zealously and sincerely to the administration of Lord Westmoreland. I became more or less intimate with almost every member of my party in parliament. I formed close and lasting friendships with Edward Cooke, the unfortunate and lamented Robert Thoroton, Isaac Corry, and Sir John De Blacquiere; and it was not very long before the opposition also opened their convivial ranks to receive me. Curran and Arthur Brown were the earliest of my intimates on that side the house; and before 1792 had expired, I felt

myself as happy on all points, and as much befriended, as any man of my standing who had preceded me.

Before I went into parliament, I had become acquainted with Mr. R. Thoroton, who had come over to Ireland with the Duke of Rutland. He had the manner of a coxcomb, but the heart of a friend and the sentiments of a gentleman. He was clerk of the House of Commons; and being by no means a common man, formed a necessary part of all our societies. He and I lived much together: and I found the intercourse very advantageous, since my friend knew every thing that was going forward, and, under the rose, set me right on many occasions. At the same time, I was aware that circumstances existed which were the cause, to him, of great anxiety; and, finally, a most unexpected event,—namely, the death of Mr. Thoroton by his own hand,—deprived me of one of the sincerest and most useful friends I ever possessed.

But amongst the foremost of all those persons who, from first to last, endeavoured to do me service, was a man universally esteemed for his gentlemanly manners, and as universally abused for public jobbing. As to the latter, it concerned not me; whilst his friendship was of the greatest advantage.

Sir John (afterwards Lord) De Blacquiere (I

believe of Swiss descent,) had been colonel of a regiment of heavy cavalry in Ireland; had acted as secretary of legation in France with Lord Harcourt, and, having succeeded him there for a short time as minister, came to Ireland with his lordship as principal secretary, and becoming a permanent resident, attached himself to that side of politics whence only he could derive the great object of his exertions,—a revenue sufficiently ample to enable him to entertain his friends as well, and far more agreeably, than any other person I had previously met. Nobody ever understood eating and drinking better than Sir John De Blacquiere; and no man ever was better seconded in the former respect than he was by his cook, Mrs. Smith, whom he brought from Paris, after he had been minister there. His company seldom exceeded ten in number, but so happily was it selected, that I never yet saw a person rise from his table who did not feel gratified. Sir John was one of the old school; and with all the playful good-breeding by which it was distinguished, he had nothing of that starch pride which, in more recent times, has supplanted conviviality without making men either wiser, better, or happier.

Sir John certainly was a *pluralist*, enjoying, at one time, the first, the middle, and the last pension on the Irish civil list. He was director

of the public works in Dublin; and to his *jobbing* is that capital indebted for its wide streets, paving, lighting, and convenient fountains. He made as much as he could of these works, it is true; but every farthing he acquired in Ireland he expended in it. If his money came from the public purse, it was distributed to the public benefit: if he received pensions from the crown, butchers, bakers and other tradesmen pocketed every shilling of it. He knew employment to be the best species of charity. In short, Sir John De Blacquiere was as much abused, and as much regarded, as any public character of any period.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Anecdote of Tottenham *in his boots*—Interesting trial of the Earl of Kingston for murder—Description of the forms used on that occasion.

A VERY singular custom prevailed in the Irish House of Commons which never was adopted in England, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in print. The description of it may be amusing.

On the day whereon the routine business of the budget was to be opened, for the purpose of voting supplies, the speaker invited the whole of the members to dinner in the House, in his own and the adjoining chambers. Several peers were accustomed to mix in the company; and I believe an equally happy, joyous, and convivial assemblage of legislators never were seen together. All distinctions as to government or opposition parties were totally laid aside; harmony, wit, wine, and good-humour reigning triumphant. The speaker, clerk, chan-

cellor of the exchequer, and a very few veteran financiers, remained in the House till the necessary routine was gone through, and then joined their happy comrades—the party seldom breaking up till midnight.

On the ensuing day the same festivities were repeated; but on the third day, when the report was to be brought in, and the business discussed in detail, the scene totally changed;—the convivialists were now metamorphosed into downright public declamatory enemies, and, ranged on opposite sides of the House, assailed each other without mercy. Every questionable item was debated—every proposition deliberately discussed—and more zealous or assiduous senators could no where be found than in the very members who, during two days, had appeared to commit the whole funds of the nation to the management of half a dozen arithmeticians.

But all this was consonant to the national character of the individuals. Set them at table, and no men enjoyed themselves half so much; set them to business, no men ever worked with more earnestness and effect. A steady Irishman will do more in an hour, when fairly engaged upon a matter which he understands, than any other countryman (so far, at least, as my observation has gone) in two. The persons

of whom I am more immediately speaking. They certainly were extraordinarily quick and sharp! I am, however, at the same time, ready to admit that the lower orders of officials—such, for instance, as mere clerks in the public offices, exhibited no claim to a participation in the praise I have given their superiors: they were, on the other hand, frequently confused and incorrect; and amongst that description of persons I believe there were then fewer competent men than in most countries.

Another custom in the House gave rise to a very curious anecdote, which I shall here mention. The members of Parliament formerly attended the House of Commons in full dress:—an arrangement first broken through by the following circumstance:—

A very important constitutional question was debating between government and the opposition; a question, by the by, at which my English reader will probably feel surprised; namely, "as to the application of a sum of £60,000, then lying *unappropriated* in the Irish Treasury, being a balance after paying all debts and demands upon the country or its establishments." The numbers seemed to be nearly poised,—although it had been supposed that the majority would incline to give it to the King,

whilst the opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country; when the serjeant-at-arms reported that a member wanted to force into the House *undressed,* in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders.

The speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarny, County Wexford, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots! Having heard that the question was likely to come on sooner than he expected, he had (lest he should not be in time) mounted his horse at Ballycarny, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the Parliament-House direct, and rushed in, without washing or cleaning himself, to vote for *the country.* He arrived just at the critical moment! and critical it was, for the numbers were in truth *equal,* and his casting vote gave a majority of one to "the country" party.

This anecdote could not die while the Irish Parliament lived; and I recollect, "Tottenham in his boots" remaining, down to a very late period, a standing toast at certain patriotic Irish tables.

Being on the topic, (and, I confess, to me it is still an interesting one,) I must remark a singular practical distinction in the rules of the Irish

and English Houses of Commons. In England, the House is cleared of strangers for every division, and no person is supposed to see or know in what way the representatives of the people exercise their trust. In Ireland, on the contrary, the divisions were public, and red and black lists were immediately published of the voters on every important occasion. The origin of this distinction I cannot explain, but it must be owned that the Irish was the most *constitutional* practice.

One interesting scene at which I was present merits especial description, on many accounts. No other instance of the kind has occurred in the British Empire in my time; and as it forms a very important record with relation to the independent political state of Ireland at the period, and has not yet been made the subject of any historical detail or observation, it cannot fail to be interesting in every point of view:—I allude to the trial of a peer of the realm of Ireland for murder, by the House of Lords in Dublin, after the acknowledgment of Irish independence.

The grand and awful solemnity of that trial made a deep impression on my memory: and, coupled with the recollection that it proclaimed indisputably the sovereignty of the Irish nation, its effect on a contemplative mind was of a penetrating nature.

Robert, Earl of Kingston, stood charged with the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, by shooting him in his bed-chamber. The relation of the circumstances of that event would be, in every point of view, improper, and would only serve to recall painful recollections long since sunk into oblivion. I therefore abstain from any further allusion to them. Justice required the trial of the accused party at the bar of his peers :—but as no similar case had occurred in Ireland within the memory of man, it was requisite to consult precedents upon the subject, in order to render his Lordship's trial conformable to the *Lex Parliamentaria* common to both countries. These precedents were accordingly sought by the proper officers; and as his Lordship was very popular, and his provocation maddening,—and as all were ignorant of the evidence which was to be brought forward, the whole affair was of a most exciting nature to every man, more especially to those individuals who possessed the noble Lord's acquaintance.

Owing to the great number of attendants, the full muster of Peers, and the extensive preparations of every kind necessary, in order to adhere to precedent, the house of Lords was supposed to be insufficiently large for the occasion.

The Irish House of Peers was considered one of the most beautiful and commodious chambers

possible. It combined every appearance of dignity and comfort: the walls were covered with tapestry, representing the battle of the Boyne, and the entire *coup-d'œil* was grand and interesting; but being, as I have said, considered too small for all the purposes of the trial in question, the house of Commons was made ready in preference.

Whoever had seen the interior of the Irish House of Commons, must have admired it as one of the most chaste and classic models of architecture. A perfect rotunda, with Ionic pilasters, enclosed a corridor which ran round the interior. The cupola, of immense height, bestowed a magnificence which could rarely be surpassed; whilst a gallery, supported by columns divided into compartments, and accommodating 700 spectators, commanded an uninterrupted view of the chamber.

This gallery, on every important debate, was filled, not by reporters, but by the superior orders of society—the first rows being generally occupied by ladies of fashion and rank, who diffused a brilliance over, and excited a gallant decorum in that assembly which the British house certainly does not appear very sedulously to cultivate.

This fine chamber was now fitted up in such

a way as to give it the most solemn aspect. One compartment of seats in the body of the House was covered with scarlet cloth, and appropriated to the Peeresses and their daughters, who ranged themselves according to the table of precedence. The Commons, their families and friends, lined the galleries: the whole house was superbly carpeted, and the Speaker's chair newly adorned for the Lord Chancellor.—On the whole, it was by far the most impressive and majestic spectacle ever exhibited within those walls.

At length the Peers entered, according to their rank, in full dress, and richly robed. Each man took his seat in profound silence: and even the ladies (which was rather extraordinary) were likewise still. The Chancellor, bearing a white wand, having taken his chair, the most interesting moment of all was at hand, and its approach really made me shudder.

Sir Chichester Fortescue, king-at-arms, in his party-coloured robe, entered first, carrying the armorial bearings of the accused nobleman emblazoned on his shield: he placed himself on the left of the bar. Next entered Lord Kingston himself, in deep mourning, moving with a slow and melancholy step. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and, walking up to the bar, he was placed next to the king-at-arms, who then

held his armorial shield on a level with his shoulder.

The supposed executioner then approached, bearing a large hatchet with an immense broad blade. It was painted black except within about two inches of the edge, which was of bright polished steel. Placing himself at the bar on the right of the prisoner, he raised the hatchet about as high as his Lordship's neck, but with the shining edge averted; and thus he remained during the whole of the trial. The forms, I understood, prescribed that the shining edge should be averted, until the pronouncing of judgment, when, if it were unfavourable, the blade was instantly to be turned by the executioner *towards* the prisoner, indicating at once his sentence and his fate.

I could not reconcile my mind to the thought of such a consummation. I knew the late Lord Kingston, and had a high regard for him; and hence I felt a very uneasy sensation, inasmuch as I was profoundly ignorant of what would be the termination of the awful scene.

The usual legal ceremonies were now entered on:—the charge was read—the prisoner pleaded not guilty—and the trial proceeded. A proclamation was made, (first generally, then name by name,) for the witnesses for the prosecution to come forward. It is not easy to describe the

anxiety and suspense excited as each name was called over. The eyes of every body were directed to the bar where the witnesses must enter, and every little movement of the persons who thronged it was held to be intended to make room for some accuser. None, however, appeared—thrice they were called, but in vain: and it was then announced that "no witnesses appearing, to substantiate the charge of murder against Robert, Earl of Kingston, the trial should terminate in the accustomed manner." The Chancellor proceeded to put the question; and every Peer, according to his rank, arose and deliberately walking by the chair in which the Chancellor was seated, placed his hand as he passed solemnly on his heart, and repeated, "Not guilty, upon my honour!" (The bishops were, very properly, precluded from voting in these criminal cases.) After all had passed, which ceremony occupied an hour, the Chancellor rose and declared the opinion of the Peers of Ireland,—"That Robert, Earl of Kingston was not guilty of the charge against him." His lordship then broke his wand, descended from his chair, and thus ended the trial—most interesting because it had at once a strong political and constitutional bearing, and affected a nobleman universally beloved. The result was highly satisfactory to every one who had

learned the circumstances which led to the fatal event for which the Earl of Kingston was arraigned, whose conduct, though strictly justifiable neither in law nor morality, might have been adopted by the best of men under similar provocation.

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

Sir John Stuart Hamilton—Sir Richard Musgrave—Sir Edward Newnham—Sir Vesey Colclough—Sir Frederick Flood—Sir John Blacquiere—Sir Boyle Roche—his curious bulls—Their characters and personal description—Anecdotes and bon-mots—Anecdote of the Marquess of Waterford.

Amongst those parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the House, were certain baronets, of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite both for solids and fluids —much wit, more humour, and indefatigable cheerfulness,—might be regarded as their leader.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who (except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the pope, the pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post,) was generally in his senses, formed, during those

intervals, a very entertaining addition to the company.

Sir Edward Newnham, member for Dublin County, afforded a whimsical variety by the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood by significant nods, that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

Sir Vesey Colclough, member for County Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill, that it would continue no longer in his service! and the dross (as he termed it) having entirely forsaken him, he *bequeathed* an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodiums, elegits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman's acres under the especial guardianship of the attornies. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at Wexford, and to the present Cesar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantry of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep

subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail: but to avoid the *imputation* of ignorance, they often gave the most ludicrous *proofs* of it on literary subjects, geography and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

Sir Frederick Flood, also member for County Wexford, whose exhibitions in the Imperial Parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet;—his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche (of whom we shall speak hereafter) generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, whilst Sir Frederick's (on the other hand) possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense.

He was a *pretty*, dapper man, very good-tempered; and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland):—whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested any thing to him whilst he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish parliament, lauding the tran-

scendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring "that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant's favour,"—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail:"—"And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear, for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason:—his seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the treasury bench, next to a gangway; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper him—and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant's words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst! which, he said, turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to

use *that* ear at all, and *the other* as little as possible!

Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the House of Commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbour of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and (in common with many remote farmers of that period) had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop's lease—his only property.—He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer's spring pretty dry, whilst he could get any thing out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the Parliament-House, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet:—his star, which he frequently wore on rather shabby coats, struck the farmer's eye, who had never seen such a thing before; and coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance altogether, our rustic was induced humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton "who that man was with the silver sign on his coat?"

"Don't you know him?" cried Sir John; "why, that is a famous Jew money-broker."

"May be, please your honour, he could do

my little business for me," responded the honest farmer.

"Trial's all!" said Sir John.

"I'll pay well," observed Joseph.

"That's precisely what he likes," replied the baronet.

"Pray, Sir John," continued the farmer, "what's those words on his *sign?*" (alluding to the motto on the star.)

"Oh," answered the other, "they are Latin, 'Tria juncta in uno.'"

"And may I crave the English thereof?" asked the unsuspecting countryman.

"Three in a bond," said Sir John.

"Then I can match him, by J—s," exclaimed Hughes.—"You'll be hard set," cried the malicious baronet; "however, you may try."

Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him with great civility and a significant nod, that he had a little matter to mention, which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. "To come to the point then, at once," said Hughes, "the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond—myself and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me. I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men."

Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and, on hearing the above harangue, (taking for granted that it resulted from his own application,) he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negociated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss,—but *bonds* would not answer at all.

"I think I can get another man, and that's one more than your sign requires," said Hughes.

"I tell you," repeated Sir John, "bonds will not answer at all, sir!—bills, bills!"

"Then it's fitter," retorted the incensed farmer, "for you to be after putting your *sign* there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive the Christians, you damn'd usurer! you Jew, you!"

Nobody could be more amused by this *dénouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told every body he knew, of "Hamilton's trick upon *the countryman*."

Sir Richard Musgrave, although he understood *drawing the long bow* as well as most people, never patronised it in any other individual. Sir John Hamilton did not spare the exercise of this accomplishment in telling a story, one day, in the presence of Sir Richard, who declared his incredulity rather abruptly, as indeed was his

constant manner. Sir John was much nettled at the mode in which the other dissented, more particularly as there were some strangers present. He asseverated the truth on his *word*: Sir Richard, however, repeating his disbelief, Sir John Hamilton furiously exclaimed—"You say you don't believe my word!"

"I *can't* believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my *word*, by G—d I'll give it you under my *hand*," clenching at the same moment his great fist.

The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good-humour. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for *telling* a lie, and Sir Richard for *not believing* it, to the payment of two bottles of hock each.

Whoever the following story may be fathered on, Sir John Hamilton was certainly its parent. The Duke of Rutland, at one of his levees, being at a loss (as probably most kings, princes, and viceroys occasionally are,) for something to say to every person he was bound in etiquette to notice, remarked to Sir John Hamilton that there was "a prospect of an excellent crop:—the timely rain," observed the Duke, "will bring every thing above ground."

"God forbid, your Excellency!" exclaimed the courtier.

His Excellency stared, whilst Sir John continued, sighing heavily as he spoke:—"yes, God forbid! for I have got *three wives* under it."

At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England" being given,—Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquess of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said,—"My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland'—*the colonels of militia!*"

So broad but so good-humoured a *jeu d'esprit*, excited great merriment: the *truth* was forgotten in the jocularity, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint,—nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can

better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. "That man was—(said the Marquess)—he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelagh!"

I will now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish Parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and, in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities; and having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honour and etiquette—of discipline and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which however he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well bred in all his habits; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish Court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death with the utmost satisfaction to himself as well as to every one in connexion with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir

John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a "bas bleu," prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read "Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that, in his cups, he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of!

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying,—"Aye, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still, he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

This baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish House of Commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnel, Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burthensome for many years to come,—it was observed in reply, that the house had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle, eager to defend the measures of government, immediately rose, and, in a few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honourable gentleman, and this *still more* honourable House, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity*:—for what has *posterity* done for *us?*"

Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the House had misunderstood him. He therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the House "that by *posterity* he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after *them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by Government

to fight as hard as possible for the Union:—so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen (said Sir Boyle) may titther, and titther, and titther, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent Union. Sir, there is no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the House for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the

probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "There, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallican villains should invade us, Sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may-be, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, Sir, the murderous *marshal-law-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland:—"It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve *the remainder!*"

This Baronet having been one of the Irish Parliamentary curiosities before the Union, I have only exemplified his *mode* of blundering, as many ridiculous sayings have been attributed to him. He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland; but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them.

The English people consider a bull as nothing more than a vulgar nonsensical expression: but Irish blunders are frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*, and present very often the

most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning.

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the House of Commons, for hasty disrespectful expressions regarding the House and the Lord Lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in Parliament; including the late Marquess of Ormonde, &c. The Marquess was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal: and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the House.

Sir Boyle Roche laboured hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology: it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wits' end, and at length produced a natural syllogism, which, by putting the House in good humour, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. "Mr. Speaker," said the baronet, "I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology.—He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an *apology*, because no *gentleman* could *mean* to *give offence*."

Dennis M'Carthy, the postillion of Lord Lisle, had an action for Crim. Con. brought against him by his master, and upon a very forced construction of law in such cases, by the Chief Baron, the jury found damages for £5000 against Dennis.—He was of course sent to gaol; and damages to that amount, and of that nature, excluding the debtor from the benefit of the Insolvent Act, strong efforts were made in Parliament to have Dennis included especially, by name, in the statute, he having remained ten years in close confinement. His liberation was constantly applied for, and as constantly rejected. Sir Boyle, as a last effort, made a florid speech in his best style on behalf of the poor fellow, arguing truly, "that Lady Lisle, and not Dennis, must have been the real seducer;" and concluding thus:—"and what, Mr. Speaker, was this poor servant's crime? after all, sure, Mr. Speaker, it was only doing *his master's business by his mistress's orders*: and is it not very hard to keep a poor servant in gaol for that which if he had not done he would have deserved a horsewhipping?" This way of putting the case had the desired effect:—Dennis's name was especially included by the Commons; but in the House of Lords it was thrown out by Lord Clonmell, Chief Justice, though two years had scarcely elapsed since his Lordship himself

had fought a duel with the late Lord Tyrawley for Crim. Con. with her Ladyship.

Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army. "The best way," said Sir Boyle, "to *avoid* danger, is to *meet it plump*."

ENTRANCE INTO OFFICE.

The author first placed in office by Lord Westmoreland—Made King's counsel by Lord Clare—Jealousy of the Bar—Description of Kilkenny Castle—Trial of the Earl of Ormonde for outrage at Kilkenny—Acquitted—Author's conduct—Distinguished and liberal present from the Earl of Ormonde to the author, of a gold box, and his subsequent letter.

In December, 1793, the secretary, Lord Buckinghamshire, wrote to say that he wished to see me at the Castle. I immediately attended, when he said, "Barrington, I am about to depart from Ireland: and," continued he, after my sincere expressions of regret, "as you have heretofore had nothing from us but convivial intercourse, it is just you should now have fare somewhat more substantial; with the approbation of the Lord Lieutenant, therefore, I have managed to secure for you a very handsome office,—The ships' entries of the Port of Dublin."

At the name and nature of this office I rather

demurred; whereupon Lord Buckinghamshire smiled and said, "you have no objection to a good sinecure, I suppose, the emoluments payable every Sunday morning by the deputy: the place was lately held by Mr. George Ponsonby, and is at this moment enjoyed by Serjeant Coppinger; but I have negociated to give him, his son and his wife, an annuity of £800 a year, to resign it to you."

This, so far, was agreeable: but still professional advancement being the object next my heart, I neither felt nor looked totally satisfied.

Lord B. then said, "you are a grumbling fellow: but I anticipated your grumbling, and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Clare) has consented to your being at the same time appointed one of the King's Counsel, thus at once giving you a step over the heads of all your circuit seniors, except Sir Frederick Flood, who is not, I fancy, very formidable."

This arrangement altogether met my wishes. I hastened to Lords Westmoreland and Clare, to thank them most cordially; and the fifth year after becoming a barrister, I found myself at the head of my circuit, and high up in the official rank of my profession. Practice generally follows the fortunate: I was immediately considered as on the high-road of preferment; the attornies pursued me like a flock of rooks! and my business was quadrupled.

I purchased a fine house in Merrion-Square, from Mr. Robert Johnson, then counsel to the revenue, (afterwards judge,) who at that period felt himself going down hill; and here I launched into an absolute press of business; perhaps justly acquiring thereby the jealousy of many of my seniors. This jealousy, however, gave rise to one of the most gratifying incidents of my life.

John, Earl of Ormonde, resided, like a true Irish nobleman, in the utmost splendour and hospitality, in his fine ancient Castle at Kilkenny. He scarcely ever went even to the Irish metropolis—his entire fortune being expended in his own city; whereby every shopkeeper and trader experienced the advantages of his Lordship's residence. His establishment was ample—his table profuse—his friendship warm and unbounded. The very appearance of his castle (though only a portion of the old Duke's,) was still such as to remind the spectator of its former magnificence. Proudly towering over the river Nore, from which it was separated only by the public walk, a high and grand rampart on that side conveyed the idea at once of a palace and a fortress; whilst towards the city an old princely portal, flanked by round towers, opened into a spacious court, within which were preserved two sides of the

original edifice, and a third was, at the period I allude to, rebuilding, in a style, however, far too modern and ordinary. The exterior mouldings of the Castle exhibited the remains of the gilding which had formerly been laid on with a lavish hand.

The interior of this noble edifice, with the exception of one saloon and the picture-gallery, was not calculated to satisfy expectation: but both those were unique—the one with respect to its form, the other to its prospects. The grand saloon was not shaped like any other, I believe, existing—oval in its figure, and not large;—but the wall, twelve feet thick, admitted of recesses on the sides, which had the appearance of small rooms, each being terminated by a large window, and the sides covered with mirrors which reflected the beautiful and varied prospects of city, country, wood, river, and public promenade. When I was at the Castle, in fact, every thing appeared to me delightful.

Walter, the late Marquess of Ormonde, though my junior in years, had been my intimate friend and companion; as was also his cousin, Bryan Cavanagh. Lady Ormonde, mother of Walter, was the only child of Earl Winderford, and, as lady of the castle, was careful to keep up at least her due importance. It is not impossible

for women or men either to mistake pomposity for dignity. True pride is accompanied by an amiable condescension: cold, unbending ceremony is the result of false pride, and not of dignity. I thought (perhaps erroneously) that her ladyship made this mistake.

The earl John, my friend's father, was rather in the opposite extreme. He was well read and friendly—a *hard-goer* (as it was called), and an incessant talker. His Lordship occasionally adjourned to a kind of tavern in the city, of which a certain widow Madden was the hostess, and where one Mr. Evans, surnamed "Hell-cat," together with the best boozers and other gentlemen of Kilkenny, assembled to amuse his lordship by their jests and warm punch, and to emulate each other in the devouring of oysters and lobsters—the best which could possibly be procured. Hither, in fact, the company from the Castle were habituated often to repair.

These boozing-matches sometimes proceeded rather too far; and, one night, Mr. Duffy, a sharp, smart, independent-minded apothecary of Kilkenny, who had offended the Ormonde family on some very sensitive point, being alluded to, a member of the party, with more zeal than prudence, proposed as a toast, "a round of rascals!" taking care to designate Doctor Duffy as belonging to that *honourable* fraternity. On de-

parting from the tavern, far more full of liquor than wit, some wild young man in company suggested the demolition of the Doctor's windows: no sooner said than done!—the piper played, the stones flew, and Duffy's shivered panes bore ample testimony to the strength of the widow's beverage. No personal injury, however, ensued, and the affair *appeared* to have terminated.

A glazier was sent early next morning by command of my lord, to repair the windows; but this the doctor refused to allow; and in due form applied for and obtained a criminal information in the King's Bench for the outrage, against Lord Ormonde, his son Walter, James the present Marquess, Lord Thurles, and others. The information was, in due legal form, sent down to be tried at the Spring Assizes very soon after I had been appointed King's Counsel.

None felt more jealousy at my promotion than Mr. William Fletcher, (since Judge of the Common Pleas,) many years my senior at the Bar and on Circuit. Lord Ormonde directed briefs to be sent to me and to Fletcher, with fees of fifteen guineas each. I never loved money much in my life, and therefore thought it quite enough; or rather, I did not think about it.

The defendant's case fell of course to me as leading counsel. At this circumstance Fletcher

felt sore and ran sulky—and the sulkier he got the more zealous became I. We had but a bad case of it: the cross-examination of the irritated apothecary, who grew after awhile quite ferocious, fell to my lot; I performed my duty, and it then devolved on Fletcher to speak to the evidence. This however he declined. I pressed him—but he peremptorily refused. I exclaimed —"Nay, Fletcher, you took a fee: why not speak?"—"Yes," answered the angry Barrister, "just enough to make me hold my tongue!" —"Do speak," persisted I. "I *won't*," replied he. "Then I must do it for you," was my rejoinder. My zeal was enkindled—my mind was on fire—and I felt myself in earnest and interested. I persevered till I saw the jury smile, for which purpose they only wanted a good pretence. I held on my course till I saw them pleased; and the result was an acquittal of Lord Ormond, and a conviction of all the others.

To his Lordship this acquittal was invaluable. The conviction of the Earl of Ormond for a nocturnal outrage in his own town, and his committal from his castle to a prison, to undergo the award of the law, would have been to him a source of the utmost dismay. I knew this, and acted accordingly. He had heard of the conversation between Fletcher and me; but he thanked both without distinction, and made no partial

remarks. I was hurt for a moment at this apparent neglect, but thought of it no longer, and his Lordship never mentioned the circumstance.

On the ensuing Summer Assizes, Lord Ormond invited the Judges, Barristers, several of the Grand Jury, and the principal gentlemen of the county, to a magnificent dinner at the Castle. It was a long table, and every thing in the grandest style. A Judge sat on each side of Lady Ormond, at the head, and Fletcher and myself were their next neighbours. After the cloth had been removed, and Lady Ormond was retired, his Lordship stood up, and, in a loud voice, said,—"I have waited with impatience for this public opportunity of expressing to Mr. Barrington the high sense I entertain of his important and disinterested services to me at the last assizes: I now beg his acceptance of a small testimonial of my gratitude and friendship."—And he immediately slid along the table a magnificent gold snuff-box, with his arms, &c. and the following inscription :—

A Token of Friendship and Gratitude from the Earl of Ormond and Ossory to Jonah Barrington, Esq., one of His Majesty's Counsel at Law. August, 1794.

I was utterly astonished by this distinguished and most unexpected favour conferred in so public and honourable a manner; and *involun-*

tarily, without a moment's thought, (but certainly with the appearance of ill-nature,) I triumphantly handed round the box for the inspection of my brother-barristers. Fletcher, confused as might be supposed, slightly shoved it back to me:—his conduct on the trial having been known, a sensation became visible amongst the company, which I would almost have given up the box to have avoided exciting. His countenance, however, though not usually subject to be much impressed by kind feelings, clearly acquitted me of any intentional insult: in truth, I really felt as much as he did, when I perceived my error, and wished to pocket the prize without its creating further notice. But this was impossible: I was obliged to return thanks, which ceremony I went through very badly. Fletcher did not remain long, and I also adjourned at an early hour to the Bar-room, where the incident had preceded me. I now tried my best to put all parties into good humour, and finished the night by a much deeper stoup of wine than I should have indulged in at Lord Ormond's.

Next morning I found a billet from the Earl, enveloping a bank-note for £100, with these words:—

"Dear Sir,

"My attorney did not do you justice; you will permit me to be my own attorney on this occasion.

"Your friend and humble servant,

"ORMOND AND OSSORY."

From that time to the day of his Lordship's death, I experienced from him, on every occasion within his reach, the utmost extent of kindness, civility, and friendship. His successor, with whom I had been so long and so very intimately acquainted, was whirled at an early age into the vortex of fashionable life and profligacy. Having lost his best guide and truest friend, his cousin Brian Cavanagh, many of his naturally fine qualities were either blunted by dissipation, or absorbed in the licentious influence of a fashionable connection: thus he became lost to himself and to many of those friends who had most truly valued him.

I have mentioned Walter, Marquess of Ormond, the more particularly because, extraordinary as it may appear, it certainly was to a fatal connexion of his (where I am sure he had not been the seducer), that I owe several of the most painful and injurious events of my life. Of the existence of this connexion I had irrefragable proof; and of its having operated as a

bar to the chief objects of my life and ambition, I have equal reason to feel convinced.

His Lordship married his own god-daughter, but too late to give a chance for reformation; and never have I remarked, through the course of a long, observing life, any progress more complete from the natural levities of youth to the confirmed habits of dissipation, from the first order of early talent to the humblest state of premature imbecility — than that of the late Marquess of Ormond!—who had, at one period of our intimacy, as engaging a person, as many manly qualities, and to the full as much intellectual promise, as any young man of his country.

DR. ACHMET BORUMBORAD.

Singular anecdotes of Dr. Achmet Borumborad—He proposes to erect baths in Dublin, in the Turkish fashion—Obtains grants from Parliament for that purpose—The Baths well executed—The Doctor's banquet—Ludicrous anecdote of nineteen Noblemen and Members of Parliament falling into his grand salt-water bath—The accident nearly causes the ruin of the Doctor and his establishment—He falls in love with Miss Hartigan, and marries her—Sudden metamorphosis of the Turk into Mr. Patrick Joyce.

Until England dragged the sister kingdom with herself into the ruinous expenses of the American War, Ireland owed no public debt. —There were no taxes, save local ones: the Parliament, being composed of resident gentlemen, interested in the prosperity and welfare of their country, was profuse in promoting all useful schemes; and no projector, who could show any reasonable grounds for seeking assistance, had difficulty in finding a patron. On these points, indeed, the gentlemen who possessed influence, were often unguarded, and sometimes extravagant.

Amongst other projectors, whose ingenuity was excited by this liberal conduct, was one of a very singular description—a Turk who had come over, or (as the *on-dit* went,) had *fled* from Constantinople. He proposed to establish, what was greatly wanted at that time in the Irish metropolis, "Hot and Cold Sea-water Baths;" and by way of advancing his pretensions to public encouragement, offered to open free baths for the poor, on an extensive plan—giving them, as a Doctor, attendance and advice gratis, every day in the year. He spoke English very intelligibly; his person was extremely remarkable; and the more so, as he was the first *Turk* who had ever walked the streets of Dublin in his native costume. He was in height considerably above six feet, rather pompous in his gait, and apparently powerful; an immense black beard covering his chin and upper lip. There was, at the same time, something cheerful and cordial in the man's address; and, altogether, he cut a very imposing figure. Every body liked Doctor Achmet Borumborad: his Turkish dress, being extremely handsome without any approach to the tawdry, and crowned with an immense turban, drew the eyes of every passer-by; and I must say that I have never myself seen a more stately-looking Turk since that period.

The eccentricity of the Doctor's appearance

was, indeed, as will readily be imagined, the occasion of much idle observation and conjecture. At first, whenever he went abroad, a crowd of people, chiefly boys, was sure to attend him —but at a respectful distance; and if he turned to look behind him, the gaping boobies fled, as if they conceived even his looks to be mortal. These fears, however, gradually wore away, and were entirely shaken off, on the fact being made public, that he meant to attend the poor; which undertaking was, in the usual spirit of exaggeration, soon construed into an engagement, on the part of the Doctor, to cure *all disorders whatever!* and hence he quickly became as much admired and respected as he had previously been dreaded.

My fair readers will perhaps smile, when I assure them that the persons who seemed to have the least apprehension of Doctor Borumborad, or rather to think him "a very *nice* Turk!" were the ladies of the metropolis. Many a smart, snug little husband, who had been heretofore considered "quite the thing,"—despotic in his own house, and peremptory commandant of his own family, was now regarded as a wretched, contemptible, close-shaven pigmy, in comparison with the immensity of the Doctor's figure and whiskers; and, what is more extraordinary, his good humour and engaging manners gained him

many friends even among the husbands themselves! he thus becoming, in a shorter period than could be imagined, a particular favourite with the entire city, male and female.

Doctor Achmet Borumborad, having obtained footing thus far, next succeeded surprisingly in making his way amongst the Members of Parliament. He was full of conversation, yet knew his proper distance; pregnant with anecdote, but discreet in its expenditure; and he had the peculiar talent of being humble without the *appearance* of humility. A submissive Turk would have been out of character, and a haughty one excluded from society: the Doctor was aware of this, and regulated his demeanour with remarkable skill upon every occasion (and they were numerous) whereon (as a *lion*) he was invited to the tables of the great. By this line of conduct, he managed to warm those who patronized him into becoming violent partizans; and accordingly little or no difficulty was experienced in getting a grant from Parliament for a sufficient fund to commence his great metropolitan undertaking.

Baths were now planned after Turkish models. The money voted was most faithfully appropriated; and a more ingenious or useful establishment could not be formed in any metropolis. But the cash, it was soon discovered, ran too short to enable the Doctor to complete his

scheme; and, on the ensuing Session, a further vote became necessary, which was by no means opposed, as the institution was good, fairly executed, and charitably applied. The worthy Doctor kept his ground: session after session he petitioned for fresh assistance, and never met with refusal: his profits were good, and he lived well; whilst the baths proved of the utmost benefit, and the poor received attention and service from his establishment, without cost. An immense cold bath was constructed, to communicate with the river: it was large and deep, and entirely renewed every tide. The neatest lodging rooms, for those patients who chose to remain during a course of bathing, were added to the establishment, and always occupied. In short, the whole affair became so popular, and Dr. Achmet acquired so many friends, that the annual grants of Parliament were considered nearly as matters of course.

But alas! fortune is treacherous, and prosperity unstable. Whilst the ingenious Borumborad was thus rapidly flourishing, an unlucky though most ludicrous incident threw the poor fellow completely a-back; and, without any fault on his part, nearly ruined both himself and his institution.

Preparatory to every Session, it was the Doctor's invariable custom to give a grand dinner,

at the baths, to a large number of his patrons, Members of Parliament, who were in the habit of proposing and supporting his grants. He always, on these occasions, procured some professional singers, as well as the finest wines in Ireland; endeavouring to render the parties as joyous and convivial as possible. Some nobleman, or commoner of note, always acted for him as chairman, the Doctor himself being quite unassuming.

At the last commencement of a Session, whereupon he anticipated this patronage, it was intended to increase his grant, in order to meet the expenses of certain new works, &c. which he had executed on the strength of the ensuing supply; and the Doctor had invited nearly thirty of the leading members to a grand dinner in his spacious saloon. The singers were of the first order; the claret and champagne excellent; and never was the Turk's hospitality shown off to better advantage, or the appetites of his guests administered to with greater success. The effects of the wine, as usual on all such meetings in Ireland, began to grow obvious. The elder and more discreet members were for adjourning; whilst the juveniles declared they would stay for another dozen! and Doctor Borumborad accordingly went down himself to his cellar, to select and send up a choice dozen by

way of *bonne bouche* for *finishing* the refractory Members of Parliament.

In his absence, Sir John S. Hamilton, though a very *dry* Member, took it into his head that he had taken enough, and rose to go away, as is customary in these days of freedom when people are so circumstanced: but at that period men were not always their own masters on such occasions, and a general cry arose of—"Stop, Sir John!—stop him!—the bonne bouche!—the bonne bouche!"—The carousers were on the alert instantly: Sir John opened the door and rushed out; the anti-chamber was not lighted; some one or two-and-twenty staunch Members stuck to his skirts; when *splash* at once comes Sir John, not into the street, but into the great *cold bath*, the door of which he had retreated by, in mistake! The other Parliament-men were too close upon the baronet to stop short (like the horse of a Cossack): in they went, by fours and fives; and one or two, who, on hearing the splashing of the water, cunningly threw themselves down on the brink to avoid popping in, operated directly as stumbling blocks to those behind, who thus obtained their full share of a *bonne bouche* none of the parties had bargained for.

When Doctor Borumborad re-entered, ushering a couple of servants laden with a dozen of

his best wine, and missed all his company, he thought some devil had carried them off; but perceiving the door of his noble, deep, cold salt-water bath open, he with dismay rushed thither, and espied eighteen or nineteen Irish Parliament-men either floating like so many corks upon the surface, or scrambling to get out like mice who had fallen into a bason! The Doctor's *posse* of attendants were immediately set at work, and every one of the Honorable Members extricated: the quantity of salt-water, however, which had made its way into their stomachs, was not so easily removed, and most of them carried the beverage home to their own bed-chambers.

It was unlucky, also, that as the Doctor was a Turk, he had no Christian wardrobe to substitute for the well-soaked garments of the Honorable Members. Such dresses, however, as he had, were speedily put into requisition; the bathing attendants furnished their quota of dry apparel; and all was speedily distributed amongst the swimmers, some of whom exhibited in Turkish costume, others in bathing shifts; and when the clothes failed, blankets were pinned around the rest. Large fires were made in every room; brandy and mulled wine liberally resorted to; and as fast as sedan-chairs could be procured, the Irish Commoners were sent home, cursing

all Turks and infidels, and denouncing a crusade against anything coming from the same quarter of the globe as Constantinople.

Poor Doctor Achmet Borumborad was distracted and quite inconsolable! Next day he duly visited every suffering Member, and though well received, was acute enough to see that the ridicule with which they had covered themselves was likely to work out eventually his ruin. His anticipations were well-founded: though the Members sought to hush up the ridiculous parts of the story, they became, from that very attempt, still more celebrated. In fact, it was too good a joke to escape the embellishments of Irish humour; and the statement universally circulated was—that "Doctor Borumborad had nearly drowned nineteen Members of Parliament, because they would not promise to vote for him!"

The poor Doctor was now assailed in every way. Among other things, it was asserted that he was the Turk who had strangled the Christians in the Seven Towers at Constantinople!—Though every body laughed at *their own* inventions, they believed those of *other people;* and the conclusion was, that no more grants could be proposed, since not a single Member was stout enough to mention the name of Borumbo-

rad! the laugh, indeed, would have overwhelmed the best speech ever delivered in the Irish Parliament.

Still, the new works must be paid for, although no convenient vote came to make the necessary provision: the poor Doctor was therefore cramped a little; but notwithstanding his embarrassment, he kept his ground well, and lost no private friends except such as the wearing-off of novelty estranged. He continued to get on; and at length a new circumstance intervened to restore his happiness, in a way as little to be anticipated by the reader as was his previous discomfiture.

Love had actually seized upon the Turk above two years before the accident we have been recording. A respectable surgeon of Dublin, of the name of Hartigan, had what might be termed a very "neat" sister; and this lady had made a lasting impression on the heart of Borumborad, who had no reason to complain of his suit being treated with disdain, or even indifference. On the contrary, Miss H. liked the Doctor vastly! and praised the Turks in general, both for their dashing spirit and their beautiful whiskers. It was not, however, consistent either with her own or her brother's Christianity, to submit to the Doctor's tremendous beard, or think of matrimony, till—" he had shaved the chin at least,

and got a parson to turn him into a Christian, or something of that kind." Upon those terms only would she surrender her charms and her money—for some she had—to Doctor Achmet Borumborad, however amiable.

The Doctor's courtship with the Members of Parliament having now terminated, so far at any rate as further grants were concerned, and a *grant* of a much more tender nature being now within his reach, he began seriously to consider if he should not at once capitulate to Miss H., and exchange his beard and his Alcoran for a razor and the New Testament. After weighing matters deliberately, love prevailed, and he intimated by letter, in the proper vehemence of Asiatic passion, his determination to turn Christian, discard his beard, and, throwing himself at the feet of his beloved, vow eternal fidelity to her in the holy bands of matrimony. He concluded by requesting an interview in the presence of the young lady's confidant, a Miss Owen, who resided next door. His request was granted, and he repeated his proposal, which was duly accepted, Miss Hartigan stipulating that he should never see her again until the double promise in his letter was fully redeemed; upon which he might mention his own day for the ceremony. The Doctor having engaged to comply, took leave.

On the evening of the same day, a gentleman was announced to the bride-elect, with a message from Doctor Achmet Borumborad. Her confidential neighbour was immediately summoned; the gentleman waiting meantime in a coach at the door. At length Miss Hartigan and her friend being ready to receive him, in walked a Christian gallant, in a suit of full-dress black, and a very tall, fine-looking Christian he was! Miss H. was surprised; she did not recognise her lover, particularly as she thought it impossible he could have been made a Christian before the ensuing Sunday! He immediately, however, fell on his knees, seized and kissed her lily hand, and on her beginning to expostulate, cried out at once, "Don't be angry, my dear creature! to tell the honest truth, I am as good a Christian as the Archbishop; I'm your own countryman, sure enough! Mr. Patrick Joyce from Kilkenny county:—the devil a Turk any more than yourself, my sweet angel!" The ladies were astonished; but astonishment did not prevent Miss Hartigan from keeping her word, and Mr. and Mrs. Joyce became a very loving and happy couple.

The Doctor's great skill, however, was supposed to lie in his beard and faith;—consequently, on this *denouement*, the baths declined. But the honest fellow never had done any dis-

creditable or improper act; none indeed was ever laid to his charge: he fully performed every engagement with the Parliament whilst he retained the power to do so.

His beauty and portly appearance were considerably diminished by his change of garb. The long beard and picturesque dress had been half the battle; and he was, after his transformation, but a plain, rather coarse, but still brave-looking fellow. An old memorandum-book reminded me of these circumstances, as it noted a payment made to him by me on behalf of my elder brother, who had been lodging in the bath-house at the time of the *swimming match*.

I regret that I never inquired as to Joyce's subsequent career, nor can I say whether he is or not still in the land of the living. This little story shows the facility with which public money was formerly voted, and at the same time the comparatively fortunate financial state of Ireland at that period, when the public purse could afford a multiplicity of such supplies without any tax or imposition whatsoever being laid upon the people to provide for them! How very different were the measures of that Parliament even ten years afterwards!

ALDERMEN OF SKINNERS' ALLEY.

The institution of Orangemen—United Irishmen—Protestant ascendancy—Dr. Duigenan—Origin, progress, and customs of the aldermen of Skinners' Alley described—Their revels—Orange toast, never before published—The aldermen throw Mr. M'Mahon, an apothecary, out of a window for striking the bust of King William—New association—Anecdotes of Sir John Bourke and Sir Francis Gould—The Pope's bull of absolution to Sir Francis G.—Its delivery suspended till he had taken away his landlady's daughter—His death.

ORANGE societies, as they are termed, were first formed by the Protestants to oppose and counteract the turbulent demonstrations of the Catholics, who formed the population of the south of Ireland. But at their commencement, the Orangemen certainly adopted a principle of interference which was not confined to religious points alone, but went to put down *all* popular insurrections which might arise on any point. The term, *Protestant ascendancy*, was coined by Mr. John Gifford, (of whom more hereafter) and became an epithet very fatal to the peace of Ireland. Many associations indeed were, from

time to time, originated: some for *reform;* others to oppose it; some for *toleration,* others for intolerance! There were good men and loyal subjects among the members of each; including many who never entertained the most distant idea of those disastrous results to be apprehended, at the feverish period preceding the revolution of 1798, from any encouragement to innovation.

I followed up the principles my family had invariably pursued from their first settlement in Ireland; namely, an attachment divided between the crown and the people. In the year 1795, I saw that the people were likely to grow too strong for the crown; and therefore became at once, not indeed an *ultra*—but one in whom loyalty absorbed almost every other consideration. I willingly united in every effort to check the rising spirit of popular disaffection—the dreadful results of which were manifested in the atrocities acting throughout France, and in the tottering state of the crowns of Europe.

I had been previously initiated by my friend, Doctor Duigenan, judge of the Prerogative Court, into a very curious but most loyal society, whereof he was grand-master at the time of my election; and as this club differed essentially from any other in the empire, it may be amusing to describe it—a labour which nobody has hitherto, I believe, undertaken.

This curious assemblage was called "The Aldermen of Skinners' Alley:" it was the first Orange association ever formed; and having, at the period I allude to, existed a full century in pristine vigour, it had acquired considerable local influence and importance. Its origin was as follows:—After William the Third had mounted the English throne, and King James had assumed the reins of government in Ireland, the latter monarch annulled the then existing charter of the Dublin Corporation, dismissed all the aldermen who had espoused the revolutionary cause, and replaced them by others attached to himself. In doing this he was certainly justifiable;—the deposed aldermen, however, had secreted some little articles of their paraphernalia, and privately assembled in an alehouse in Skinners' Alley, a very obscure part of the capital: here they continued to hold Anti-Jacobite meetings; elected their own lord mayor and officers; and got a marble bust of King William, which they regarded as a sort of deity! These meetings were carried on till the battle of the Boyne put William in possession of Dublin, when King James's aldermen were immediately cashiered, and *the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley* reinvested with their mace and aldermanic glories.

To honour the memory of their restorer, there-

fore, a permanent association was formed, and invested with all the memorials of their former disgrace and latter reinstatement. This organization, constituted near a century before, remained, I fancy, quite unaltered at the time I became a member. To make the general influence of this association the greater, the number of members was unlimited, and the mode of admission solely by the proposal and seconding of tried *aldermen*. For the same reason, no class, however humble, was excluded—equality reigning in its most perfect state at the assemblies. Generals and wig-makers—king's counsel and hackney clerks, &c. all mingled without distinction as brother-aldermen:—a lord mayor was annually appointed; and regularity and decorum always prevailed—until, at least, towards the *conclusion* of the meetings, when the aldermen became more than usually noisy and exhilarated,—King William's bust being placed in the centre of the supper-table, to overlook their extreme loyalty. The times of meeting were monthly; and every member paid sixpence per month, which sum (allowing for the absentees) afforded plenty of eatables, porter and punch, for the supping aldermen.

Their charter-dish was *sheeps' trotters* (in allusion to King James's running away from

Dublin):—rum-punch in blue jugs, whiskey-punch in white ones, and *porter* in its *pewter*, were scattered plentifully over the table; and all regular formalities being gone through, and the eating part of the ceremony ended, the real *business* began by a general chorus of "God save the King!" whereupon the grand engine, which, as a loyal and facetious shoemaker observed, would *bind* every *sole* of them together, and commemorate them *all* till the end of time, was set at work by order of the *lord mayor*. This engine was the charter-toast, always given with nine times nine! and duly succeeded by vociferous acclamations.

The 1st of July, (anniversary of the battle of the Boyne) was the favourite night of assembly: then every man unbuttoned the knees of his breeches, and drank the toast on his bare joints —it being pronounced by *his lordship* in the following words, composed expressly for the purpose in the year 1689; afterwards adopted by the Orange Societies generally; and still, I believe, considered as the charter-toast of them all.

This most ancient and unparalleled *sentiment* runs thus:—

ORANGE TOAST.

"The glorious,—pious,—and immortal me-

mory of the great and good King William:—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass-money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick the * * * * of a Jacobite!—and a * * * * for the *Bishop of Cork!* And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of *the clergy*;—may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May he have a dark night—a lee shore—a rank storm—and a leaky vessel, to carry him over the river Styx! May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—p, and Pluto a snuff-box of his scull; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a *clean* carcase to hell! *Amen!*"

The extraordinary zeal wherewith this toast was drunk, could only be equalled by the enthusiasm with which the blue and white jugs and pewter pots were resorted to, to ascertain the quality of the potation within: both processes serving to indicate the quantity of loyalty entertained by every alderman towards the King, Doctor Duigenan, and the Protestant Religion!—they then rebuttoned the knees of their

breeches (trousers had not come into fashion), and sat down *to work* again in downright earnest. Mr. Powell, a jolly apothecary, (till he was killed, by *singing* I suppose,) led, in my time, the vocal band; and after a dozen speeches, accompanied by numerous replenishments of the jugs, &c. every body who had *any thing to do in the morning* generally withdrew, leaving the rest of the loyalists to finish the last drop.

The idea of "Orange Societies" arose, in my opinion, from this association. I believe it exists still; but has, I understand, degenerated into a sort of *half-mounted* club;—not exclusive enough for gentlemen, and too fine for wig-makers: it has sunk into a paltry and unimportant corporate utensil.

I recollect an amusing circumstance which many years back occurred in this lodge. Until politics grew too hot, Napper Tandy and several other of the *patriots* were *aldermen:* but finding that ultra-loyalty was making way too fast for their notions, they sought some fair opportunity of seceding from the club, stealing the mace, and regenerating the whole board and establishment of Skinners'-alley! and the opportunity was not long wanting.

An apothecary, of the name of M'Mahon, had become an alderman solely to avoid being considered a friend of the Pope: this, in point of

reality, he was; but since, at that period, his creed was not the popular one, he conceived that he might thrive better in his business by appearing a staunch Protestant; or at least might learn, by association, some valuable secrets, and then betray them to his own sect.

But M'Mahon, although a clever person, was, like many an honest fellow, vastly more candid when he got "the sup in" than he had ever intended to be; indeed, in these circumstances, whatever a man thinks often comes out in spite of him, as if it disagreed with his liquor! Thus one unfortunate night, "Doctor M'Mahon, the apothecary," (as he was termed in Armiger-street,) having made too free amongst his brother-aldermen and been completely overmastered by the blue jug, forgot his company, and began to speak rather unkindly of King William. His worthy associates, who had made similar applications to the *blue* and *white*, took fire at this *sacrilege* offered to their patron saint: one word brought on another;—the Doctor grew outrageous; and, in his paroxysm, (not having the fear of flogging before his eyes,) actually *damned* King William! proceeding, in the enthusiasm of his popery, most thoughtlessly for himself and for the unhappy king's bust then staring before him, to strike it with his huge fat fist plump in the face!

The bust immediately showed most evident and marvellous symptoms of maltreatment by the apothecary; its beautiful virgin white marble appearing to be actually stained with blood! This miracle caused one of the aldermen to roar out in a fright—"That villain, M'Mahon, has broken the king's nose!"—"The king's nose?" ran throughout the room: some, who had been dozing, hearing this cry of high treason from every quarter, rose and rushed with the rest upon the Doctor: his clothes were soon turned into ribbons, and the cry of "throw him out of the window!" was unanimously and resolutely adopted: the window was opened; the Doctor, after exerting all his muscular powers, (and he was a strong, active man) was compelled to yield to numbers, and out he went into the street, very much to the ease and satisfaction of the loyal aldermen. The window was now closed again, the "Glorious Memory" drunk, the king's nose washed clean from the blood formerly belonging to the Doctor's knuckles, (which his majesty's feature had unmercifully scarified) and all restored to peace and tranquillity.

As for the poor Doctor, out he went, as we have said, clean and cleverly, one good story. But (whether through chance or Providence we will not pretend to determine,) fortunately for him,

a lamp and lamp-iron stood immediately under the window whereby he had made so sudden an exit! Hence, the Doctor's route downwards was impeded by a crash against the lamp; the glass and other materials all yielded to the precious weight, and very probably prevented the pavement from having the honour of braining him: he held a moment by the iron, and then dropped quite gently into the arms of a couple of guardians of the night, who, attracted by the uproar in the room above, and seeing the window open, and the Doctor getting out feet foremost, conceived that it was only a drunken frolic, and so placed themselves underneath "to keep the gentleman out of the gutter."

The Doctor scarcely waited to thank his preservers, set out pretty well sobered to his home, and the next day, summoning all the humane and *patriotic* aldermen, to whom he told his own story, they determined to secede and set up a new corps at the King's Arms in Fowns's-street. The old aldermen defended their conduct as loyal subjects; the others stigmatized it as the act of a set of man-slaughterers: these old and young guards of the British Constitution from that day set about *advertising* each other, and making proselytes on either side; and the *Orange* and *United Irishmen* parties gained as

many recruiting serjeants by the fracas, as there were permanents or seceders amongst those illustrious aldermen.

As nothing is so much calculated to gratify the aldermen of Skinners'-alley as anecdotes respecting his Holiness the Pope, or their eminencies the cardinals, I am happy in being enabled to afford them one, of which I was an eye-witness. I had the honour of touching his Holiness's bull to the late Sir Francis Gould, (of gallant memory) and of seeing the beautiful candles therewith—six feet and an inch in their sockets: and if the *saving clause* in the bull should disappoint the aldermen, they must blame the caution of Cardinal Gonsalvi for having it inserted (though, I believe, a lay Cardinal). I regret that at present I can furnish them with no other anecdotes of the kind, (at least that came within my own knowledge;) but the following will serve excellently well to elucidate the Pope's bulls of absolution.

A few years since, the present Sir John Bourke, of Glinsk, Bart. travelled with his new-married lady and establishment to Rome—not solely for his pleasure, but, as an Irish Catholic, to pay his respects to the Pope, kiss his Holiness's toe, and purchase antiquities.

The late Sir Francis Gould, then at Paris, re-

quested Sir John (before me) that, as he fancied he felt himself in a declining state of health, and unable to travel so far as Rome, he (Sir John) would take the proper steps, through Cardinal Gonsalvi, to procure him from his Holiness a bull of plenary absolution, and, if possible, an indulgence also; adding that Sir John might *hint* to the Cardinal that he intended to bequeath a good deal of his property amongst the clergy.

Sir John undertook the matter,—proceeded to Rome,—saw the Cardinal, and, as far the absolution went, succeeded. He was himself at the same time created "Marchese de Bourke of the Holy Roman Empire;" and a bull was duly made out for Sir Francis Gould, at very considerable expense. Sir John received also a couple of blessed candles, six feet long, to burn whilst the bull was being read. Its express terms and conditions, however, were:—"Provided the penitent, Sir Francis Gould, should not again voluntarily commit the same sins now forgiven;" (which list included nearly all the sins the Cardinal could think of!) in the other case, the forgiveness would be void, and the two sets of sins come slap upon the soul of Sir Francis at once, no doubt with compound interest;—and which nothing but severe penance,

some hundred full masses, and a great deal of mass-money, would ever be able to bring him through.

Sir John having brought home the bull, magnificently enclosed, and sewed up in a silk bag sealed officially by the Cardinal, informed Sir Francis (as we were all dining together at Bourke's Hotel) that he had that day unpacked his luggage, had the Pope's bull perfectly safe, and would hand it to him instantly.

Sir Francis asked him its exact purport. "I have had two others," said he; "but they are null, for I sinned again, and so can't depend upon them."

Sir John informed him of the purport, so far as his Latin went: when Sir Francis calmly said, "My dear Bourke, don't give me the bull *yet awhile:* its operation, I find, is only retrospective, and does not affect sins committed after its delivery: why did you not bring me one that would answer always?"

"Such a one would cost a damned deal more," replied Sir John.

"Well then," said Sir Francis, "send it to me in about ten days or a fortnight—*not sooner:* it will answer then pretty well, as I am about taking away a beautiful young creature, my landlady's daughter, next week, and I should have that sin to answer for, if you gave me

the bull before I had her clean out of Paris!"

He kept his word, took off the girl, then got the *absolution*; and in a very short time, poor fellow! was afforded, by death, an opportunity of trying its efficacy.

PROCESSION OF THE TRADES.

Dublin corporation anecdote—Splendid triennial procession of the Dublin corporation, called *Fringes* (franchises) described.

NOTHING can better show the high opinion entertained by the Irish of their own importance, and particularly by that celebrated body called the corporation of Dublin, than the following incident. Mr. Willis, a leather-breeches-maker in Dame-street, and a famous orator at the corporation meetings, holding forth one day about the parochial watch (a subject which he considered as of the utmost general importance,) discoursed as follows :—" This, my friends, is a subject neither trifling nor obscure; the character of our corporation is at stake on your decision!—recollect," continued he, " recollect, brother freemen, that the *eyes of all Europe are upon us!*"

One of the customs of Dublin which prevailed in my early days made such a strong impression upon my mind, that it never could be oblite-

rated. The most magnificent and showy procession, I really believe, except those of Rome, then took place in the Irish metropolis every third year, and attracted a number of English quite surprising, if we take into account the great difficulty existing at that time with regard to travelling from London to Dublin.

The corporation of the latter city were by the terms of their charter bound, once in three years, to perambulate the limits of the lord mayor's jurisdiction, to make stands or stations at various points, and to skirt the Earl of Meath's liberties—a part of the city at that era in great prosperity, but forming a local jurisdiction of its own, (in the nature of a manor,) totally distinct from that of Dublin.

This procession being in fact partly intended to mark and to designate the extreme boundaries of his Lordship's jurisdiction, at those points where they touch the Earl of Meath's liberty, the lord mayor thrust his sword through the wall of a certain house;—and then concluded the ceremony by approaching the sea at low water, and hurling a javelin as far upon the sands as his strength admitted, which was understood to form the boundary between him and Neptune.

The trade of Dublin is comprised of twenty-five corporations, or guilds, each independent of

the other, and represented, as in London, by a common council. Every one of these comprised its masters, journeymen, and apprentices;—and each guild had a patron saint, or protector, whose image or emblem was on all great occasions dressed up in appropriate habiliments.

For this procession, every member of the twenty-five corporations prepared as for a jubilee. Small funds only were collected, and each individual gladly bore his extra charges—the masters and journeymen being desirous of outvying one another, and conceiving that the gayer they appeared on that great day, the more consideration would they be entitled to throughout the ensuing three years! Of course, therefore, such as could afford it spared no expense: they borrowed the finest horses and trappings which could be procured; the masters rode—the journeymen walked, and were succeeded by the apprentices.

Every corporation had an immense carriage, with a great platform and high canopy,—the whole radiant with gilding, ribbons, and draperies, and drawn by six or eight horses equally decked and caparisoned;—their colours and flags flying in all directions. On these platforms, which were fitted up as work-shops, were the implements of the respective trades, and expert

hands were actually at work during the entire perambulation, which generally lasted eight or nine hours.—The procession indeed took two hours to pass. The narrow-weavers wove ribbons which they threw to the spectators:—the others tossed into the air small patterns of the fabric they worked upon: the printers were employed in striking off innumerable hand-bills, with songs and odes to the lord mayor.

But the smiths' part of the spectacle was the most gaudy: they had their forge in full work, and were attended by a very high phaeton adorned in every way they could think of—the horses covered with flowers and coloured streamers. In this phaeton sat the most beautiful girl they could possibly procure, in the character of wife to their patron, Vulcan. It is unnecessary to describe her dress: suffice it to say, it approached that of a Venus as nearly as decency would permit: a blue scarf, covered with silver doves, was used at her discretion, and four or five little Cupids, attired like pages, (aiming with bows and arrows at the ladies in the windows,) played at her feet. On one side rode, on the largest horse which could be provided, a huge fellow, representing Vulcan, dressed *cap-a-pie* in coal-black armour, and flourishing an immense smith's sledge-hammer! On the other side pranced his rival, Mars, on a

tawdry-caparisoned charger, in shining armour, (with an immensity of feathers and horse-hair) and brandishing a two-edged glittering sword six or eight feet long—Venus meantime seeming to pay much more attention to her gallant than to her husband. Behind the phaeton, rode Argus, with an immense peacock's tail; whilst numerous other gods and goddesses, saints, devils, satyrs, &c. were distributed in the procession.

The skinners and tanners seemed to undergo no slight penance; a considerable number of these artisans being dressed up close in sheep and goat skins of different colours. The representatives of the butchers were enveloped in hides, with long towering horns, and rode along brandishing knives and cleavers!—a most formidable-looking corporation! The apothecaries made up and distributed pills and boluses on their platform, which was furnished with numerous pestles and mortars so contrived as to sound, in the grinding, like bells, and pounding out some popular air. Each corporation had its appropriate band and colours; perfect order was maintained; and so proud was the Dublin mob of what they called their *fringes*, that on these peculiar occasions, they managed to behave with great decorum and propriety.

I never could guess the reason why—but the

crowd seemed ever in the most anxious expectation to see *the tailors*, who were certainly the favourites. The master-tailors usually borrowed the best horses from their customers; and as they were not accustomed to horseback, the scene was highly ludicrous. A tailor on a spirited horse has always been esteemed a curiosity: but a troop of a hundred and fifty tailors, all decked with ribbons and lace and every species of finery, on horses equally smart, presented a spectacle outvying description! The journeymen and apprentices walked—except that number of workmen on the platform. St. Crispin with his last, St. Andrew with his cross, and St. Luke with his gridiron, were all included in the show; as were the city officers in their full robes and paraphernalia. The guild of merchants, being under the especial patronage of the Holy Trinity, could not, with all their ingenuity, find out any unprofane emblem, except a shamrock, of huge dimensions! the three distinct leaves whereof are on one stalk. This, by the way, offered St. Patrick means of explaining the Trinity, and thereby of converting the Irish to Christianity; and, hence, the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland. The merchants had also a large ship on wheels, drawn and manned by *real* sailors.

This singular procession I twice witnessed:

it has since been abolished, after having worked well, and done no harm, from the days of the very first lord mayor of Dublin. The city authorities, however, began at length to think venison and claret would be better things for the same expense; and so it was decided that the money should remain in the purse of the corporation, and a wretched substitute for the old ceremony was arranged. The lord mayor and sheriffs, with some dozen of dirty constables, now perambulate these bounds in privacy and silence;—thus defeating, in my mind, the very *intention* of their charter, and taking away a triennial prospective object of great attraction and pride to the inhabitants of the metropolis of Ireland, for the sole purpose of gratifying the sensual appetites of a city aristocracy, who court satiety and indigestion at the expense of their humbler brethren.

IRISH REBELLION.

Rebellion in Ireland, in 1798—Mr. Waddy's Castle—A priest cut in two by the portcullis, and partly eaten by Waddy—Dinner-party at Lady Colclough's—Names and characters of the company, including Mr. Bagenal Harvey, Captain Keogh, &c.—Most of them executed soon after—Tour through and state of County Wexford, after the battles and storming of the town—Colonel Walpole killed and his regiment defeated at Gorey—Unaccountable circumstance of Captain Keogh's head not decaying.

Many incidents which, I really think, could not have occurred in any country except Ireland, took place there in the year 1798. There is something so very different from other people in every deed or word of the unsophisticated Irish, that in fact one has no right to be surprised, whatever scenes may by them be acted.

One of these curious occurrences remains even to this day a subject of surmise and mystery. During the rebellion in county Wexford in 1798, Mr. Waddy, a violent loyalist, but surrounded by a neighbourhood of inveterate insurgents, fled to a castle at a considerable distance from the town of Wexford. Though not in

repair, it was not unfit for habitation; and might secure its tenant from any *coup de main* of undisciplined insurgents. He dreaded discovery so much, that he would entrust his place of refuge to no person whatsoever; and, as he conceived, took sufficient food to last until he might escape out of the country. There was but one entrance to the castle, and that was furnished with an old ponderous portcullis, which drew up and let down as in ancient fortresses.

Here Mr. Waddy concealed himself; and every body was for a long time utterly ignorant as to his fate:—some said he was drowned; some, burned alive; others, murdered and buried in ploughed ground! but whilst each was willing to give an opinion as to the mode of his destruction, no one supposed him to be still alive. At length, it occurred to certain of his friends, to seek him through the country; with which view they set out, attended by an armed body. Their search was in vain, until approaching by chance the old castle, they became aware of a stench, which the seekers conjectured to proceed from the putrid corpse of murdered Waddy. On getting nearer, this opinion was confirmed; for a dead body lay half within and half without the castle, which the descent of the portcullis had cut nearly into equal portions. Poor Mr. Waddy

was deeply lamented; and, though with great disgust, they proceeded to remove that half of the carcass which lay outside the entrance—when, to their infinite astonishment, they perceived that it was *not* Waddy, but a neighbouring priest, who had been so expertly cut in two;—how the accident had happened, nobody could surmise. They now rapped and shouted—but no reply: Waddy, in good truth, lay close within, supposing them to be rebels. At length, on venturing to peep out, he discovered his friends, whom he joyfully requested to raise, if possible, the portcullis, and let him out,—as he was almost starved to death.

This, with difficulty, was effected, and the other half of the priest was discovered immediately within the entrance,—but by no means in equally good condition with that outside; inasmuch as it appeared that numerous collops and rump-steaks had been cut off the reverend gentleman's hind-quarters by Waddy, who, early one morning, had found the priest thus divided; and being alike unable to raise the portcullis or get out to look for food, (certain indeed, in the latter case, of being piked by any of the rebels who knew him) he thought it better to feed on the priest, and remain in the castle till fortune smiled, than run a risk of breaking all his bones

by dropping from the battlements—his only alternative.

To the day of Waddy's death, he could give no collected or rational account of this incident: —indeed, so confused had his head become in consequence of his critical circumstances, that the whole appeared to him ever after as a dream or vision quite beyond his comprehension.

The foregoing, though among the most curious, is but one of the extraordinary occurrences of that dreadful insurrection—some of which tend to strengthen my superstitious feeling, which is, I confess, very deep-rooted, as also is my conviction, that "whatever is, is right."—Scarcely any except the *fortunate* will, I suppose, be ready to join me in the latter notion, though in the former I am aware I have many associates, particularly amongst old women and hypochondriacs: I am, it is true, perpetually laughed at for both by *clever* ladies and *strong-minded* gentlemen, but still think proper to retain my own impressions.

I will detail the following circumstance in illustration of these principles. It took place immediately previous to the breaking out of the rebellion.

I dined at the house of Lady Colclough (a near relative of Lady Barrington,) in the town of Wexford, in April, 1798. The company, so

far as I recollect, consisted of about seventeen persons, amongst whom were several other of Lady B.'s relatives, then members of the grand jury: Mr. Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown, a gentleman of very large fortune who had represented the county; his two brothers, both wealthy men; Captain Keogh, afterwards rebel governor of Wexford, the husband of Lady B.'s aunt; the unfortunate John Colclough, of Tintern, and the still more unfortunate Mr. Colclough; Counsellor John Beauman; Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, afterwards the rebel generalissimo; Mr. William Hatton, and some others. The conversation after dinner turning on the distracted state of the country, became rather too free, and I begged some of the party to be more moderate, as our ways of thinking were so different, and my public situation did not permit me, especially at that particular period, to hear such strong language: the loyalists amongst us did not exceed four or five.

The tone of the conversation was soon lowered, but not before I had made up my mind as to the probable fate of several in company, though I certainly had no idea that, in little more than a month, a sanguinary rebellion would desolate my native land, and violent deaths, within *three* months, befal a great proportion of that joyous assemblage. I had seen enough, however, to con-

vince me that all was not right; and that, by plunging one step further, most of my relatives and friends would be in imminent danger. The party however broke up; and next morning, Mr. Beauman and myself, happening to meet on the bridge, talked over the occurrences of the previous day, uniting in opinion as to the inauspicious aspect of things, and actually proceeding to make out a list of those amongst the dinner-party whom we considered likely to fall victims!—and it so turned out that *every one* of our predictions was verified. It was superficial observation alone that led me to think as I did at that moment, but a decided presentiment of what eventually happened soon after took possession of me; and indeed so full was I of forebodings, that I have more than once been roused out of my sleep by the horrid ideas floating through my mind!

Bagenal Harvey, (already mentioned in this work) who had been my school-fellow and constant circuit-companion for many years, laughed, at Lady Colclough's, at my political prudery; assured me I was totally wrong in suspecting him; and insisted on my going to Bargay Castle, his residence, to meet some old Temple friends of ours on the ensuing Monday;—my relative Captain Keogh was to be of the party.

I accordingly went there to dinner, but that

evening proved to me one of great uneasiness, and made a very disagreeable impression both on my mind and spirits. The company I met included Captain Keogh; the two unfortunate Counsellors Sheers, who were both hung shortly afterwards; Mr. Colclough, who was hung on the bridge; Mr. Hay, who was also executed; Mr. William Hatton, one of the rebel directory of Wexford, who unaccountably escaped; and a gentleman of the bar whose name I shall not mention, as he still lives.

The entertainment was good, and the party cheerful. Temple freaks were talked over; the bottle circulated: but, at length, Irish politics became the topic, and proceeded to an extent of disclosure which utterly surprised me. With the Messrs. Sheers (particularly Henry) I had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy: I had extricated both of them not long before from considerable difficulty, through the kindness of Lord Kilwarden; and I had no idea that matters wherein they were concerned had proceeded to the lengths developed on that night. The probability of a speedy revolt was freely discussed, though in the most artful manner, not a word of any of the party committing themselves: but they talked it over as a result which might be expected from the complexion of the times and the irritation excited in consequence

of the severities exercised by the government. The chances of success, in the event of a rising, were openly debated, as were also the circumstances likely to spring from that success, and the examples which the insurgents would in such a case probably make. All this was at the same time talked over, without one word being uttered in favour of rebellion :—a system of caution which, I afterwards learned, was much practised for the purpose of gradually making proselytes without alarming them. I saw through it clearly, and here my presentiments came strong upon me. I found myself in the midst of absolute though unavowed conspirators. I perceived that the explosion was much nearer than the government expected; and I was startled at the decided manner in which my host and his friends spoke.

Under these circumstances, my alternative was evidently to quit the house or give a turn to the conversation. I therefore began to laugh at the subject, and ridicule it as quite visionary, observing jestingly to Keogh—" Now, my dear Keogh, it is quite clear that you and I, in this famous rebellion, shall be on different sides of the question; and of course one or the other of us must necessarily be hanged at or before its termination—I upon a lamp-iron in Dublin, or you on the bridge of Wexford. Now, we'll

make a bargain!—if we beat you, upon my honour I'll do all I can to save your neck; and if your folks beat us, you'll save me from the honour of the lamp-iron!"

We shook hands on the bargain, which created much merriment, and gave the whole after-talk a cheerful character; and I returned to Wexford at twelve at night, with a most decided impression of the danger of the country, and a complete presentiment that either myself or Captain Keogh would never see the conclusion of that summer.

I immediately wrote to Mr. Secretary Cooke, without mentioning names, place, or any particular source of knowledge; but simply to assure him that there was not a doubt that an insurrection would break out at a much earlier period than the government expected. I desired him to ask me no questions, but said that he might depend upon the fact; adding that a commanding force ought instantly to be sent down to garrison the town of Wexford. "If the government," said I, in conclusion, "does not attend to my warning, it must take the consequences." My warning was not attended to; but his Majesty's government soon found I was right. They lost Wexford, and might have lost Ireland, by that culpable inattention.

The result need scarcely be mentioned; every

member of that jovial dinner-party (with the exception of myself, the barrister before alluded to, and Mr. Hatton,) was executed within three months! and on my next visit to Wexford, I saw the heads of Captain Keogh, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Colclough on spikes over the court-house door.

Previously to the final catastrophe, however, when the insurgents had been beaten, Wexford retaken by our troops, and Keogh made prisoner, I did not forget my promise to him at Bargay Castle. Many certificates had reached Dublin of his humanity to the royalists whilst the town of Wexford was under his government, and of attempts made upon his life by Dixon, a chief of his own party, for his endeavouring to resist the rebel butcheries. I had intended to go with these directly to Lord Camden, the Lord Lieutenant; but I first saw Mr. Secretary Cooke, to whom I related the entire story and showed him several favourable documents. He told me I might save myself the trouble of going to Lord Camden; and at the same time handed me a dispatch received that morning from General Lake, who stated that he had thought it necessary, on recapturing Wexford, to lose no time in "making examples" of the rebel chiefs; and that accordingly, Mr. Grogan, of Johnstown, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, of Bargay Castle, Captain

Keogh, Mr. Colclough, and some other gentlemen, had been hanged on the bridge and beheaded the previous morning.

I felt shocked beyond measure at this intelligence,—particularly as I knew Mr. Cornelius Grogan (an excellent gentleman, seventy years of age, of very large fortune and establishments,) to be no more a rebel than myself. Being unable, from infirmity, to walk without assistance, he was led to execution.

I was at all times ready and willing to risk my life to put down that spirit of mad democracy which sought to subvert all legal institutions, and to support every true principle of the constitution which protected us: but at the same time I must in truth and candour say, (and I say it with reluctance,) that, during those most sanguinary scenes, the brutal conduct of certain frantic royalists was at least on a parallel with that of the frantic rebels.

A short time after the recapture of Wexford, I traversed that county, to see the ruins which had been occasioned by warfare. Enniscorthy had been twice stormed, and was dilapidated and nearly burned. New Ross showed most melancholy relics of the obstinate and bloody battle of full ten hours' duration, which had been fought in every street of it. The numerous pits crammed with dead bodies, on Vine-

gar Hill, seemed on some spots actually elastic as we stood upon them; whilst the walls of an old windmill on its summit appeared stained and splashed with the blood and brains of the many victims who had been piked or shot against it by the rebels. The court-house of Enniscorthy, wherein our troops had burned alive above eighty of the wounded rebels; and the barn of Scullabogue, where the rebels had retaliated by burning alive above 120 Protestants—were terrific ruins! The town of Gorey was utterly destroyed,—not a house being left perfect; and the bodies of the killed were lying half-covered in sundry ditches in its vicinity. It was here that Colonel Walpole had been defeated and killed a few days before.*

An unaccountable circumstance was witnessed

* No man ever came to a violent death more unwarily! Colonel Walpole was a peculiarly handsome man, an aid-de-camp to Lord Camden. With somewhat of the air of a *petit-maître*, he fluttered much about the drawing-room of the Castle:—but, as he had not seen actual service, he felt a sort of military inferiority to veterans, who had spent the early part of their lives in blowing other people's brains out; and he earnestly begged to be entrusted with some command that might give him an opportunity of fighting for a few weeks in the county Wexford, and of writing some elegant dispatches to his excellency, the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant most kindly indulged him with a body of troops, and sent him to fight in the county Wexford, as

by me on that tour immediately after the retaking of Wexford. General Lake, as I have before mentioned, had ordered the heads of Mr. Grogan, Captain Keogh, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, to be placed on very low spikes, over the court-house door of Wexford. A faithful servant of Mr. Grogan had taken away his head; but the other three remained there when I visited the town. The mutilated countenances of friends and relatives, in such a situation, would, it may be imagined, give any man most horrifying sensations! The heads of Mr. Colclough and Harvey appeared black lumps, the features being utterly undistinguishable; that of Keogh was uppermost, but the air had made no impression on it whatever! His comely and respect-inspiring face (except the *pale* hue, scarcely to be called *livid,*) was the same as in life: his eyes were not closed—his hair not much ruffled: in fact, it appeared to me rather as a head of chiselled marble, with glass eyes,

he requested: but on passing the town of Gorey, not being accustomed to advanced guards or flankers, he overlooked such trifles altogether! and having got into a defile with some cannon and the Antrim regiment,—in a few minutes the Colonel was shot through the head—the cannon changed masters—and most of the Antrim heroes had each a pike, ten or twelve feet long, sticking in his carcase:—" Sic transit gloria mundi!"

than as the lifeless remains of a human creature:—this circumstance I never could get any medical man to give me the least explanation of. I prevailed on General Hunter, who then commanded in Wexford, to suffer the three heads to be taken down and buried.

WOLF TONE.

Counsellor Theobald Wolf Tone—His resemblance to Mr. Croker—He is ordered to be hanged by a military court—General Craig attached in court of Common Pleas —Tone's attempt at suicide.—Cruel suggestion respecting him.

THEOBALD WOLF TONE was one of the most remarkable of the persons who lost their lives in consequence of that wild democratic mania, which, at the period treated of in the former sketch, had seized upon the reason of so many otherwise sensible individuals. His catastrophe cannot fail to be interesting.

This gentleman's enthusiastic mind was eternally surrounded by the mist of visionary speculation: it was a fine sailer, but wanted ballast. He had distinguished himself somewhat in the University as a desultory declaimer; but, in my judgment, that was the full extent of his powers. He was neither high-born, nor wealthy:—in fact, I fear even a steady competency was not at his command; and hence his spirit, naturally restless, was additionally goaded and inflamed.

It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Tone, a decided revolutionist and rebel, married, improvidently enough, one sister, whilst Mr. Thomas Reynolds, who betrayed the friends of Tone and of himself, espoused another.

Tone was called to the Irish bar; but had been previously over-rated, and did not succeed. I thought it a pity (as he was really a good-hearted person,) that he should not be fairly tried, and, if possible, pushed forward; and being myself high on the circuit, I took him round in my carriage three times, and then thought well of him; but he was too light and visionary; and as for law, was quite incapable of imbibing that species of science. His person was unfavourable—his countenance thin and sallow; and he had in his speech a harsh guttural pronunciation of the letter *R*—a defect shared by him in common with Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, who indeed resembled him in personal appearance greatly, but was somewhat Tone's inferior in elocution.

It is my belief, that Tone could not have succeeded in any steady civil profession. He was not worldly enough, nor had he sufficient common sense for his guidance. His biography has been repeatedly published, and I only intend here to allude to the extraordinary cir-

cumstances of his death;—an event upon which I confess I had many painful feelings, and not the less so from its being connected with my own judicial functions.

He had been taken in arms by Sir John Borlase Warren, at sea, in a French frigate, proceeding to land troops in Ireland. He wore the uniform of a French officer; but being recognized, brought prisoner to Dublin, and delivered over for trial to the provost-marshal and military authorities, he was of course condemned to be hanged. I did not see him under these distressing circumstances, nor in truth was it my wish to do so; for although there existed between us no actual friendship, still I had a strong feeling for a gentleman with whom I had been so well acquainted.

It occurred to his counsel that the jurisdiction of martial-law could not extend to him, as it only operated on land, and he had been taken at sea. An application was therefore made to the Common Pleas, to have him brought up by Habeas Corpus, in order (the point being ascertained) to be regularly tried before the competent tribunal—the court of Admiralty. The Habeas Corpus being granted, was served on General Craig, who then commanded in Dublin, but who refused to obey it, and was attached for his dis-

obedience; an order being consequently made for the general and some of his staff to be taken into custody by the officers of the court.

To me (as judge of the Admiralty,) this appeal was most distressing. Had Tone the least chance of escape in any court, or upon any trial, it might have been otherwise; but he could not be defended; and to have him brought before me only to witness his conviction, and to pronounce his sentence, shocked me extremely. His friends thought this course might prolong his fate a considerable time, and it was supposed that something might intermediately occur calculated to effect a commutation of the capital punishment. I knew better! I was convinced that his execution was determined on: it was unavoidable, and I felt *great* uneasiness.

The court having ordered General Craig, and Major Sandys, (provost-marshal) to be arrested for disobedience, both these gentlemen submitted, and the *pursuivant* was then directed to bring up the body of Theobald Wolf Tone, on the writ of Habeas Corpus. The judges sat patiently awaiting the officer's return: and the decision being of great importance, the court was crowded to suffocation.

A considerable time elapsed, and still the *pursuivant* returned not. At length he appeared, with horror in his looks, and scarcely able to

speak. He informed the court that Mr. Tone, feeling certain of execution by order of the military, and being ignorant of the motion which his friends thought might give him some chance for his life, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and, he believed, was dying! A surgeon now attended, who reported that the prisoner had certainly cut his throat, but that recovery was possible: the incision was long and deep, but had missed the artery, and he still lived. Of course, the trial was postponed; every friend he had, (and I think he had many amongst the bar,) rejoicing that poor Tone had escaped a public execution. He lingered awhile:—and will it be believed, that when the wound had been connected, and whilst life still seemed to be precarious, owing to the extreme inflammation,—I say, will it be believed that there existed cruelty sufficient in the breast of any human creature to advise his execution — though it would have been impossible to put the sentence in force without inserting the rope within the wound, and nearly tearing away the unfortunate gentleman's head from his body? Yet such advice was given, for "the sake of example;"— and rejected, I am happy to say, with horror! I will spare the man who gave it the ignominy which would thence attach to his name were it mentioned.

DUBLIN ELECTION.

My contest for Dublin city — Supported by Grattan, Ponsonby, Plunkett, and Curran—Singularity of a canvass for Dublin — The election — Curious incidents — Grattan's famous philippic, never before published—Memoirs of Mr. John Giffard, called the "dog in office" — Horish the chimney-sweeper's bon-mot.

In 1803, I had become particularly popular in Dublin. I was not at enmity with any sect or any party. The losses and deprivations which the citizens of Dublin were suffering in consequence of the Union brought to their recollection the fact of my having been one of its most zealous opponents. They knew that I had entertained professional ambition; and they also knew that, in order to oppose that measure, and support the independence of the nation as well as my own, I had with open eyes sacrificed all the objects of my ambition;—that I had refused the most gratifying proposals; and, in maintenance of principle, had set my face decidedly against the measures of that government which

I had on other occasions supported, and which alone possessed the power to advance me. They knew that I had braved the animosity of Chancellor Clare, whom few had ever ventured to oppose so decidedly as myself; and that I had utterly renounced Lord Castlereagh, by whom all means were employed to attach me. In fact, the citizens of Dublin recollected that I had abandoned every prospect in life to uphold their interest; and consequently many persons on both sides of politics had proposed to me to become a candidate for the representation of the metropolis in parliament. Some entire corporations voted me their freedom and support; and a great number of the freeholders tendered me their aid. Having, in addition, an extensive personal interest of my own, I at length determined to stand the contest.

Persons of the first weight and rank came forward in my favour; and amongst these I am proud to enumerate—his Grace the Duke of Leinster, Mr. Grattan, Mr. George Ponsonby, Mr. Curran, Mr. Plunkett,—several of the most respectable members of my own profession, and many private gentlemen. Indeed, the mode wherein I was brought forward, and the parties by whom I was encouraged, could not but combine to gratify me highly.

The city, however, immediately divided into

two inveterate factions,—one of which declared for Mr. Beresford, the banker, and Mr. Ogle, the Orange chieftain; whilst the other supported Mr. Latouche and myself. A fifth gentleman, Sir John Jervoise White Jervoise, Bart. also announced himself a candidate, on the strength of his own personal connexions and individual property in the city, backed by any second votes he could pick up amongst the rest.

Dublin differs from London in this respect—inasmuch as, there must be an *individual* canvass requiring hard labour of at least two months or ten weeks, by day and by night, to get through it cleverly. One custom alone takes up an immensity of time, which, though I believe it never existed anywhere else, has good sense to recommend it. The grand corporation of Dublin comprises twenty-five minor corporations or trades, each independent of the other; and all (knowing their own importance previous to an election, and their insignificance after it is over,) affect the state and authority of a Venetian senate, and say (shrewdly enough) "how can we, ignorant men! tell who is fittest to represent Dublin till we have an opportunity of knowing their abilities?"—And for the purpose of acquiring this knowledge, each corporation appoints a day to receive the candidates in due formality in its hall; and each candidate is then

called on to make an oration, in order to give the electors power of judging as to his capability to speak in parliament. So that, in the progress of his canvass, every candidate must make twenty-four or twenty-six speeches in his best style! Nothing can be more amusing than the gravity and decorum, wherewith the journeymen barbers,* hosiers, skinners, cooks, &c. &c. receive the candidates, listen to their fine florid harangues, and then begin to debate amongst themselves as to their comparative merits; and, in truth, assume as much importance as the diplomatists at Vienna, with intentions to the full as good!

However, I got through my canvass of nearly three months, and remained tolerably in my senses at the conclusion of it: though, most undoubtedly, I drank as much porter and whiskey with the electors themselves, and as much tea and cherry-brandy with their wives, as would have ended my days on any other occasion. But I loved the people of Dublin; I had lived more than thirty years amongst them; was upon good terms with all parties and societies; and, if elected, I should have been a very faithful, and I trust, an effective representative.

* Who very lately addressed the Duke of York as "the corporation of surgeons,"—i. e. *barber-surgeons*.

The humours of an Irish canvass can only be known to those who have witnessed them; and, I believe, no election, even in Ireland, ever gave rise to more of what is termed real *fun*. Most of the incidents are too trivial and too local for detail: but there were some so ludicrous, that, even at this moment, I can scarce refrain from laughing at their recollection.

Never was a business of the kind conducted with more spirit; and, at the same time, a degree of good temper prevailed, not to have been expected in a contest which called into play the the most fiery and rancorous party feelings; and the genuine stream of humour that steadily flowed on, had a great effect in washing away any marks of ill blood. It is with pride I relate that the four voters who formed my first tally were, Mr. George Ponsonby, (afterwards Lord Chancellor) Mr. Henry Grattan, Mr. William Plunkett, (the present Attorney-General) and Mr. John Philpott Curran, (afterwards Master of the Rolls); and that the two former accompanied their votes by far more than merited eulogies.

I lost the election: but I polled to the end of the fifteen days, and had the gratification of thinking that I broke the knot of a virulent ascendancy, was the means of Mr. Latouche's

success, and likewise of Mr. Grattan's subsequent return.

In the course of that election many curious incidents occurred; and as every thing which relates to Mr. Grattan, and tends to elucidate the character and peculiarities of that most pure and eminent of my countrymen, must necessarily be interesting (anecdotes, which if not recorded now by me, would be lost for ever,)—I feel myself justified in detailing a few, though in themselves of no particular importance.

In the days of unsophisticated patriotism, when the very name of Grattan operated as a spell to rouse the energies and spirit of his country;—when the schisms of party bigotry had yielded to the common weal, and public men obtained that public gratitude which they merited;—the corporation of Dublin (in some lucid interval of the sottish malady which has ever distinguished that inconsiderate and intemperate body,) obtained a full-length portrait of Henry Grattan, then termed their great deliverer. His name graced their corporate rolls as an hereditary freeman,* when the jealous malice of that rancorous and persevering enemy of every man opposed to him, the Earl of Clare, in

* Mr. Grattan's father had been recorder of Dublin and representative in parliament for that city.

a secret committee of the House of Lords, introduced into their report some lines of a deposition by one Hughes, (a rebel who had been made a witness, and was induced to coin evidence to save his own life,) detailing a conversation which he alleged himself to have had with Mr. Grattan, wherein the latter had owned that he was a united Irishman. Every body knew the total falsity of this. Indeed, Mr. Grattan was, on the other hand, a man whose principles had been on certain occasions considered too aristocratic; and yet he was now denounced, in the slang of the Lord Chancellor, "an infernal *democrat*." The corporation of Dublin caught the sound, and, without one atom of inquiry, tore down from their walls the portrait which had done them so much honour, and expelled Grattan from the corporation without trial or even notice; thus proclaiming one of the most loyal and constitutional subjects of the British empire to be a rebel and incendiary. He despised and took no notice of their extravagance.

On the election in question, I was proposed by Mr. George Ponsonby; and upon Mr. Grattan rising next to vote upon my tally, he was immediately objected to as having been expelled on the report of Lord Clare's committee. A burst of indignation on the one side, and of boisterous declamation on the other,

forthwith succeeded. It was of an alarming nature: Grattan meanwhile standing silent, and regarding, with a smile of the most ineffable contempt ever expressed, his shameless accusers. The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic style and tone so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words — memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences the most overwhelming philippic — the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity, that the English, or, I believe, any other language, is capable of affording:—

"Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigotted agitator!—In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward!—And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."

Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance; and replied, in one single sentence, "I

would spit upon him in a desert!"—which vapid and unmeaning exclamation was his sole retort!

I called for the roll, and, on inspection, Mr. Grattan's name appeared never to have been erased. Of course, the objection was overruled,—my friend voted, and his triumph was complete.

The erasure of his name from the roll was never afterwards attempted; and, on the dissolution of that parliament, he was requested by the very same body to stand forward as their "most illustrious countryman," and elected by acclamation in that very same court-house, as the representative of the city and corporation which had so recently endeavoured to debase and destroy him; his chairing being attended with enthusiasm by those who some time before would with equal zeal have attended his execution. Never was there exhibited a more complete proof of causeless popular versatility; which, indeed, was repeatedly practised on that real patriot.

Mr. John Giffard, the subject of the foregoing philippic, was a very remarkable person. He had a great deal of vulgar talent; a daring impetuosity; and was wholly indifferent to opinion. From first to last he fought his way through the world; and finally worked himself up to be the most sturdy partizan I ever recol-

lect in the train of government. His detestation of the Pope and his adoration of King William he carried to an excess quite ridiculous; in fact, on both subjects he seemed occasionally delirious. His life had many curious incidents connected with it; and as it would be wrong that a name so frequently occurring in the local history of Ireland should remain unnoticed, I have, therefore, in these fragments introduced it.

I did not agree with Mr. Grattan as to all the epithets wherewith he honoured the captain. "A coward" he most certainly was not. With all his faults, (or crimes if they should be called so) he had several qualities which in social intercourse are highly valuable; and, hence, it is just to make a clear distinction between his private and his public character. He was as warm-hearted and friendly a person as I ever met with; and, on the other hand, a bitterer enemy never existed: I don't think he ever was mine.

Giffard was originally an apothecary. When I was at the Dublin University, the students were wild and lawless:—any offence to one was considered as an offence to all; and as the elder sons of most men of rank and fortune in Ireland were then educated in Dublin College, it was dangerous to meddle with so powerful a

set of students, who consequently did precisely what they chose (outside the college gates). If they conceived offence against any body, the collegians made no scruple of bringing the offender into the court, and pumping him well; and their unanimity and numbers were so great, that it was quite impossible any youth could be selected for punishment. In my time, we used to break open what houses we pleased!—regularly beating the watch every night, except in one parish, which we always kept in pay, to lend us their poles wherewith to fight the others. In short, our conduct was outrageous; and the first check we ever received was from Giffard, who was a director of the watch, and kept a shop close to the Parliament-house.

He having in some way annoyed the collegians, they determined to pump Giffard; but they reckoned without their host! He entrenched himself in his house, which we assailed, breaking all his windows. He gave repeated warnings to no purpose; and a new assault being commenced, Giffard fired a pistol, and a collegian was wounded in the wrist, whereupon the besiegers immediately retired from the fortress.

It was a lucky shot for Giffard, who immediately obtained some parochial office for his

firmness;—made himself of importance on every trifling subject; and harangued constantly in the vestry. Of his subsequent progress I know nothing till about the year 1790, when I became a public character, and found Giffard an *attaché* to the Castle in divers capacities. He was afterwards placed in the revenue department, became a common-councilman, and at length high sheriff; at which epoch he acquired the title which forsook him not, of "*The Dog in Office*," though wherefore, I could never rightly make out. His acts from that period became part of the general statistical history of Irish politics. One of his sons was butchered in cool blood by the rebels at Kildare, which naturally increased his ferocity. His eldest son, Harding Giffard, and Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, married two sisters in Waterford. Mr. Croker's good luck enabled him to aid his relative, who, having tried the Irish bar in vain for several years, has become Chief Justice of Ceylon:—Mr. Croker himself, (after *his* unsuccessful professional essay) being casually indebted to several persons of celebrity for his very rapid elevation.

During the election we are speaking of, one Horish, a master chimney-sweeper, appeared on the hustings. This man, being known to have several votes at command besides his own, had

been strongly canvassed, but would promise neither of the candidates, nor give the least hint how he intended to vote.

During the rebellion of 1798, Mr. John Beresford (one of the candidates) had built a riding-house for his yeomanry troop, which had been also much used as a place for whipping *suspected* persons in, to make them discover what in all probability they never knew;—a practice equally just and humane, and liberally resorted to (perhaps for sport) by military officers, pending that troublous era.

In Mr. Beresford's riding-house, this infernal system was carried on to a greater extent than in any of the similar slaughter-houses then tolerated in the metropolis:—to such an extent, indeed, that some Irish wags (who never fail even upon the most melancholy occasions to exercise their native humour,) had one night the words, "Mangling done here by J. Beresford and Co." painted upon a sign-board, and fixed over the entrance.

It happened that this same Horish had been amongst those who had paid to their king and country a full share of skin for the crime of being anonymously suspected. He had not forgotten the couple of hundred lashes on his bare carcass which he had received in Mr. Beresford's riding-house: but the circumstance

(being of such an ordinary nature,) was, of course, totally forgotten by the worthy candidate, notwithstanding the tenacious sensation of the elector's loins, where many a good thick welt remained to remind him of the pastime.

Horish, a coarse, rough-looking, strong-built, independent, and at the moment well-dressed brute of a fellow, remained quite coquettish as to his votes. "Let me see!" said he, feeling his importance, and unwilling to part with it, (which would be the case the moment he had polled,) and looking earnestly at all the candidates,—"Let me see! who shall I vote for?—I'm very hard to please, gentlemen, I assure you!" He hesitated: we all pressed:—"Fair and easy, gentlemen," said Horish, looking at each of us again, "don't hurry a man!"

"Barrington," cried impatient Beresford, "I know that honest fellow Horish will vote for me!" Horish stared, but said nothing.

"Indeed he will not," replied I, "eh, Horish?" Horish looked, but remained silent.

"I'll lay you a *rump and dozen,*" exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter!"

Horish now started into a sort of animation, but coolly replied:—"You'll lose that same rump and dozen, Mr. Beresford! 'twas many a *dozen* you gave my *r—p* already in the riding-house, and to the devil I bob that kind of en-

tertainment! but if ever I have the honour of meeting you up a chimney, depend on it, Mr. Beresford, I'll treat you with all the *civility* imaginable! Come, boys, we 'll poll away for the counsellor!" and I was supported, I believe, by every chimney-sweeper in the city of Dublin (and they were many,) who had votes.

ELECTION FOR COUNTY WEXFORD.

Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's contest for County Wexford, omitted by all his pseudo-biographers—Duel of Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough, (candidates) on a question respecting Mr. Sheridan's poll—Colclough killed—A lamentable incident—Mr. Alcock's trial—He afterwards goes mad and dies—His sister, Miss Alcock, also dies lunatic in consequence—Marquess of Ely tried for an outrage at Wexford, and fined.

It is to be lamented that the biographers and eulogists of Richard Brinsley Sheridan should have suppressed some of the most creditable incidents of his variegated life, whilst his memory is disgraced by pretended friends and literary admirers.

These writers have raked up from his ashes, and exposed to public indignation, every failing of that great and gifted man:—so that, if their own productions were by any chance to become permanent, they would send him down to posterity as a witty, but low and dissipated *sharper;* or, in their very best colouring, as the most talented

of mean and worthless mendicants. But Sheridan's reputation will outlive all such attempts to obliterate it; whilst the ignorance of his libellers is conspicuous from their entire omission of some of the most interesting events of his career, at the same time that others are vouched for, which to my individual knowledge are gross misrepresentations.

Amongst the incidents that have been overlooked is one both extraordinary and melancholy, and forming an honourable comment on Mr. Sheridan's public character. I was, myself, mentally interested in the whole transaction;—and can therefore give it on my own responsibility. I am, indeed, most anxious to rescue his memory from the rough hands which, in sketching their subject, have placed the mane of the lion upon the shoulders of a mountebank.

In speaking thus, I deeply regret that one of these biographers should be a man whom I esteem; and I regret it the more, since he has used poor Sheridan as a chopping-block, whereon to hack the character of the most illustrious person of the British Empire, who (for the first time in his life, I believe) has been accused of *pecuniary illiberality*. A circumstance accidentally came to my knowledge to *prove* that charge the very reverse of truth. But an opportunity will be

taken by me of observing still more explicitly on these *friends* of Mr. Sheridan.

On the general election of 1808, Mr. John Colclough, of Tintern Abbey, County Wexford, a near relative of mine, (and *locum tenens* of his elder brother, Mr. Cæsar Colclough, who had been long resident on the Continent) declared himself for the second time candidate for Wexford County, which he had represented in the previous parliament. The Colclough estates were large, the freeholders thereon numerous, and devoted to the interest of their patriotic leader, whose uncle, Mr. John Grogan, of Johnstown Castle (also a relative of mine), possessed of a very large fortune and extensive tenantry, had united with his nephew and other most respectable and independent gentlemen of that county, to liberate its representation from the trammels of certain noblemen who had for many years usurped its domination. Mr. Colclough was determined to put the pride, spirit, and patriotism of the county to proof, and therefore proposed Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan as joint-candidate with himself, declaring that he was authorised by the independent freeholders of the county to say, that they should feel the greatest gratification in being represented by so distinguished an ornament to the name of Irishman.

Mr. Colclough and Mr. Sheridan were therefore nominated on the one hand; and Mr. Alcock, supported by the interest of the influenced electors, on the other.

Never yet was any poll conducted by more resolute, active, and zealous partizans, but it is lamentable to add that they were equally intemperate as zealous. The flame of patriotism had caught the mass of the population; tenants no longer obeyed the dictates of their absent landlords nor the menaces of tyrannic agents: no man could count on the votes of his former vassals. The hustings was thronged with crowds of tenantry, constitutionally breaking away from their shackles, and voting according to their principles of free agency for Sheridan,—a man known to them only by the celebrity of his talents. The poll proceeded:—the independent party was advancing fast to success: and had the election continued, there is no doubt but that Mr. Sheridan would have been a representative for Wexford County. At this crisis occurred one of the most unfortunate and melancholy events on Irish record, and by which the contest was terminated—as if the untoward destiny of Sheridan withered every thing that came in contact with it.

Several tenants of a person, who had given his interest to Mr. Alcock, absolutely refused to

vote for that gentleman, declaring that at every risk they would support Colclough and "the great Sheridan." Mr. Alcock's partizans perverted the free agency of these men into seduction on the part of Mr. Colclough: hence a feeling decidedly hostile was excited; the fierce zeal and frenzy of election partizanship burst into a flame; and Mr. Colclough was required to decline such votes, or to receive them at his peril.

Of course he disregarded this outrageous threat, and open war ensued. One party lost sight of reason;—both, of humanity; and it was determined, that before the opening of next morning's poll, the candidates should decide, by single combat, the contested question, and (of course) the election itself. With what indignation and horror must such a resolution, at once assailing law, good morals, and decency, be now regarded! and how will the feeling of surprise increase from its being passed over with impunity!

Early on the eventful morning, many hundred people assembled to witness the affair; and it will scarcely be believed that no less than eleven or twelve *county justices* stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without an effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

Both combatants were remarkably near-sighted; and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partizans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them; but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance. The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols; and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character—brother-candidates for the county—and former friends, nay, *intimate companions,*—standing in the centre of a field, without any *personal* offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates, to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

The sight was awful!—a dead silence and pause ensued: the great crowd stood in motionless suspense: the combatants presented: men scarcely breathed: the word was given: Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend—his companion—one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart! he spoke not

—but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth—his limbs quivered—he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck—of course without effect.

The by-standers looked almost petrified. The profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when, on the sudden, a loud and universal yell (the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain) simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from every quarter of the field; a yell so savage and continuous—so like the tone of *revenge*,—that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of the country. Alcock and his partizans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body; and their candidate, (a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigour!) was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through those very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalise his triumph.

The election-poll, of course, proceeded without further opposition:—the joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation: and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford

County, solely through the death of his brother-candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated.

A more wanton duel, a more unnecessary, cruel, and in all points illegal transaction, never occurred in the United Empire: yet, strange to say, of those eleven or twelve magistrates who actually stood by, as amateurs or partizans, in defiance of the law and of their duty,—not one was displaced or punished!—a precedent of impunity most discreditable to the high authorities of that day, dangerous to the peace of the country, and subversive of the first principles of free election. Judge of Sheridan's feelings on receiving this intelligence! and judge of the correctness of his biographers, who have suppressed the incident.

Nor was poor Colclough's death the last act of the tragedy. His friends thought themselves called on to prosecute Mr. Alcock, who fled, but subsequently returned and surrendered for trial. I attended, as special counsel for the prosecution: Baron Smith tried the cause. The evidence was stronger than I have deemed it necessary to recite. The baron stated his opinion on the legal distinctions as applicable to duelling, and on that opinion the bar differed. It was not the wish of the prosecutors to do more than mark the transaction by a conviction for

manslaughter, which the law, under the circumstances, seemed to render imperative. However, the then politics of Wexford juries differed not unfrequently both from the laws of God and the statute book; and the verdict returned in this instance was, to the surprise of every one, a *general acquittal*.

But, alas! the acquitted duellist suffered more in mind than his victim had done in body. The horror of the scene, and the solemnity of the trial, combined to make a fatal inroad on his reason! He became melancholy; his understanding gradually declined; a dark gloom enveloped his entire intellect; and an excellent young man and perfect gentleman at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. Goaded by the vicious frenzy of election partizans, he had slain his friend; and, haunted by reflection and sorrow, he ended his own days in personal restraint and mental ruin.

Two other duels were fought upon the same occasion, but with little injury and still less interest. Mr. Cæsar Colclough has since returned from the continent; and, on the strength of his late brother's popularity, was elected member for County Wexford. He has not, however, followed up the high reputation of that brother; nor very satisfactorily fulfilled the expectations of his constituents.

But to this sanguinary and fatal duel there was yet another sad corollary. Miss Alcock, sister of the member, had been most deeply affected by the mournful catastrophe. She had known Colclough long and intimately; and being an amiable and sensitive young woman,—her brother's absence, his trial, and his subsequent depression, kept the gloomy transaction alive in her mind: hence she also gradually wasted; and the death of her brother sinking deeper and deeper into a heart, all the sources of tranquillity whereof had been dried up,—*her* reason wandered, at length fled, and she did not long survive the dreadful fate of her friend and of her brother.

A trivial anecdote will suffice to exhibit the general state of Wexford County, and of the aristocracy and magistracy, many of whom were a disgrace to their office, and completely filled up Mr. Grattan's definition of a "regal rebel" by their arrogance, tyranny, oppression, and disaffection. By these men the peasantry were goaded into a belief that justice was banished, and so driven into the arms of the avowed rebels, who used every lure to enforce their previous delusion.

A handsome young woman, maid-servant to a Mrs. Lett, who was considered as a great *patriot* (rebel) in Wexford, happened one summer's

evening to sit at her mistress's window singing songs, but to certain airs that were not considered orthodox by the aristocracy.

The Marquess of Ely, with the high sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were retiring after their wine from the grand jury, and heard this unfortunate young siren warbling at the window: but as the song sounded to their loyal ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay; and, accordingly, my lord the high sheriff and their friends (to preserve the peace and protect the constitution from such traitorous maid-servants,) forthwith commenced their laudable undertaking; and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of the greatest utility to the glazier, and had well-nigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner likewise.

However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the peasants had been persuaded: my lord the high sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried, I had the honour of being his Lordship's counsel, and as our duty was to make "the worse appear the better *cause*," I certainly did my utmost for the Marquess:—but his Lordship, conceiving my delicacy to the maid-

servant rather too great, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted.

"Now, girl," said the Marquess, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say you would *split my scull open?*"

"Why, then by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his scull open, my Lord!"

"Ha! ha!" said the Marquess, "now I have her!" (wisely supposing she made some allusion to a reward for killing him:) "and *why*, girl, would it be not worth your while?"

"Because, my Lord," answered she, "if I had split your Lordship's scull open,—by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain I should have found little or nothing inside of it!"

The laugh against the noble Marquess was now too great to admit of his proceeding any further with his cross-examination: he was found guilty, and fined.

WEDDED LIFE.

Lord Clonmell, chief justice of the Irish Court of King's Bench—His character—Lady Tyrawly's false charge against him—Consequent duel between him and Lord Tyrawly—Eclaircissement—Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer—Lord Clonmell's hints "How to rule a Wife"—Subsequent conversation with his Lordship at Sir John Tydd's.

THE first chief judge who favoured me with his intimacy was Lord Clonmell, chief justice of the King's Bench. His character appears at full length in my "Historical Memoirs of Ireland," page 38, and a curious but true character it is. I was introduced to his Lordship's notice through Sir John Tydd, and received from him many instances of kind attention; and he gave me, early in life, some of the very best practical maxims. As he was one of the celebrated official "fire-eaters," (whom I shall hereafter mention,) and fought several duels, it may be amusing to copy here, from the work in question, a few distinguishing traits of his Lordship.

"Mr. Scott never omitted one favourable opportunity of serving himself. His skill was unrivalled, and his success proverbial. He was full of anecdotes, though not the most refined: these in private society he not only told, but acted; and, when he perceived that he had made a very good exhibition, he immediately withdrew, that he might leave the most lively impression of his pleasantry behind him. His boldness was his first introduction—his policy, his ultimate preferment. Courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial, he knew the world well, and he profited by that knowledge:—he cultivated the powerful; he bullied the timid; he fought the brave; he flattered the vain; he duped the credulous; and he amused the convivial. Half-liked, half-reprobated, he was too high to be despised, and too low to be respected. His language was coarse, and his principles arbitrary: but his passions were his slaves, and his cunning was his instrument. In public and in private, he was the same character; and, though a most fortunate man, and a successful courtier, he had scarcely a sincere friend or a *disinterested* adherent."

His duel with Lord Tyrawly was caused and attended by circumstances which combine to form a curious narrative:—Lady Tyrawly had an utter dislike for her husband (then the Ho-

nourable James Cuffe). They had no children, and she made various efforts to induce him to consent to a distinct and total separation. There being no substantial cause for such a measure, Mr Cuffe looked upon it as ridiculous, and would not consent.—At length, the lady hit upon an excellent mode for carrying her wishes into effect, and ensuring a separate maintenance: but I have never heard of the precedent being followed.

Mr. Cuffe found her one day in tears, a thing not frequent with her Ladyship, who had a good deal of the amazon about her. She sobbed—threw herself on her knees—went through the usual evolutions of a repentant female—and, at length, told her husband that she was unworthy of his future protection,—had been faithless to him, and was a lost and guilty woman.

I suppose there is a routine of contrition, explanation, rage, honour, &c. &c. which generally attends developments of this nature; and I take for granted, that the same was duly performed by the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Cuffe. Suffice it to say, that the latter was put into a sedan chair and ordered out of the house forthwith to private lodgings, until it was the will of her injured lord to send a deed of annuity for her support.

Mr. Cuffe next proceeded to summon a friend

and inform him that his wife had owned "that villain Scott," the attorney-general, and the pretended friend of his family, to be her seducer! that not his love, but his honour was so deeply concerned, as to render the death of one or the other necessary:—and, without further ceremony, a message was sent, for mortal combat, to the attorney-general, urging the lady's confession, his own dishonourable breach of trust, and Mr. Cuffe's determination to fight him.

Mr. Scott, well knowing that a declaration of innocence would, by the world, be considered either as honourable perjury on his part, to save Mrs. Cuffe's reputation, or as a mode of screening himself from her husband's vengeance, (and in no case be believed even by the good-natured part of society) made up his mind for the worst.

The husband and supposed gallant accordingly met, and exchanged shots: and each party having heard the bullets humanely whiz past his ears, without indicating a desire of becoming more intimately acquainted, Mr. Scott told his antagonist that he was totally mistaken, and gave his honour that he never had the slightest familiarity with the lady, who, he concluded, must have lost her reason.

There was no cause for denying credence to this; whilst, on the other hand, it was but too likely that Mr. Cuffe had been tricked by his

lady wife. She was sure of a separation, for he had turned her out: and, if he had fallen on the field of honour, she had a noble jointure;—so that she was *in utrumque parata*—secure under every chance.

On his return, he sent her a most severe reprimand; and announced but a moderate annuity, which she instantly and haughtily refused, positively declaring that she *never had made any confession of guilt;* that the whole was a scheme of his own vicious jealousy, to get rid of her; and that she had only said, he might *just as well* suspect the attorney-general, who had never said a civil thing to her, as *any body else*. She dared him to *prove* the least impropriety on her part; and yet he had cruelly turned her out of his house, and proclaimed his innocent wife to be a guilty woman.

Mr. Cuffe saw she had been too many for him, every way! he durst not give more publicity to the affair; and therefore agreed to allow her a very handsome annuity, whereon she lived a happy life, and died but a few years since.

The subsequent connexion of Lord Tyrawly had likewise a singular termination. Miss Wewitzer, sister to the late celebrated violinist of that name, soon filled Mrs. Cuffe's vacant place; and by her my Lord had many children—the eldest being the present Colonel Cuffe, mem-

ber of parliament for Mayo. I never saw two persons live more happily together than Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer. She was unexceptionably correct, and he very much attached to her. She had been remarkably pretty, and celebrated as a *Rosetta,* (in Bickerstaff's opera). I was intimate with Lord Tyrawly, and have a very great regard for Colonel Cuffe.

The death of Lady Tyrawly at length gave his Lordship the long-expected opportunity of realizing his promises and intentions for the sake of his family: and Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer being regularly married, she became the real Lady Tyrawly — whom she had so many years represented.

Now, here was a cohabitation of considerably more than twenty years, in happiness and tranquillity, followed up by an honourable and just arrangement, wherefrom it might be rationally supposed an increase of happiness would ensue. But, on the contrary, no sooner did the parties become legally man and wife, than Madam Discord introduced herself! It is singular, but true, that (as if nature originally intended every living thing to remain totally free and independent,) the moment any two animals, however fond before, are fastened together by a chain they cannot break, they begin to quarrel without

apparent reason, and peck each other solely because they can't get loose again.

So it was with my Lord and Lady Tyrawly: every hour added fresh fuel to the flame. At length (to continue my pretty simile) the chain became *red-hot,*—neither of them could bear it longer, and the whole affair ended in a voluntary and most uncomfortable separation! However, it was only for a short time: death, always fond of doing mischief in families, very soon brought them together again; and if such a thing can be conceived as possible in the other world, it is no bad conjecture, that at this moment my Lord Tyrawly, the two Lady Tyrawlys, and Lord Clonmell are regretting what fools they were in giving themselves so much uneasiness upon subjects which only passed like shadows, instead of turning their minds to what might have been much more material.

I recollect one of Lord Clonmell's maxims was "whatever must be done in the course of the week, always do it on the Monday morning:" and in truth, whoever practises that rule, will find it in no slight degree convenient. I never did.

Immediately after I was married, I resided next door to Lord Clonmell, in Harcourt-street. He called on me most kindly, and took me to

walk over his fine gardens and lawn; and was so humorous and entertaining, that his condescension (as I then felt it) quite delighted me; but I afterwards found out, that he made a point of discovering every young man likely to succeed in public life, and took the earliest moment possible of being *so civil* as to ensure a friend, if not a *partizan*, and no man wanted the latter more than his Lordship.

"Barrington," said he to me, "you are married?"

"No doubt," said I, laughingly, "as tight as any person on the face of the earth."

"All women in the world," rejoined his Lordship, "are fond of having their own way."

"I am firmly of your opinion, my Lord," said I.

"Now," pursued he, "the manner in which all wives are spoiled, is by giving them their own way at first; for whatever you accustom them to at the beginning, they will expect *ever after*: so, mind me! I'll tell you the secret of ruling a wife, if known in time:—'never do any thing *for peace-sake*;'—if you do, you'll never have one hour's tranquillity but by *concession*,—mind that!"

"I firmly believe it," exclaimed I.

"Well," said he, "*practise* it!"

Sometime after, I met his Lordship at Lam-

berton, Queen's-county, the seat of Sir John Tydd. He related the above story, and asked me if I had taken his advice?—" No," said I.

" Why?" inquired his Lordship.

" Because," replied I, " a *philosopher* has an easier life of it than a *soldier*."

I had the laugh against him, and the more particularly as his Lordship had married a second wife, Miss Lawless, (the present dowager,) and I believe no husband in Ireland adhered less to his own maxim than did Lord Clonmell after that union.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.

My first acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington and the late Marquess of Londonderry, at a dinner at my own house—Some memoirs and anecdotes of the former as a public man—My close connexion with government—Lord Clare's animosity to me suspended—Extraordinary conference between Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Cooke, and me in August 1798—Singular communication—Offers made to me for succession as solicitor-general—I decline the terms proposed—Lord Castlereagh's letter to me—Character of Mr. Pelham, now Earl of Chichester.

My personal acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington originated accidentally, soon after I commenced public life; and so clearly shows the versatility of men, the fallibility of judgment, and the total uncertainty of all human prediction, that I cannot avoid mentioning it.

In 1793, when I was in high repute, most prosperous at the bar, living in the first ranks of society, a distinguished favourite at the vice-regal court, and designated as a candidate for the first

offices of my profession,—I occasionally gave large splendid dinners, according to the habit invariably adopted in those times, by persons circumstanced like myself. At one of those entertainments, Major Hobart (Lord Buckinghamshire); Sir John Parnel; Isaac Corry; I think, Lord Limerick; Sir John (afterwards Lord) de Blacquiere; and Lords Llandaff, Dillon, Yelverton; the Speaker;—in all, upwards of twenty noblemen and commoners, did me the honour of partaking my fare. Lord Clonmell sent me his two grand cooks, and a most cheerful party was predicted. The House had sat late that day, and etiquette never permitted us to go to dinner, where the speaker was a guest, until his arrival, unless he had especially desired us to do so.

The speaker did not join us till nine o'clock, when Sir John Parnel brought with him, and introduced to me, Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, two young members, who having remained in the House, he had insisted on their coming with him to my dinner, where he told them good cheer and a hearty welcome would be found—and in this he was not mistaken.

Captain Arthur Wellesley had, in 1790, been returned to parliament for Trim, county Meath, a borough under the patronage of his brother, the Earl of Mornington. He was then ruddy-

faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished; he occasionally spoke in Parliament, but not successfully, and never on important subjects; and evinced no promise of that unparalelled celebrity and splendour which he has since reached, and whereto intrepidity and decision, good luck and great military science, have justly combined to elevate him.

Lord Castlereagh was the son of Mr. Stewart, a country gentleman, generally accounted to be a very clever man, in the North of Ireland. He was a professed and not very moderate *patriot*, and at one time carried his ideas of opposition exceedingly far,—becoming a leading member of the Reform and Liberal societies.

Lord Castlereagh began his career in the Irish Parliament, by a motion for a committee to inquire into the representation of the people, with the ulterior object of a reform in Parliament. He made a good speech and had a majority in the House, which he certainly did not expect, and I am sure did not *wish for*. He was unequal and unwilling to push that point to further trial; the matter cooled in a few days; and after the next division, was deserted entirely. Mr. Stewart, however, after that speech, was considered as a very clever young man, and in all points

well taught and tutored by his father, whose marriage with the Marquess of Camden's sister was the remote cause of all his future successes —how sadly terminated!

At the period to which I allude, I feel confident, nobody could have predicted that one of those young gentlemen would become the most celebrated English general of his era, and the other, one of the most mischievous statesmen and unfortunate ministers that has ever appeared in modern Europe. However, it is observable, that to the personal intimacy and reciprocal friendship of those two individuals, they mutually owed the extent of their respective elevation and celebrity:—Sir Arthur Wellesley never would have had the chief command in Spain but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh; and Lord Castlereagh never could have stood his ground as a minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes.

At my house, the evening passed amidst that glow of well-bred, witty, and cordial vinous conviviality, which was, I believe, peculiar to high society in Ireland.

From that night, I became rather intimate with Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart; and perceived certain amiable qualities in both, which a change of times, or the intoxication of prosperity, certainly in some degree tended to

diminish. Indeed, if Lord Wellington had continued until now the same frank, open-hearted man, he certainly must have been better proof against those causes which usually excite a metamorphosis of human character than any one who had ever preceded him. Still, if possible, he would have been a greater man; at least, he would have better drawn the distinction between a warrior and a hero—terms not altogether synonymous. Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His Lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather suprised, as we had not met for some time; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley?—whom I discovered in his companion; but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a worn-out man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. But he soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the Duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland; where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley—but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere

with his military pursuits; and what he said proved true, for he was soon sent, as second in command, with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.

On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland, in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterwards appointed to command in Spain; an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present, if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided (for the time being) the fate of Europe.

A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends were among the party:—the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, &c. &c. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance

stated as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise; but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

"Damn it, Barrington," said Sir Arthur, "why? what do you mean to say?" "I say, Sir Arthur," replied I, "that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary 'robbery and murder' now on record!" He laughed, and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady B. had a ball and supper as a *finish* for the departing hero.

In 1815, having been shut up in Paris during the siege, I went out to Nivelly, to pay a visit to the Duke before our troops got into the city. I had not seen him since the last day he dined at my own house; but he had intermediately much changed.

I knew his Grace when Captain Wellesley—Sir Arthur Wellesley—Secretary Wellesley—Ambassador Wellesley—and Duke of Wellington. In the first stage of this career, I was his equal; in the last, nobody is. However, it is a fine reflection for the contemporaries of great people, that it will be "all the same a hundred years hence!" and Heroes, Diplomatists,* &c.

* The following unpublished lines, by one of the most talented young ladies I ever met, depict the frivolity and short-

must either become very good-tempered fellows when they meet in the Elysian fields, or—there must be a very strong police to keep them in order.

I was present in one of the French chambers when the question of capitulation was discussed; and most undoubtedly Marshal Ney supported that measure upon the basis of a *general amnesty*. On any other, it never would have been listened to; the battle would have taken place early next morning; and the Duke of Wellington would have had to contest the most sanguinary and desperate engagement of his day with a numerous and well-appointed army, frantic with zeal to revenge their disgrace at Water-

lived nature of human vanities more forcibly than a hundred sermons:—

"The kingdoms of the world have pass'd away,
And its strong empires moulder'd into dust,
Swift as the changes of a poet's dream:
And kings and heroes, and the mighty minds
Whose hopes circled eternity, and seized
The stars as their inheritance, and grew
Too big for mortal frames—until they sank
Into the narrow bounds of nature:—
These are the things which, even nameless now,
Are on the earth forgot—or, if retain'd,
Of power, of life, and motion all bereft!"

loo. This I know:—for I was (truly against the grain) kept more than twelve hours in the midst of it at Vilette, two days before the capitulation. Of this, more will be seen in the last volume. I cannot but remark, that if Ney had been pardoned, and the horses not sent to Venice, the spirit of the capitulation would have been more strictly adhered to.

I must be rightly understood respecting Lord Londonderry, to whom, individually, I never had the slightest objection. As a private gentleman, I always found him friendly, though cold; and fair, though ambiguous. I never knew him break his word, and believe him to have been perfectly honourable upon every subject of private interest. But here my eulogy must close; for, with regard to public character, his Lordship must, I fear, be pronounced corrupt. When determined on a point, nothing could stop him. In Ireland, his career was distinguished by public bribery and palpable misrepresentations:—of which assertion, had I not indisputable and ample proof, I would not hazard it.

Mr. Pelham (now Earl of Chichester) was secretary to Lord Camden, when Lord Lieutenant. I had the good fortune and pleasure (for it was a great pleasure to me,) to be on very friendly terms with this amiable and engaging gentleman, and have seldom met any public

personage I liked so well—moderate, honourable, sufficiently firm and sufficiently spirited: I had a real gratification in attaching myself not only to his measures, but to his society. In all our intercourse (which ceased with his departure) I found him candid and just, and experienced at his hands several public acts of kindness.

Mr. Pelham's parliamentary talents were not of a splendid order. The people of Ireland never required *stars* for ministers; but a fair and candid secretary was a great treat to them, and Mr. Pelham was making full way in public estimation. The last day I ever saw him in Ireland, he and his brother-in-law Lord Sheffield did me the favour of dining with me in Merrion Square. I perceived he was uncommonly dull, and regretted the circumstance much: he obviously grew worse,—at length laid his head upon the table, and when he departed was extremely ill: next day he was in a violent fever, his life was long despaired of, he recovered with difficulty, and, on his recovery, returned to England. Mr. Stewart (by marriage the Lord Lieutenant's nephew,) was named as *locum tenens* during Mr. Pelham's absence, or (should he not return) until the appointment of another secretary. But he was soon discovered by his employers to be fit for *any* business; and

as it had been long in the secret contemplation of the British ministry to extinguish the Irish Parliament, either by fraud or force,—and Lord Camden being considered too inactive (perhaps too conscientious and honourable) to resort to either of those weapons, it was determined to send over an old servant-of-all-work, who had fought till he was beaten, and negociated till he was outwitted. This person, (Lord Cornwallis) with the assistance of his young secretary, would stop at nothing necessary to effect the purpose, and they could, between them, carry a measure which few other persons, at that period, durst have attempted.

These fragments are not intended as political episodes. The result of that coalition every body knows: I shall only state so much of the transaction as relates to my own individual concerns. I had an interview with Lord Castlereagh, some time after he came into office, at Mr. Cooke's chambers. He told me he understood I expected to be the next solicitor-general, and had applied for the office. I answered, that I not only expected as much, but considered myself, under all circumstances, *entitled* to that preferment. He and Mr. Cooke both said, "yes;" and recommended me to make "my *party good* with Lord Clare," who had expressed "no in-

disposition" to the appointment. Had I not been supposed of some use to the government, I do not doubt but Lord Clare would have preferred many other more subservient gentry of my profession. But he knew that although Lord Westmorland, on leaving Ireland, had made no express stipulation, he had subsequently gone as far as he could with Lord Camden, for my promotion. Lord Clare played me off cleverly until, in the month of August 1799, I was sent for in private by the secretary, Edward Cooke, who had been a particular confidential friend of mine for several years. Having first enjoined secresy as to our conference, he told me that a measure of great import had been under consideration in the English Cabinet, and might possibly be acted on: and then proceeding to acquaint me that Lord Clare had made no objection to my promotion, he asked in so many words if I would support the "question of 'a union,' if it should be brought forward?" I was struck as if by a shot! I had no idea of such a thing being now seriously contemplated, although I had often heard of it as a measure suggested in 1763. My mind had never any doubts upon the degrading subject, all thoughts whereof had been considered as banished for ever by the volunteers of 1782. I

therefore replied at once, "No, never!"—"You'll think better of it, Barrington!" said he. "Never, by—!" rejoined I: "never!" and the discussion was dropped, nor did I confide it to any save one individual, who differed with me very much, at least as to the mode of refusal.

I was determined, however, to know how the matter really stood; and, without touching on the late conversation, desired to be apprised whether they preserved the intention of appointing me solicitor-general. I received no other answer than the following letter from Lord Castlereagh, without any explanation;—but it was enveloped in a very long one from Mr. Cooke, headed "strictly private;" and, therefore, of course, still remaining so.

September 7, 1799.

"My dear Sir,

"I am directed by his excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, to assure you, that he would be glad to avail himself of any proper opportunity of complying with your wishes: and that he regrets much, he is at present so particularly circumstanced with respect to the office of solicitor-general, that he feels it impossible to gratify your desire as to that appointment. I

should, myself, have been very happy had I been able to communicate to you a more favourable result.

"Dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

"CASTLEREAGH."

I never had any thing more to do with the successive governments of Ireland,* and have used all forbearance in giving my opinion of Irish Lord Chancellors, except Mr. Ponsonby, whom nobody ever heard me praise as a very great lawyer, but whom every body has heard me term a just judge, and an honest friendly man.

Of Lord Camden, I believe, there was no second opinion in the circle wherein I moved:—a better man could not be; but instead of governing, he was governed: and intimately acquainted as I was with every procedure and measure during his administration in Ireland, I do most fully acquit him, individually, of the outrageous, impolitic, and ill-judged measures which distinguished his rule. As to Lord Clare, he was despotic, and the greatest enemy Ireland ever had. His father had been a Roman Ca-

* Lord Castlereagh's letter to me put, in fact, a civil end to my dreams of promotion.

tholic, and intended for a priest, but changed his tenets, became a barrister of great and just celebrity, and left many children.

Lord Clare was latterly my most inveterate enemy: the cause shall be no secret;—it arose from a vicious littleness of mind scarcely credible, and proves to me that implacability of temper never exists without its attendant faults; and although it may be deprecated by cringing, is seldom influenced by feelings of generosity.

LORD NORBURY.

Quarrel between Lord Norbury and the author in the House of Commons—Curran's bon-mot—Dinner at Lord Redesdale's, who attempts being agreeable, but is annoyed by Lord Norbury, (then Mr. Toler)—Counsellor O'Farrell —Mr. Plunkett (present attorney-general for Ireland) and Lord Redesdale—Lord Norbury and young Burke—His Lordship presides at Carlow assizes in the character of *Hawthorn*.

Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler,) went circuit as judge the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of any one, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's, (at that time my proclaimed enemy,) he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility, which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounds myself: but he was generally so very good-tempered, that I really felt a repugnance to indulging him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed, that

"I should only just give him that character which developed itself by his versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody!*"—and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit:—of course, I followed. The serjeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken (whilst running away) in Nassau-street, and, as I resisted, was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the House. The speaker told us we must give our honours forthwith that the matter should proceed no further:—Toler got up to defend himself; but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure; and Curran put a finishing-stroke to the comicality of the scene, by gravely saying, that "it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the House! as it appeared that one honourable member had *trimmed* another honourable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the speaker!" A general roar of laughter ensued.

I gave my honour, as required, I think with more good-will than Toler; and would willingly have forgotten the affair altogether, which he apparently never did. I only hope, that, when his memory declines, (which time cannot be very far off now,) our quarrel will be the first circumstance that slips it. If I could forget *any thing*, I should long ago have lost all recollection thereof.

Lord Norbury had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever knew who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at every thing; and, failing in one attempt, made another—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much (though unintentionally) annoyed by Mr. Toler, at one of the first dinners he gave (as Lord Chancellor of Ireland) to the judges and King's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar (of whom he was then quite ignorant,) were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his Lordship had obviously got together some of his best bar-remarks (for of *wit* he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive,) to repeat to his company, as occasion might offer; and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining.

The first of his Lordship's observations after dinner, was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. "After much trial," continued his Lordship, "I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other."

Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery; and requested to know his Lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough—no laugh being gained on either side.

Lord Redesdale's next remark was,—that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full dressed to the cock-pit, the ladies being in hoops.

"I see now, my Lord," said Toler, "it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented."

A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned Chancellor. He sat for awhile silent; until skaiting became a subject of conversation, when his Lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait they always put blown bladders

under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"Ay, my Lord!" said Toler, "that's what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland."*

His Lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all: and (though extremely courteous,) seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost.—"Mr. Garrat O'Farrell," said the Chancellor solemnly, "I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there."

"Yes, my Lord!" said O'Farrell, "we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county."

His Lordship said no more: and (so far as respect for a new chancellor admitted,) we got into our own line of conversation, without his

* An Irish vulgar idiom for "*nonsense*."

assistance. His Lordship, by degrees, began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and, at the breaking up, I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race, possessing at a dinner-table much more good-fellowship than special-pleading; and that he would have a good many of his old notions to get rid of before he could completely cotton to so dissimilar a body:—but he was extremely polite. Chief justice Downs, and a few more of our high, cold sticklers for "decorum," were quite uneasy at this skirmishing.

I never met a cold-blooded ostentatious man of office, whom I did not feel pleasure in mortifying: an affectation of sang-froid is necessary neither to true dignity nor importance, and generally betrays the absence of many amiable qualities.

I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett's best *jeux d'esprits.* A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites.*— "Kites?" exclaimed Lord Redesdale:—"Kites, Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the

value of those securities! I don't understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett."

"It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord," answered Plunkett: "In England and in Ireland, kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites;* but, in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind.*"

"I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett," said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

"Well, my Lord, I 'll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey:"—and therewith he elucidated the difficulty.

Lord Redesdale never could pronounce the name of Mr. Colclough—(a suitor in the Chancery court). It was extremely amusing to hear how he laboured to get it off his tongue, but quite in vain! Callcloff was his nearest effort. I often wished I could recommend him to try his *dog-teeth*.

On the discussion of the Catholic bill, in 1792, Lord Westmorland, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, certainly did not approve of the precipitate measures wished for by his secretary, Major Hobart (afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire). I had the honour of distinctly knowing the sentiments of both, and clearly saw the shades of difference which existed between them, but which, of course, I had not the presumption to

notice. I felt convinced that both were my friends, and was desirous, if possible, to run counter to neither.

I never had disputed the political right of the catholics *theoretically:* but I had been bred up amongst Williamites, and had imbibed (without very well understanding their bearing,) strong protestant principles; and hence I deemed it wisest neither to speak nor vote upon the subject, at that period.

The Irish catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament: and, to bear his expenses, à sum of £2000 was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted: a petition had been prepared by Burke; and, being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest Catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed

country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, (especially in favour of a son of the great Burke,) determined he would present the petition himself;—not at the bar, but in the body of the House! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the House with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the Treasury-bench when a general cry of "Privilege!—A stranger in the House!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder: but when the speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out "Serjeant-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the serjeant-at-arms with a drawn sword,—retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the serjeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual *flight*. The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in pursuit: but at length, after an excellent chase, (the members all keeping their seats,) he forced through the enemy behind the speaker's chair, and escaped! no doubt, to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed: messengers dispatched in all quarters to arrest him: very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury, (with that vivacious promptness which

he always possessed,) on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before,—exclaimed, "I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. 'Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off.'"

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the House in a moment into good humour. Burke returned to England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member, that the serjeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back-door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honourable gentleman—"how could the serjeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, whilst he was catching him in the front? did he think the serjeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"

I read some time back in the English newspapers, an anecdote of Lord Norbury's having appeared on the bench in a masquerade dress. As I was myself present at that occurrence, it is only just to his Lordship to state the *facts*, whence it will appear that it was totally a mistake—so much so, indeed, that his Lordship did not seem to be conscious of his habiliments even whilst every person in court was staring with astonishment.

Some time previously, Lady Castlereagh had given a very splendid masquerade, at which I saw the chief justice in the dress and character of *Hawthorn*, in " Love in a Village," and well did he enact that part. The dress was a green tabinet, with mother-of-pearl buttons, striped yellow-and-black waistcoat, and buff breeches; and was altogether cool and light.

On going the next circuit, (the weather being excessively sultry, and his Lordship having a great press of sentences to pass on rebels, &c. at Carlow) he put on, under his robes, the lightest vestments in his Lordship's wardrobe. Now, be it remembered, that the use of the said masquerade-dress was a *dead secret* except to the robes that covered it;—and neither the passing nor future generations would ever have heard a word of the green jacket, if the said robes had kept themselves close, as the chief justice had carefully provided before the sounding of the trumpet.

The warmth of the day, however, and the variety of appropriate addresses necessary to be framed for so many convicted criminals, might be expected to take away a certain quantity of any man's precaution; and, as a chief justice is *but a man*, Lord Norbury fell into the snare! and, feeling the heat insufferable, (which the twisting his wig sideways did not relieve,) he

involuntarily first turned up the sleeves of his robe, then loosened the zone round his waist: the robe being now free from all restraint, thought it had a right to steal away from the green jacket; and thus, the unconscious chief justice "stood confessed" to the auditory in the court-house as the representative of a very different character from that of a judge! But it was an accident that might, without culpability, have happened even to an archbishop! I once saw a bishop, myself, play the fiddle at one of the public concerts of the first Lady Westmorland, in Dublin Castle.

It is only justice to Lord Norbury to add, that I have repeatedly seen him do things involuntarily, which it would have been totally impossible for him to have done, if conscious, at the time, of his own actions. Though acute in general, he occasionally thought of so many things at once, that he lost all recollection whether of place or circumstance.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Mr. Grattan in his sedan-chair—The point of honour—Mr. Egan's gift of second-sight—The guillotine and executioner—Colonel Burr, Vice President of the United States, and Mr. Randolph—Mr. Grattan in masquerade—Death of that illustrious patriot, and strictures on his interment in Westminster-abbey—Letter from the author to his son, Henry Grattan, Esq.

Many anecdotes occur to me of my late respected friend, Mr. Grattan. There are but few, however, which can throw fresh light upon a character so long and so generally known, and which exhibited unvarying excellence.

I never met any man who possessed the genuine elements of courage in a higher degree than Mr. Grattan,—in whom dwelt a spirit of mild, yet impetuous bravery, which totally banished all apprehensions of danger.

I have already given some account of my contest for Dublin City, and of the circumstances connecting my illustrious friend therewith. On the evening of the first day of poll-

ing, whilst I sat at dinner, a servant announced that a gentleman in a sedan-chair was at the door and wished to speak to me. I immediately went out, and finding it was Grattan, begged him to enter the house; upon which he desired his chair to be taken into the hall. His manner was so agitated and mysterious, that I felt quite alarmed, and feared something untoward had happened to him. We went into a parlour, where, without any introductory observation, he exclaimed:—"Barrington,—I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said I, "what rascal?"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried he:—"that Giffard!"

"My dear Grattan," I replied, "you cannot be serious:—there is no ground for a challenge on your part; your language to him was such as never before was used to human creature; and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect upon him."

"Ah, that won't do, Barrington!" exclaimed Grattan: "he objected to my voting for you, because, he said, I was a 'discarded corporator.'"

"That was not intended as *personal*," said I; "and even had he gained his point, would it not be an *honour* for you to be removed from such a corporation?"

"Barrington," rejoined he, "it's of no use! I must have a shot at the fellow: I can't sleep unless you go to him for me."

This I peremptorily refused; arguing and reasoning with him again and again: he still continuing obstinate, I begged him to go and ask the advice of Mr. George Ponsonby.

"Oh no," replied he, "Ponsonby is a *wise* man;—wiser than either of us: in fact, he is sometimes too wise and too peaceable. You must go to Giffard:—perhaps it may not be *wise*, but I know you prefer your friend's honour to your friend's safety. Come now, get your hat, Barrington!"

Upwards of an hour elapsed before I could even half convince him that he was wrong; but at length, by the only argument that could make any impression on him, I extracted a promise that he would let the affair drop:—"Grattan," said I, "recollect matters, and have consideration for *me*." He started:—"Yes," continued I, "you know it was solely on my account that you exposed yourself to any insult: and do you think I could remain an idle *spectator*, in a conflict whereof I was the *cause*? If you do not promise me that you will go 'no further in this business,' I shall instantly make the thing personal with Giffard *myself*."

For a moment he was silent, then smiling—

"Coriolanus," said he, "replied to his noble parent—'Mother! you have conquered!'—I *will* go no further."

"I humbly thank you," said I, "for making an old woman of me." He then went away, as I conceived, satisfied. He had come thus privately (for the curtains were drawn round his chair,) to avoid suspicion being excited of his intentions, and the authorities consequently interfering to prevent the combat. My surprise may be imagined, when, at six o'clock the next morning, I was roused by the same announcement of a *gentleman* in a *chair*. I knew it must be Grattan, and directed him to be brought in.

I had now the same game to play over again. He said he had not slept a wink all night, from thinking about "that rascal;" and that he "must have a shot at him." Another course now suggested itself to me, and I told him I had, on consideration, determined, whether right or wrong, that, if he persevered, I would wait upon the sheriff and get him bound over to keep the peace. He was not pleased at this, but had no option: and ultimately we both agreed not to revive the subject during the election.

Mr. Egan, (one of the roughest-looking persons possible) being at one time a supporter of government, made virulent philippics, in the Irish House of Commons, against the French

Revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated, and his dress not over-elegant withal; in fact, he had by no means the look of a member of parliament.

One evening this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's; and amongst other absurdities, said in his paroxysm, that the right honourable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the House: indeed, he almost thought he could already perceive it before him.—("Hear him! Hear him!" echoed from Sir Boyle Roche.) Grattan good-humouredly replied, that the honourable member must have a vastly sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing: "but though," added Grattan, looking with his glass toward Egan, "I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the *executioner*."

"Order! Order!" shouted Sir Boyle Roche: but a general laugh prevented any further observation.

Colonel Burr, who had been vice-president of America, and probably would have been the next president, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of South Carolina (with whom I was very intimate). He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious

to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance,—rough-featured and neither dressy nor polished; but a well-informed, sensible man; and though not a particularly agreeable,—yet an instructive companion.

People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigour, and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him.

We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, (from America,) Mr. Randolph and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length, the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure, —meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously :—asked (without any introduction) how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other :—their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course ; who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest, and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed : Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which, our host, (not doubting but they knew him,) conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said, he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere, to amuse himself.

This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment;—he pulled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings; and, in his own irresistible way, apologised for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it, in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting: the Americans were charmed with their reception; and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.

Nobody lamented more than myself the loss of this distinguished man and true patriot, who, as every one knows, breathed his last in the British metropolis after a long and painful illness; and the public papers soon after announced, to my astonishment and chagrin, the fact of preparations being on foot for his interment in Westminster Abbey! I say, to my astonishment and chagrin; because it was sufficiently plain, that this affected mark of respect was only meant to restrain the honest enthusiasm which might have attended his funeral obsequies in his own country.

The subtle minister then ruling the councils of Britain, knew full well that vanity is the falsest guide of human judgment, and therefore held out that Westminster Abbey (the indiscriminate dormitory of generals and spies—of ministers, and admirals, and poets,) was the most honourable resting-place for the remains of an Irish patriot, and an humble grave-stone most congenial to Grattan's unassuming nature. This lure was successful; and, accordingly, he who had made British ministers tremble in the cabinet—whose forbearance they had propitiated by a tender of the king's best palace in Ireland—whose fame they had, nevertheless, endeavoured to destroy, and whose principles they had calumniated,—was escorted to the grave by the most decided of his enemies, and (as if in mockery of his country and himself,) inhumed amongst the inveterate foes of Ireland and of Grattan! It is mean to say, that Lord Castlereagh had latterly *changed his opinion*, and become *civil* to his illustrious opponent:—so much the worse! he thereby confessed that, in 1797, and the two following years, he had laboured to destroy an *innocent* man and to disgrace an Irish patriot, who, during a great portion of that period lay on the bed of sickness.—The Duke of Leinster, doubtless with the best possible motives, but with a view of the subject

differing from my own, suggested that Ireland should do honour to her patriot son, by erecting a cenotaph to his memory. This, I must confess, appears to me (I speak of it merely as matter of opinion,) to be nothing more than cold-blooded mockery—a compliment diminutive and empty. Towards such a monument, I would not subscribe one farthing:—but if the revered ashes of my friend could be restored to his country, and enshrined beneath the sky of green Erin, there is no Irishman who (in proportion to his means,) should go beyond myself in contributing to uplift a monumental column which should outvie the pillars dedicated in Dublin to the glorious butcheries of *Trafalgar and Waterloo*: whilst these are proudly commemorated, no national pile records the more truly glorious triumphs of 1782—nor the formation of that irresistible army of volunteers which (in a right cause) defied all the power of England! But my voice shall not be silent: and deeply do I regret the untoward fate by which this just tribute to national and individual virtues has devolved upon the feeble powers of an almost superannuated writer.

Ireland gave me birth and bread; and though I am disgusted with its present state, I love the country still. I have endeavoured to give (in a

more important work) some sketches of its modern history at the most prosperous epochas, together with many gloomy anecdotes of its fall, and annihilation as an independent kingdom; and if God grants me a little longer space, I shall leave behind my honest ideas of its existing condition, and of the ruin to which the British Empire will not long remain blind, if she continue to pursue the same system in that misgoverned country.

Extract of a letter from Sir Jonah Barrington to the present Henry Grattan, Esq. M.P.:—

"My dear Grattan,

"I regret your not receiving my letter, written immediately after the lamented departure of my honoured friend. In that letter I proposed forthwith to publish the sequel of my character of Mr. Grattan, accompanied with his portrait and some additional observations. I had composed the sequel, much to my own satisfaction, as the continuation of his character promised in the number of my historical work where I say 'his career is not yet finished.'

"Having received no reply to that letter, I threw the manuscript into the fire, keeping no copy; it was scarcely consumed, however, before I repented of having done so.

"And now permit an old and sensitive friend to expostulate a little with you, in the simple garb of queries :—

"Why, and for what good reason,—with what policy, or on what feeling, are the bones of the most illustrious of Irishmen suffered to moulder in the same ground with his country's enemies?

"Why suffer him to be escorted to the grave by the mock pageantry of those whose vices and corruptions ravished from Ireland everything which his talent and integrity had obtained for her?

"Why send his countrymen on a foreign pilgrimage, to worship the shrine of their canonized benefactor? Were not the cathedrals of Ireland worthy to be honoured by his urn,—or the youths of Erin to be animated by knowing that they possessed his ashes? Can it be gratifying to the feelings of his countrymen to pay the sexton of a British abbey a mercenary shilling for permission even to see the gravestone of your parent?*

"You were deceived by the blandishments of our mortal enemy: he knew that political idolatry has great power, and excites great influence in nations. The shrine of a patriot has

* I was myself once refused even admittance into Westminster Abbey, wherein his ashes rest!—the sexton affirming that the *proper hour* was past!

often proved to be the standard of liberty; and it was therefore good policy in a British statesman to suppress our excitements:—the bust of Rousseau is immortalized on the continent—the tradition of Grattan only will remain to his compatriots.

"He lived the life—he died the death—but he does not sleep in the tomb of an Irish patriot! England has taken away our constitution, and even the relics of its founder are retained through the duplicity of his enemy.

"You have now my sentiments on the matter, and by frankly expressing them, I have done my duty to you, to myself, and my country.

"Your ever affectionate and sincere friend,

"JONAH BARRINGTON."

HIGH LIFE IN NEWGATE.

Lord Aldborough quizzes the Lord Chancellor—Voted a libeller by the House of Peers—His spirited conduct—Sentenced to imprisonment in Newgate by the Court of King's Bench—Memoirs of Mr. Knaresborough—His extraordinary trial—Sentenced to death, but transported—Escapes from Botany Bay, returns to England, and is committed to Newgate, where he seduces Lady Aldborough's attendant—Prizes in the lottery—Miss Barton dies in misery.

Lord Aldborough was an arrogant and ostentatious man; but these failings were nearly redeemed by his firmness and gallantry in his memorable collision with Lord Chancellor Clare.

Lord Aldborough, who had built a most tasteful and handsome house immediately at the northern extremity of Dublin, had an equity suit with Mr. Beresford, a nephew of Lord Clare, as to certain lots of ground close to his Lordship's new mansion, which, among other conveniences, had a chapel on one wing and a theatre on the other, stretching away from the centre in a chaste style of ornamental architecture.

The cause was in Chancery, and was not protracted very long. Lord Aldborough was defeated with full costs: his pride, his purse, and his mansion, must all suffer, and meddling with either of these was sufficient to rouse his Lordship's spleen. He appealed, therefore, to the House of Peers, where, in due season, the cause came on for hearing, and where the Chancellor himself presided. The lay lords did not much care to interfere in the matter; and, without loss of time, Lord Clare of the House of Peers confirmed the decree of Lord Clare of the Court of Chancery, with full costs against the appellant.

Lord Aldborough had now no redress but to write *at* the Lord Chancellor; and without delay he fell to composing a book against Lord Clare and the system of appellant jurisdiction, stating that it was totally an abuse of justice to be obliged to appeal to a prejudiced man against his own prejudices, and particularly so in the present instance, Lord Clare being notorious as an unforgiving Chancellor to those who vexed him, and no Lords attending to hear the cause, or if they did, not being much wiser for the hearing—it being the province of a counsel to puzzle not to inform noblemen.

Lord Aldborough, in his book, humorously enough stated an occurrence that had happened to himself when travelling in Holland. His

Lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals in a trekschuit—the captain or skipper of which, being a great rogue, extorted from his Lordship, for his passage, much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My Lord expostulated with the skipper in vain: the fellow grew rude; his Lordship persisted; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord*, and desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry *finger-posts* in his Lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand, and, on landing, went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He was answered, at nine next morning. Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His Lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt! for ere he had half finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder (but which his Lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper!) decided against him *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court. His Lordship, how-

ever, said he would *appeal,* and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his Lordship's stoicism forsook him, when he again found that the very same skipper and judge was to decide *the appeal* who had decided *the cause;* so that the learned skipper first cheated and then laughed at him.

The noble writer having, in his book, made a very improper and derogatory application of his Dutch precedent to Lord Chancellor Clare and the Irish appellant jurisdiction, was justly considered by his brother peers as having committed a gross breach of their privileges, and was thereupon ordered to attend in his place and defend himself (if any defence he had) from the charge made against him by the Lord Chancellor and the peers of Ireland. Of course, the House of Lords was thronged to excess to hear his Lordship's vindication. I went an hour before it met, to secure a place behind the throne, where the Commoners were allowed to crowd up as well as they could.

The Chancellor, holding the vicious book in his hand, asked Lord Aldborough, if he admitted that it was of his writing and publication? to which his Lordship replied,—that he could admit nothing as written or published by him, till

every word of it should be first truly read to their Lordships aloud in the House. Lord Clare, wishing to curtail some parts, began to read it himself, but not being quite near enough to the light, his opponent took a pair of enormous candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately up to the throne, and requested the Chancellor's permission to hold the candles for him whilst he was reading the book! This novel sort of effrontery put the Chancellor completely off his guard: he was out-done, and permitted Lord Aldborough to hold the lights, whilst he perused the libel comparing him to a Dutch skipper: nor did the obsequious author omit to set him right here and there when he omitted a word or proper emphasis. It was ludicrous beyond example, and gratifying to the secret ill-wishers of Lord Clare, who bore no small proportion to the aggregate numbers of the House. The libel being duly read through, Lord Aldborough at once spiritedly and adroitly said that he avowed every word of it to their Lordships;—but that it was not intended as any *libel* either against the House, or the jurisdiction; but as a constitutional and just rebuke to their Lordships for not performing their bounden duty in attending the hearing of the appeal; he being quite certain that if any sensible men had been present, the Lord Chancellor would only have had two lords

and two bishops (his own creatures) on his side of the question.

This was considered as an aggravation of the contempt, though some thought it was not very far from the matter-of-fact. The result was, that after a bold speech, delivered with great earnestness, his Lordship was voted guilty of a high breach of privilege, and a libel on the Lord Chancellor, as chairman of the House. He was afterwards ordered to Newgate for six months by the Court of King's Bench, (on an information filed against him by the Attorney-General,) which sentence, his Lordship told them, he considered, under the circumstances, as a high compliment and honour. In fact, he never was so pleased as when speaking of the incident, and declaring that he expected to have his book recorded on the Journals of the Lords;—the Chancellor himself (by applying his anecdote of the Dutch skipper) having construed it into a regular episode on their proceedings.

Lord Aldborough underwent his full sentence in Newgate; and his residence there gave rise to a fresh incident in the memoirs of a very remarkable person, who, at that time, was an inmate of the same walls (originally likewise through the *favour* of Chancellor Clare,) and lodged on the same stair-case: and as I had been professionally interested in this man's af-

fairs, I subjoin the following statement as curious, and in every circumstance, to my personal knowledge, matter-of-fact.

James Fitzpatrick Knaresborough was a young man of tolerable private fortune in the county of Kilkenny. Unlike the common run of young men at that day, he was sober, money-making, and even avaricious, though moderately hospitable; his principal virtue consisting in making no *exhibition* of his vices. He was of good figure; and, without having the presence of a gentleman, was what is called rather a handsome young fellow.

Mr. Knaresborough had been accused of a capital crime by a Miss Barton, (natural daughter of William Barton, Esq. a magistrate of the county of Kilkenny,) who stated that she had gone away with him for the purpose, and in the strict confidence, of being married the same day at Leighlin Bridge. Her father was a gentleman of consideration in the county, and a warrant was granted against Knaresborough for the felony; but he contrived to get liberated on bail. The grand jury, however, on the young woman's testimony, found true bills against him for the capital offence, and he came to Carlow to take his trial at the Assizes. He immediately called on me with a brief,—said it was a mere *bagatelle* and totally unfounded,—and that his acquittal

would be a matter of course. I had been retained against him, but introduced him to the present Judge Moore, to whom he handed his brief. He made so light of the business that he told me to get up a famous speech against him, as no doubt I was instructed to do: that indeed I could not say too much; as the whole would appear, on *her own confession*, to be a conspiracy! nay, so confident was he of procuring his acquittal, that he asked Mr. Moore and myself to dine with him on our road to Kilkenny, which we promised.

On reading my brief, I found that, truly, the case was not over-strong against him even there, where, in all probability, circumstances would be exaggerated; and that it rested almost exclusively on the lady's own evidence: hence, I had little doubt that, upon cross-examination, the prisoner would be acquitted.

The trial proceeded: I was then rather young at the bar, and determined, for my own sake, to make an interesting and affecting speech for my client;—and having no doubt of Knaresborough's acquittal, I certainly overcharged my statement, and added some *facts* solely from invention. My surprise, then, may be estimated, when I heard Miss Barton swear positively to *every syllable* of my emblazonment. I should now have found myself most painfully circumstanced, but that I

had no doubt she *must* be altogether discredited. In fact, she was quite shaken by the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel. He smiled at her and at us; and said "the woman's credit was so clearly overthrown, that there could be no doubt of his client's innocence of the charge of violence; and he would not trouble the court or jury by any protracted defence on so clear a subject."

I considered all was over, and left the court as the jury retired. In about an hour, however, I received an account that Knaresborough had been found *guilty*, and sent back to gaol under sentence of death! I was thunderstruck, and without delay wrote to the chief secretary, in Dublin, begging him instantly to represent to the Lord Lieutenant the real facts:—execution was in consequence respited. So soon as I could return to town, I waited on Major Hobart and the Lord Lieutenant, stated precisely the particulars I have here given, and my satisfaction (even from my own brief) that the girl was perjured. They referred me to Lord Chancellor Clare, whose answer I wrote down and never shall forget: "That may be all very true, Barrington! but he is a rascal, and if he does not deserve to be hanged for this, he does for a former affair, right well!" I told him it was quite necessary for me to publish the whole concern, in my own

justification. He then took from his bureau a small parcel of papers, and requested me to read them: they proved to be copies of affidavits and evidence on a former accusation, (from which Knaresborough had escaped by lenity) for snapping a pistol at the father of a girl he had seduced.

Lord Clare, however, recommended his sentence to be changed to perpetual transportation: but this was to the convict worse than death, and he enclosed to me a petition which he had sent to government, declining the proposed commutation, and insisting on being forthwith executed, pursuant to his first sentence. Notwithstanding, he was, in fine, actually transported. He had contrived to secure in different ways £10,000, and took a large sum with him to Botany Bay. I had heard no more of him for several years,—when I was astonished one day by being accosted in the streets of Dublin by this identical man, altered only by time and in the colour of his hair, which had turned quite gray. He was well dressed, had a large cockade in his hat, and did not at all court secrecy. He told me that government had allowed him to come away privately: that he had gone through many entertaining and some dismal adventures in Africa, and in America—whence he last came; and he added, that as government were then busy raising troops, he had sent in a memorial,

proposing to raise a regiment for a distant service, solely at his own expense. "I have," said he, "saved sufficient money for this purpose, though my brother has, by breach of trust, got possession of a great part of my fortune;" (which was true.) In fact, he pestered the government (who were surprised at his temerity, yet unwilling to meddle with him) until at length they had him arrested and required to show his authority from the governor of New South Wales for returning from transportation,—which being unable to do, he was committed to Newgate, to await the governor's reply.

Here his firmness and eccentricity never forsook him; he sent in repeated petitions to the ministry, requesting to be hanged, and told me he would give any gentleman £500 who had sufficient interest to get him put to death without delay. An unsatisfactory answer arrived from New South Wales:—but the government could not, under the circumstances, execute him for his return;—and liberate him Lord Clare *would* not: his confinement therefore was, of course, indefinitely continued. During its course, he purchased a lottery ticket, which turned out a prize of £2000; and soon after, a second brought him £500. He lived well, but having no society, was determined to provide himself a companion at all events.

At this juncture the Earl of Aldborough became his next-door neighbour. My Lady A. (the best wife in the world) did not desert her husband; and, as all women of rank entertain what they call a "young person" to attend on them;—that is, (speaking generally) a girl handsomer than the mistress, neater in her dress, as good in her address—and, in some instances, even better in her character;—Lady Aldborough brought such a one with her to the prison as her dresser and tea-maker. But this "young person," considering (as Swift says) that "service is no inheritance,"—and that she had no money of her own,—and hearing that Fitzpatrick Knaresborough possessed great plenty of that necessary article, some way or other the metallic tractors brought them acquainted. To run away with him, she had only to trip across a lobby and stair-case: so she actually broke the sabbath by taking that journey one Sunday morning, and left my Lord and my Lady to finish their prayers, and wonder at the attractions of Newgate, which could set wandering the virtue of their "young person," whom all the temptations, luxuries, and lovers of London and Dublin had never been able to lead astray from the path of rectitude! My Lady was surprised how Anna could possibly connect herself with a convict for such a shocking crime;—but

his Lordship, who knew the world better, said *that* was the very reason why Anna admired him. However, the whole business in all its ramifications terminated pretty fortunately. My Lord had his full revenge on Lord Clare, and got great credit for his firmness and gallantry; Knaresborough was at length turned out of Newgate when the government were tired of keeping him in; whilst the "young person" produced sundry young people of her own in prison, and was amply provided for. The only set-off to this comedy of "All 's Well that Ends Well" was the melancholy fate of poor Miss Barton, who married, was soon deserted by her husband, and died in misery!

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Sketch of his character — Personal description — Lodgings at Carlow—Mr. Curran and Mr. Godwin—Scenes in the "Cannon" coffee-house—*Liberality* of mine host—Miss H * * * in heroics—Precipitate retreat—Lord Clancarty—Mr. Curran's notion of his own prowess—The disqualifications of a wig—Lord and Lady Carleton—Curran in 1812—An attorney turned cobbler—Curran's audience of the present king of France—Strictures on his biographers.

There have been few public men whose characters have afforded a more ample field for comment than that of Mr. Curran, and there are *very* few who have been more miserably handled by their biographers. Young men, who fancied they knew him because they were latterly in his society, in fact knew him not at all. None but the intimates of his earlier and brighter days, and, even among such, those only who had mixed with him in general as well as professional society, could possibly estimate the inconsistent qualities of that celebrated orator. There was such a mingling of greatness and

littleness, of sublimity and meanness, in his thoughts and language, that cursory observers (confused amidst his versatility and brilliance,) quitted Curran's society without understanding any thing relating to him beyond his buoyant spirits and playful wit. But towards the close of his day, this splendour dissipated, and dark and gloomy tints appeared too conspicuously, poor fellow! for his posthumous reputation. He felt his decline pressing quick upon him, and gradually sank into listless apathy.

Even so early as 1798, his talents and popularity seemed to me to have commenced a slow but obvious declension. By seceding from parliament in the preceding year, he had evacuated the field of battle and that commanding eminence from whence he had so proudly repulsed all his enemies. His talents, it is true, for a while survived; but his habits of life became contracted, his energies were paralyzed, his mind rambled, he began to prose,—and, after his appointment to the Rolls, the world seemed to be closing fast upon him.

My intimacy with Curran was long and close. I knew every turn of his mind and every point of his capacity. He was not fitted to pursue the niceties of detail;—but his imagination was infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable. There was scarce any species of talent

to which he did not possess some pretension. He was gifted by Nature with the faculties of an advocate and a dramatist; and the lesser but ingenious accomplishment of personification (without mimicry,) was equally familiar to him. In the circles of society, where he appeared every body's superior, nobody ever seemed jealous of the superiority.

Curran's person was mean and decrepit: very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable: there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eye-brow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing.—He had no vein for poetry; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly: Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

It is a curious, but a just remark, that every slow, *crawling* reptile is in the highest degree disgusting; whilst an insect, ten times uglier, if it be sprightly and seems bent upon enjoyment, excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race: had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements,—his fire,—his sparkling eye,—the fine and varied intonations of his voice,—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a man being *celebrated*, as regards the patronage of women.

Curran had a perfect *horror* of fleas: nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to show him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said, that "they always flocked to his bed-chamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!" I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow; and, on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By heavens! Madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much fero-

city, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely !"

I never saw Curran's opinion of himself so much disconcerted as by Mr. Godwin, whom he had brought, at the Carlow assizes, to dine with Mr. Byrne, a friend of ours, in whose cause he and I had been specially employed as counsel. Curran, undoubtedly, was not happy in his speech on this occasion—but he thought he was. Nevertheless, we succeeded ; and Curran, in great spirits, was very anxious to receive a public compliment from Mr. Godwin, as an eminent literary man, teasing him (half-jokingly) for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time ; at length, Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted.

" Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with much *sang froid*, " I really never did hear any thing so bad as your *prose*—except your *poetry*, my dear Curran !"

Curran and I were in the habit, for several years, of meeting, by appointment, in London, during the long vacation, and spending a month there together, in the enjoyment of the public amusements—but we were neither extravagant nor dissipated. We had both some propensities

in common, and a never-failing amusement was derived from drawing out and remarking upon eccentric characters. Curran played on such people as he would on an instrument, and produced whatever tone he thought proper from them. Thus, he always had a good *fiddle* in London, which he occasionally brought to our dining-house for the general entertainment.

We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon coffee-house, Charing Cross, (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais,) where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased,—

until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear "the Irishmen." One or two days we went elsewhere; and, on returning to "the Cannon," our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. "Sir," said he, "I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence." I replied, "quite the contrary!"—"Why, sir," rejoined he, "as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, whilst you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge,* gentlemen."

I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word:—the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a £10 note enclosed in a letter, desiring him to give the balance to his waiters.

I do not think I was ever so amused in my life, as at that curious occurrence. One Irish

templar alone recognized us, and we made him promise secrecy as to our names: I never saw him after.

An anecdote of a very different nature terminated one of our trips to London:—I had long known that there existed what Curran called "a refined friendship" between him and a Miss H., at Spa and elsewhere. She was afterwards a friend of Holman, the player, and finally married Major * * * an associate of Mr. Hastings. Curran asked me one day, if I was too squeamish to go and sup with a former *chere-amie* of his who had pressed him to come that night, and permitted him to bring a companion. He told me who it was, and I was quite pleased at the idea of knowing a person of whom I had heard so much in Ireland.

We were received with the greatest cordiality and politeness by Miss H.: another young lady and two children were in the room. Curran was most humorous and enlivening, and every thing foreboded a cheerful *petit soupé* when the lady told Curran she wished to speak a word to him in the next room. They accordingly withdrew. I was in conversation with the governess and children, when I heard a noise like the report of a small pistol, and Curran immediately rushed into the apartment—Miss H. marching majestically after him. He took no notice of

me, but snatching up his hat, darted down stairs and into the street with the utmost expedition. I really conceived that she had fired at him; and feeling dubious as to my own probable fate, (without a word passing) pounced upon my *chapeau*, and made after my friend in no small haste. I could not, however, open the street-door, and therefore gave myself up for a murdered man, particularly on the bell ringing violently: but the revulsion of my feelings was quite heavenly when I heard Miss H.'s voice over the banisters calling to her maid to "open the street-door for the gentleman." I lost no time in making good my retreat, but did not see Curran again till next morning.

I had the greatest curiosity to know the cause of his sudden flight; upon which he told me, but without any symptom of wit or humour, that she was the most violent-tempered woman existing; that on their going into the *boudoir* together, she informed him that she was then considerably distressed for a sum of money for two or three months; and that as she had never been under any pecuniary obligation to him, she would now ask one—namely, the loan of the sum she wanted, on her own note. Curran, who was particularly close, dreading the amount, anticipated her demand by hoping she did not suppose he could be so mean as to require her

note for any little advance he might have it in his power to make; and was happy in handing her *half* the sum at his command in London—taking as he spoke a £10 note out of his pocket-book. "By Heavens! Barrington," said Curran, "her look petrified me: she gazed for a moment at the note—tore it to atoms, muttering the word 'rascal!' and when I was preparing to make an apology, hit me plump on the side of the head, with a fist at least as strong as any porter's! I thought my brains were knocked out!—did you not hear the crack?" inquired he. "To be sure I did," said I. "Did she say any thing," continued he, "after I was gone away?"—"She *only* said," replied I, "that you were the greatest rascal existing," (hereat Curran trembled hugely) "and that she would next day find you out wherever you were, and expose you all over London as a villain and a seducer!"

Curran turned pale as ashes,—made some excuse for leaving the room,—and about dinner-time I found I had carried my joke too far;—for I received a note stating that he was necessitated to start for Ireland directly on particular business, and would be off in the mail.

I never told him the truth, particularly since the lady was soon after married, as I have related, and had a noble establishment in London, and as I learned that Curran had found means

to make his peace with the offended fair, at whose table he became a frequent guest.

Mrs. * * * afterwards broke her neck by a fall down stairs: and some people averred that a flask or two of champagne had been playing tricks upon her. She was most agreeable in her address and manner (her amazonian paroxysms always excepted). The extraordinary length of her feet, (which were like a pair of brackets) should have saved her from tumbling any where; whilst, if I could judge by report, it was miraculous how Curran's pegs preserved him on the perpendicular.

I remember once remarking to Curran how many men, though all willing, and some competent to work, were destitute of briefs at the Irish bar, yet contrived to make conspicuous (though not over-talented) figures in political and diplomatic situations. "Why, some," answered he, "thrive by the gift of common sense; others by the influence of their wives, and such-like causes."

Lord Clancarty and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald were two Irish barristers in whom I never could perceive the raw material for *ambassadors*—yet none ever dropped their "Nisi Prius" with better effect. The former, though a friendly, honourable man, seemed particularly ill calculated to shine amongst the immortal carvers,

who, at Vienna, cut up nations like dumplings, and served round people and kingdoms to the members of their company with as little ceremony as if they had been dealing only with paste and raspberries.

Lord Clancarty's family were for a long period highly respected land-proprietors in County Galway, and at the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe; but never were remarkable for any profusion of talent. His Lordship's father, usually called Billy French of Ballinasloe, was a nice dapper little man, wore tight clean leather-breeches, and was very like the late Lord Clanwilliam, of amorous memory. He was extremely popular amongst all classes.

The present peer was called to the Irish bar. —Most men are found to have some predominant quality when it is properly drawn forth: but, in sending Mr. French to the bar, his friends found (after a due noviciate) that they were endeavouring to extract the wrong commodity, and that his law would never furnish a sufficient *dépot* to recruit his pocket. During the rebellion, however, I discovered that he was a most excellent serjeant of dragoons, in which capacity his Lordship was my subaltern in the barristers' cavalry; and I have the satisfaction of reflecting, that a considerable portion of our rank and file were, in a very short time after the Union, meta-

morphosed into ambassadors, secretaries, judges, noblemen, bishops, and ministers! What a loss must the empire have sustained, if we had been all piked by the rebels! a result not very improbable, as I am apprehensive we should have proved rather helpless fellows in a general engagement with 20 or 30,000 of those desperate gentry! in which case, the whole kingdom of Ireland would have been left with scarcely sufficient professors of the art of litigation to keep that science (as well as the church and state) in preservation till new lawyers could be broke into the harness.

Curran took no part in those fierce military associations, and he was quite right. He was perfectly unadapted either to command or to obey; and as he must have done the one or the other, he managed much better by keeping out of the broil altogether;—as he himself said to me—"If I were mounted on ever so good a charger, it is probable I should not stick ten minutes on his back in any kind of battle: and if my sword was ever so sharp, I should not be able to cut a rebel's head off, unless he promised to '*stand easy*' and in a good position for me."

Curran had ordered a new bar wig, and not liking the cut of it, he jestingly said to the peruke-maker, "Mr. Gahan, this wig will not answer me at all!"

"How so, sir?" said Gahan: "it seems to fit."

"Ay," replied Curran, "but it is the very worst *speaking* wig I ever had. I can scarce utter one word of common law in it; and as for *equity*, it is totally out of the question."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Gahan, the wig-maker, with a serious face, "I hope it may be no loss to me. I dare say it will answer Counsellor Trench."

But Counsellor Trench would not take the wig. He said he could not *hear* a word in it. At length, it was sent by Gahan to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who, having at that time no pressing occasion for either a speaking or hearing wig (in a professional way), and the wig fitting his head, he purchased it from Mr. Gahan, who sold it a bargain, on account of its bad character; though Curran afterwards said, "he admitted that the wig had been grossly calumniated; for the very same head which Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald then put it on was afterwards stationed at the front of the Irish exchequer, where every one of the king's debtors and farmers were obliged to pay the wig-wearer some very handsome and *substantial* compliment!—Mr. Fitzgerald not being necessitated either to hear or speak one word upon the occasion."

Chief Justice Carleton was a very lugubrious

personage. He never ceased complaining of his bad state of health, (or rather of his hypocondriasm) and frequently introduced Lady Carleton into his "Book of Lamentations:" thence it was remarked by Curran to be very extraordinary, that the chief justice should appear as plaintiff (*plaintive*) in every cause that happened to come before him!

One *Nisi Prius* day, Lord Carleton came into court, looking unusually gloomy. He apologised to the bar for being necessitated to adjourn the court and dismiss the jury for that day, "though," proceeded his Lordship, "I am aware that an important issue stands for trial: but, the fact is, I have met with a domestic misfortune, which has altogether deranged my nerves!—Poor Lady Carleton (in a low tone to the bar) has most unfortunately *miscarried*, and ———"

"Oh, then, my Lord!" exclaimed Curran, "there was no necessity for your Lordship to make any apology, since it now appears that your Lordship has *no issue* to try."

The chief justice faintly smiled, and thanked the bar for their consideration.

In 1812, Curran dined at my house in Brook-street, London. He was very dejected: I did my utmost to rouse him—in vain. He leaned his face on his hand, and was long silent. He looked yellow, wrinkled, and livid: the dramatic

fire had left his eye, the spirit of his wit had fled, his person was shrunken, and his whole demeanour miserable and distressing.

After a long pause, a dubious tear standing in his eye, he on a sudden exclaimed, with a sort of desperate composure, "Barrington, I am perishing! day by day I'm perishing! I feel it: you knew me when I *lived*—and you witness my annihilation." He was again silent.

I felt deeply for him. I saw that he spoke truth: reasoning would only have increased the malady, and I therefore tried another course—*bagatelle*. I jested with him, and reminded him of old anecdotes. He listened—gradually his attention was caught, and at length I excited a smile; a laugh soon followed, a few glasses of wine brought him to his natural temperament, and Curran was himself for a great part of the evening. I saw, however, that he would soon relapse, and so it turned out: he began to talk to me about his family, and that very wildly. He had conceived some strange prejudices on this head, which I disputed with him, until I wearied of the subject.

We supped together, and he sat cheerful enough till I turned him into a coach, at one o'clock in the morning. I never saw him after, in London.

Mr. Curran had a younger brother, who was

an attorney—very like him, but taller and better-looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humour, a little wit, and much satire; but his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute. He was, in fact, what may be termed the best blackguard of his profession (and that was saying a great deal for him). My friend had justly excluded him from his house, but occasionally relieved his finances, until these calls became so importunate, that, at length, further compliance was refused.

"Sir," said the attorney to me, one day, "if you will speak to my brother, I am sure he'll give me something handsome before the week is out!" I assured him he was mistaken, whereupon he burst into a loud laugh!

There was a small space of dead wall, at that time, directly facing Curran's house, in Ely Place; against which the attorney procured a written permission to build a little wooden box. He accordingly got a carpenter (one of his comrades) to erect a cobbler's stall there, for him; and having assumed the dress of a Jobson, he wrote over his stall, "Curran, Cobbler:—Shoes toe-pieced, soled, or heeled, on the shortest notice: when the stall is shut, inquire over the way."

Curran, on returning from court, perceived this worthy hard at work, with a parcel of chair-

men lounging round him. The attorney just nodded to his brother, cried, "How do you do, Jack?" and went on with his employment.

Curran immediately dispatched a servant for the spendthrift, to whom having given some money, the show-board was taken down, the stall removed, and the attorney vowed that he would never set up again as a cobbler.

I never knew Curran express more unpleasant feelings, than at a circumstance which really was too trivial to excite any such; but this was his humour: he generally thought more of trifles than of matters of importance, and worked himself up into most painful sensations upon subjects which should only have excited his laughter.

At the commencement of the peace he came to Paris, determined to get into French society, and thus be enabled to form a better idea of their habits and manners,—a species of knowledge for which he quite languished. His parasites had told him that his fame had already preceded him even to the closet of Louis *le Désiré*: he accordingly procured letters of introduction from persons of high rank in England, who had foolishly lavished favours and fortunes on the Bourbons and their gang of emigrants, in general the most ungrateful (as time has demonstrated) of the human species, although it was

then universally believed that they could not quite forget the series of kindnesses which had preserved them from starvation or massacre.

Amongst other letters, he had the honour of bearing one, couched in strong terms, from his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to the Count d'Artois, now King of France, reinstated on the throne of his forefathers by the blood, the treasure, and the folly of England.

"Now I am in the right line," said Curran, "introduced by a branch of one royal family to that of another: now I shall have full opportunity of forming my own opinion as to the sentiments of the old and new nobility of France, whereon I have been eternally though rather blindly arguing."

I was rather sceptical, and said, "I am disposed to think that you will argue more than ever when you get home again. If you want *sentiment*, I fancy Monsieur has very little of Sterne in his composition."

"Egad, I believe there is two of you!" retorted Curran; and away he went to the Tuilleries, to enter his name and see Monsieur. Having left his card and letters of introduction, (as desired) he waited ten days for an audience: Monsieur was occupied. A second entry was now made by Curran at the palace; and after ten days more, a third: but Monsieur was still

busy. A fresh entry and card of P. P. C. had no better success. In my life I never saw Curran so chagrined. He had devised excuses for the arrogant Prince two or three times: but this last instance of neglect quite overcame him, and in a few days he determined to return to Ireland without seeing the Count d'Artois or ascertaining the sentiments of the French nobility. He told his story to Mr. L. a mutual friend of ours in Paris, who said, it must be some omission of the Swiss porter.

"Certainly," said Curran, catching at this straw, "it must, no doubt!" and his opinion was speedily realised by the receipt of a note from Monsieur's aid-de-camp, stating, that His Royal Highness would be glad to receive Mr. Curran at eight o'clock the following morning.

About nine o'clock, he returned to the hotel, and all I could get from him, in his wrath, was "D——n!" In fact, he looked absolutely miserable. "To think," said he at length, "of this fellow! he told me he always dined with his brother, and kept no establishment of his own; then bowed me out, by ——, as if I was an importunate dancing-master!"

"Wait till *the next revolution*, Curran," said I, "and then we'll be even with him!"

At this moment, Mr. L. came in, and, with a

most cheerful countenance, said, "Well, Curran, I carried your point!"

"What point?" asked Curran.

"I knew it would take," pursued L. smirking: "I told Monsieur's aid-de-camp that you felt quite hurt and miserable on account of Monsieur's having taken no notice of your letters or yourself, though you had paid him four visits; and that ——"

"What do you say?" shouted Curran.

Upon L. repeating his words with infinite glee, our disappointed friend burst out into a regular frenzy, slapped his face repeatedly, and walked about exclaiming, "I'm disgraced! I'm humbled in the eyes of that fellow! I'm *miserable!*"

I apprehend he had experienced but little more civility from any of the restored gentry of the French emigrants, to several of whom he brought letters, and I am sure had he received any invitation from them, I must have heard of it. I fancy that a glass of *eau sucré* was the very extent of the practical hospitality he experienced from *Messieurs les émigrés*, who, if I might judge by their jaws and cravats, of the quantity and quality of their food and of their credit with washerwomen, were by no means in as flourishing a state as when they lived on our benevolence.

There is much of the life of this celebrated man* omitted by those who have attempted to write it. Even his son could have known but little of him, as he was not born at the time his father's glories had attained their zenith. Before he became the biographer of his celebrated parent, Mr. Curran would have done well to inquire who had been that parent's decided friends, and who his invidious enemies; who supported him when his fame was tottering, and who assailed him when he was incapable of resistance: if he had used this laudable discretion, he would probably have learned how to eulogise, and how to censure, with more justice and discrimination.

No gentleman of our day knew Mr. Curran more intimately than myself, although our natural propensities were in many points quite uncongenial. His vanity too frequently misled his judgment, and he thought himself surrounded by a crowd of friends, when he was encompassed by a set of vulgar flatterers: he looked quite carelessly at the distinctions of society, and in consequence ours was not generally of the same class, and our intercourse more frequently at my house than at his. But

* Curran died, I believe, at Brompton, and was buried in Paddington church-yard; but I am ignorant whether or not a stone marks the spot.

he could adapt himself to all ranks, and was equally at home at Merrion-square or at the Priory.

The celebrity of Curran's life, and the obscurity of his death—the height of his eminence, and the depth of his depression—the extent of his talents, and the humiliation of his imbecility—exhibited the greatest and most singular contrasts I ever knew among the host of public characters with whom I so long associated.

At the bar I never saw an orator so capable of producing those irresistible transitions of effect which form the true criterion of forensic eloquence. But latterly, no man became more capable, in private society, of exciting drowsiness by prosing, or disgust by grossness: such are the inconsistent materials of humanity.*

I should not allude here to a painful subject as respects the late Mr. Curran, had it not been so commonly spoken of, and so prominent an agent in his ulterior misfortunes: I mean that

* It is very singular that one of the most accomplished men, the most eloquent barristers, and best lawyers I ever knew, (a cousin-german of Lord Donoughmore) fell latterly, though at an early age, into a state of total imbecility—became utterly regardless of himself, of society, and of the world; — and lived long enough to render his death a mercy!

unlucky suit of his against the Rev. Mr. Sandes. I endeavoured as much as possible to dissuade him from commencing that action, having reason to feel convinced that it must terminate in his discomfiture; but he was obdurate, and had bitter cause to lament his obduracy. I did my utmost also to dissuade him from his unfortunate difference with Mr. Ponsonby. I told him (as I firmly believed) that he was *wrong*, or at all events *imprudent*, and that his reputation could bear no more trifling with: but he did not credit me, and that blow felled him to the earth!

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Observations on the law of libel, particularly in Ireland—"Hoy's Mercury"—Messrs. Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge—Former leniency regarding cases of libel contrasted with recent severity—Lord Clonmell and the Irish bar—Mr. Magee, of the "Dublin Evening Post"—Festivities on "Fiat Hill"—Theophilus Swift and his two sons—His duel with the Duke of Richmond—The "Monster!"—Swift libels the Fellows of Dublin University—His curious trial—Contrast between the English and Irish bars—Mr. James Fitzgerald—Swift is found guilty, and sentenced to Newgate—Dr. Burrows, one of the Fellows, afterwards libels Mr. Swift, and is convicted—Both confined in the same apartment at Newgate.

In the early part of my life, the Irish press, though supposed to be under due restraint, was in fact quite uncontrolled. From the time of Dean Swift, and Draper's Letters, its freedom had increased at intervals not only as to public but private subjects. This was attributable to several curious causes, which combined to render the law of libel, although stronger in theory, vastly feebler in practice than at the present day; and whoever takes the trouble of looking

into the Irish newspapers about the commencement of the American revolution, and in 1782, will find therein some of the boldest writing and ablest *libels* in the English language. Junius was the pivot on which the liberty of the press at one moment vibrated: liberty was triumphant; but if that precedent were to prevail to the same extent, I am not sure it did not achieve too much.

The law of libel in England, however railed at, appears to me upon the freest footing that private or public security can possibly admit. The press is not encumbered by any *previous* restraints. Any man may write, print, and publish whatever he pleases; and none but his own peers and equals, in two distinct capacities, can declare his culpability or enable the law to punish him as a criminal for a breach of it. I cannot conceive what greater liberty or protection the press can require, or ought to enjoy. If a man voluntarily commits an offence against the law of libel with his eyes open, it is only fair that he should abide by the statute that punishes him for doing so. Despotic governments employ a previous censorship, in order to cloak their crimes and establish their tyranny. England, on the other hand, appoints independent judges and sworn jurors to defend her liberties; and hence is confirmed to the press a

wholesome latitude of full and fair discussion on every public man and measure.

The law of libel in Ireland was formerly very loose and badly understood, and the courts there had no particular propensity for multiplying legal difficulties on ticklish subjects.

The judges were then dependent; a circumstance which might have partially accounted for such causes being less frequent than in later times: but another reason, more extensively operating, was that in those days men who were libelled generally took the law into their own hands, and eased the King's Bench of great trouble by the substitution of a small-sword for a declaration, or a case of pistols for a judgment;—and these same articles certainly formed a greater check upon the propagation of libels than the twelve judges and thirty-six jurors, altogether, at the present day; and gave rise to a code of laws very different from those we call municipal. A third consideration is, that scolding-matches and disputes among soldiers were then never made matters of legal inquiry. Military officers are now, by statute, held unfit to remain such if they fight one another, whilst formerly they were thought unfit to remain in the army if they did not: formerly, they were bound to fight in person; now they can fight by proxy, and in Ireland may lure champions to

contest the matter for them every day in the week, (Sunday excepted) and so decide their quarrels without the least danger or one drop of bloodshed. A few able lawyers, armed with paper and parchment, will fight for them all day long, and, if necessary, all night likewise; and that, probably, for only as much recompense as may be sufficient to provide a handsome entertainment to some of the spectators and to their pioneer attorney, who is generally bottle-holder on these occasions.

Another curious anomaly is become obvious. If *lawyers* now refuse to pistol each other, they may be scouted out of society, though duelling is *against* the *law!* but if military officers take a shot at each other, they may be dismissed from the army, though fighting is the essence and object of their profession: so that a civilian, by the new lights of society, changes places with the soldier;—the soldier is bound to be peaceable, and the civilian is forced to be pugnacious—*cedent arma togæ.* It is curious to conjecture what our next metamorphosis may be!

The first publication which gave rise (so far as I can remember) to decided measures for restraining the Irish press, was a newspaper called "Hoy's Mercury," published nearly fifty years ago by Mr. Peter Hoy, a printer, in Parliament-street, whom I saw some time since in his shop,

on Ormond Quay, in good health, and who voted for me on the Dublin election of 1803.

In this newspaper, Mr. Hoy brought forward two fictitious characters—one called Van Trump, the other Epaphroditus Dodridge. These he represented as standing together in one of the most public promenades of the Irish capital; and the one, on describing the appearance, features, and dress of each passer-by, and asking his companion "who that was?" received, in reply, a full account of the individual, to such a degree of accuracy as to leave no doubt respecting identity—particularly, in a place so contracted as (comparatively speaking) Dublin then was. In this way, as much libellous matter was disseminated as would now send a publisher to gaol for half his life; and the affair was so warmly and generally taken up, that the lawyers were set to work, Peter Hoy sadly terrified, and Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge banished from that worthy person's newspaper.

But the most remarkable observation is, that so soon as the Irish judges were, in 1782, made by statute independent of the crown, the law of libel became more strictly construed, and the libellers more severely punished. This can only be accounted for by supposing that, while dependent, the judges felt that any peculiar rigour might be attributed, in certain instances, less to

their justice than to their policy; and, being thus sensitive (especially in regard to crown cases), they were chary of pushing the enactments to their full scope. After the provision which rendered them independent of the ruling powers, this delicacy became needless:—but, nevertheless, a candid judge will always bear in mind, that austerity is no necessary attribute of justice, which is always more efficient in its operation when tempered with mercy. The unsalutary harshness of our penal code has become notorious. True, it is not acted up to; and this is only another modification of the evil, since it tempts almost every culprit to anticipate his own escape. On the continent it is different. There, the punishment which the law provides is *certainly* inflicted: and the consequence is, that in France there is not above *one* capital conviction to any *twenty* in England.

The late Lord Clonmell's* heart was nearly broken by vexations connected with his public functions. He had been in the habit of holding parties to excessive bail in libel cases on his

* His Lordship's only son (married to a daughter of the Marquess of Salisbury) is now a total absentee, and exhibits another lamentable proof, that the children even of men who rose to wealth and title by the favours of the Irish people feel disgusted, and renounce for ever that country to which they are indebted for their bread and their elevation!

own fiat, which method of proceeding was at length regularly challenged and brought forward; and, the matter being discussed with asperity in parliament, his Lordship was, to his great mortification, restrained from pursuing such a course for the future.

He had in the Court of King's Bench used rough language towards Mr. Hackett, a gentleman of the bar, the members of which profession considered themselves as all assailed in the person of a brother barrister. A general meeting was therefore called by the father of the bar; a severe condemnation of his Lordship's conduct voted, with only one dissentient voice; and an unprecedented resolution entered into, that "until his Lordship publicly apologised, no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the King's Bench, or sign any pleadings for that court."

This experiment was actually tried:—the judges sat, but no counsel appeared; no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their Lordships had the court to themselves. There was no alternative; and next day, Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology, by advertisement in the newspapers, and, with excellent address, made it appear as if written on the evening of the offence, and therefore voluntary.*

* An occurrence somewhat of the same nature took place

This nobleman had built a beautiful house near Dublin, and walled in a deer-park to operate medicinally, by inducing him to use more riding exercise than he otherwise would take. Mr. Magee, printer of the Dublin Evening Post, (who was what they call a little cracked, but very acute,) one of the men whom his Lordship had held to excessive bail, had never forgiven it, and purchased a plot of ground under my Lord's windows, which he called "Fiat-hill:" there he entertained the populace of Dublin, once a week, with various droll exhibitions and sports:—such, for instance, as asses dressed up with wigs and scarlet robes; dancing dogs, in

at no very great distance of time, at Maryborough assizes, between Mr. Daley, a judge of the Irish Court of King's Bench, and Mr. W. Johnson, now judge of the Common Pleas, in that country.

Mr. Daley spoke of committing Mr. Johnson for being rude to him, but, unfortunately, he committed himself! A meeting was called, at which I was requested to attend, but I declined, and was afterwards informed, that my refusal had (very unjustly) given offence to both parties. The fact is, that, entertaining no very high opinion of the placability of either, I did not choose to interfere, and so unluckily replied that "they might *fight dog, fight bear,*—I would give no opinion about the matter."

One of the few things I ever forgot is, the way in which that affair terminated:—it made little impression on me at the time, and so my memory rejected it.

gowns and wigs, as barristers; soaped pigs, &c. These assemblies, although productive of the greatest annoyance to his Lordship, were not sufficiently riotous to be termed a public nuisance, being solely confined to Magee's own field, which his Lordship had unfortunately omitted to purchase when he built his house.

The Earl, however, expected at length to be clear of his tormentors' feats—at least for awhile; as Magee was found guilty on a charge of libel, and Lord Clonmell would have no qualms of conscience in giving *justice* full scope by keeping him under the eye of the marshal, and consequently an absentee from "Fiat-hill," for a good space of time.

Magee was brought up for judgment, and pleaded himself, in mitigation, that he was ignorant of the publication, not having been in Dublin when the libel appeared; which fact, he added, Lord Clonmell well knew. He had been, indeed, entertaining the citizens under the Earl's windows, and saw his Lordship peeping out from the side of one of them the whole of that day; and the next morning he had overtaken his Lordship riding into town. "And by the same token," continued Magee, "your Lordship was riding *cheek by jowl* with your own brother, Matthias Scott, the tallow-

chandler,* from Waterford, and audibly discussing the price of fat, at the very moment I passed you."

There was no standing this:—a general laugh was inevitable; and his Lordship, with that address for which he was so remarkable, (affecting to commune a moment with his brother judges) said,—"it was obvious, from the poor man's manner, that he was not just then in a state to receive definitive judgment; that the paroxysm should be permitted to subside before any sentence could be properly pronounced. For the present, therefore, he should only be given into the care of the marshal, till it was ascertained how far the state of his intellect should regulate the court in pronouncing its judgment." The marshal saw the crisis, and hurried away Magee before he had further opportunity of incensing the chief-justice.

Theophilus Swift, who, though an Irishman, practised at the English bar, gave rise to one of the most curious libel cases that ever occurred in Ireland, and which involved a point of very great interest and importance.

* Lord Clonmell and Matthias Scott vied with each other which had the largest and most hanging pair of cheeks—vulgarly called *jowls*. His Lordship's chin was a treble one, whilst Matthias's was but doubled;—but then it was broader and hung deeper than his brother's.

Theophilus had two sons. In point of figure, temper, disposition, and propensities, no two brothers in the whole kingdom were so dissimilar. Dean Swift, the eldest, was tall, thin, and gentlemanly, but withal an unqualified reformer and revolutionist: the second, Edmond, was broad, squat, rough, and as fanatical an ultra-royalist as the king's dominions afforded. Both were clever men in their way.

The father was a free-thinker in every respect;—fond of his sons, although materially different from either, but agreeing with the younger in being a professed and extravagant loyalist. He was bald-headed, pale, slender, and active—with gray eyes, and a considerable squint: an excellent classic scholar, and versed likewise in modern literature and belles lettres. In short, Theophilus Swift laid claim to the title of a sincere, kind-hearted man; but was, at the same time, the most visionary of created beings. He saw every thing whimsically—many things erroneously—and nothing like another person. Eternally in motion,—either talking, writing, fighting, or whatever occupation came uppermost, he never remained idle one second whilst awake, and I really believe was busily employed even in his slumbers.

His sons, of course, adopted entirely different pursuits; and, though affectionate brothers,

agreed in nothing save a love for each other and attachment to their father. They were both writers, and good ones; both speakers and bad ones.

Military etiquette was formerly very conspicuous on some occasions. I well recollect when a man bearing the king's commission was considered as bound to fight any body and every body that gave him the invitation. When the Duke of York was pleased to exchange shots with Colonel Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond), it was considered by our friend Theophilus as a personal offence to every gentleman in England, civil or military; and he held that every man who loved the reigning family should challenge Col. Lennox, until somebody turned up who was good marksman enough to penetrate the Colonel, and thus punish his presumption.

Following up his speculative notions, Mr. Swift actually challenged Colonel Lennox for having had the arrogance to fire at the king's son. The Colonel had never seen or even heard of this antagonist; but learning that he was a barrister and a gentleman, he considered that, as a military man, he was bound to fight him as long as he thought proper. The result, therefore, was a meeting;—and Colonel Lennox shot my friend Theophilus clean through the carcass, so that, as Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan says, "he

made his body shine through the sun!" Swift, according to all precedents on such occasions, first staggered, then fell—was carried home, and given over—made his will, and bequeathed the Duke of York a gold snuff-box! However, he recovered so completely, that when the Duke of Richmond went to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, I (to my surprise) saw Swift at his Grace's first levee, most anxious for the introduction. His turn came; and without ceremony he said to the Duke, by way of a pun, that "the last time he had the honour of waiting on his Grace, as Colonel Lennox, he received better entertainment—for that his Grace had given him a ball!"

"True," said the Duke, smiling; "and now that I am Lord Lieutenant, the least I can do is to give you a brace of them!" and in due time, he sent Swift two special invitations to the balls, to make these terms consistent with his Excellency's compliments.

Swift, as will hence be inferred, was a romantic personage. In fact, he showed the most decisive determination not to die in obscurity, by whatever means his celebrity might be acquired.

A savage, justly termed *the monster*, had, during Swift's career at the bar, practised the most horrid and mysterious crime we have yet heard of—namely, that of stabbing women in-

discriminately in the street—deliberately and without cause. He was at length taken and ordered for trial: but so odious and detestable was his crime, that not a gentleman of the bar would act as his advocate. This was enough to induce Swift to accept the office. He argued truly, that every man must be presumed innocent till by legal proof he appears to be guilty, and that there was no reason why the monster should be excepted from the general rule, or that actual guilt should be presumed on the charge against him more than any other charge against any other person: that prejudice was a *prima facie* injustice, and that the crime of stabbing a lady with a weapon which was only calculated to wound, could not be *greater* than that of stabbing her to the heart, and destroying her on the instant: that if the charge had been cutting the lady's throat, he would have had his choice of advocates. He spoke and published his defence of the monster, who, however, was found guilty, and not half punished for his atrocity.

Theophilus had a competent private fortune; but as such men as he must somehow be always dabbling in what is called in Ireland "a bit of a law-suit," a large per-centage of his rents never failed to get into the pockets of the attorneys and counsellors; and after he had recovered from the Duke of Richmond's per-

foration, and the monster had been incarcerated, he determined to change his site, settle in his native country, and place his second son in the university of Dublin.

Suffice it to say, that he soon commenced a fracas with *all* the Fellows of the university, on account of their "not doing justice somehow," as he said, "to the cleverest lad in Ireland!" and, according to his usual habit, he determined at once to punish several of the offenders by penmanship, and regenerate the great university of Ireland by a powerful, pointed, personal, and undisguised libel against its Fellows.

Theophilus was not without some plausible grounds to work upon; but he never considered that a printed libel did not admit of any legal justification. He at once put half a dozen of the Fellows *hors de société*, by proclaiming them to be perjurers, profligates, impostors, &c. &c.; and printed, published, and circulated this his *eulogium* with all the activity and zeal which belonged to his nature, working hard to give it a greater circulation than almost any libel published in Ireland, and that is saying a great deal!—but the main tenor of his charge was a most serious imputation and a very home one.

By the statutes of the Irish university, strict celibacy is required; and Mr. Swift stated "that the Fellows of that university, being also clergy-

men, had sworn on the Holy Evangelists, that they would strictly obey and keep sacred these statutes of the university, in manner, form, letter, and spirit, as enjoined by their charter from the virgin queen. But that, notwithstanding such their solemn oath, several of these Fellows and clergymen, flying in the face of the Holy Evangelists and of Queen Elizabeth; and forgetful of morality, religion, common decency, and good example, had actually taken to themselves each one woman, (at least) who went by the name of *Miss Such-a-one*, but who, in fact, had, in many instances, undergone, or was supposed to have undergone, the ceremony and consummation of marriage with such and such a perjured Fellow and parson of Dublin university: and that those who had not so married, had done worse! and that, thereby, they all had so perjured themselves and held out so vicious a precedent to youth, that he was obliged to take away his son, for fear of contamination, &c. &c."

It is easy to conceive that this publication, from the pen of a very gentlemanly, well-educated barrister, who had defended the monster at the bar and the Duke of York in Hyde Park, and showed himself ready and willing to write or fight with any man or body of men in Ireland, naturally made no small bustle and fuss amongst a portion of the University-men. Those who

had kept out of the scrape were not reported to be in any state of deep mourning on the subject, as their *piety* was the more conspicuous; and it could not hurt the feelings of either of them to reflect that he might possibly get a step in his promotion, on account of the defection of those seniors whose hearts might be broken, or removal made necessary, by the never-ending perseverance of this tremendous barrister, who had christened his son *Dean* Swift, that he might appear a relative of that famous churchman, the patron and idol of the Irish people.

The gentlemen of the long robe were, of course, delighted with the occurrence: they had not for a long time met with so full and fair an opportunity of expending every sentence of their wit, eloquence, law, and logic, as in taking part in this celebrated controversy. I was greatly rejoiced at finding on my table a retainer against the Fellows and parsons of Trinity College, whom I had always considered as a narrow-minded and untalented body of men, getting from £1000 to £1500 a year each for teaching several hundred students how to remain ignorant of most of those acquirements that a well-educated gentleman ought to be master of: it is true, the students had a fair chance of becoming good Latin scholars, of gaining a little Greek and Hebrew, and of understanding several books

of Euclid, with three or four chapters of Locke on the Human Understanding, and a sixpenny treatise on logic written by a very good divine, (one of the body) to prove clearly that sophistry is superior to reason.* This being my opinion of them, I felt no qualms of conscience in undertaking the defence of Theophilus Swift, Esq. though most undoubtedly a libeller. It is only necessary to say, that Lord Clonmell, who had been (I believe) a sizer himself in that university, and in truth, all the judges, (and with good reason) felt indignant at Theophilus Swift's so violently assailing and disgracing, in the face of the empire, the only university in Ireland—thus attacking the clergy though he defended a monster.

An information was in due form granted against Theophilus, and as he could neither deny the fact nor plead a justification to the libel, of course we had but a bad case of it. But the worse the case, the harder an Irish barrister always worked to make it appear a good

* Nothing can so completely stamp the character of the university of Dublin, as their suppression of the only school of eloquence in Ireland—"The Historical Society;"—a school from which arose some of the most distinguished, able, and estimable characters that ever appeared in the forum, or in the parliament of Ireland: this step was what the blundering Irish would call—"advancing backwards."

one. I beg here to observe, that the Irish bar were never so decorous and mild at that time, as to give up their briefs in desperate cases, as I have seen done in England—politely to save (as asserted) public time, and conciliate their Lordships: thus sending their clients out of court, because they *thought* they were not *defensible*. On the contrary, as I have said, the worse the case entrusted to an Irish barrister, the more zealously did he labour and fight for his client. If he thought it *indefensible*, why take a fee? but his motto was, "while there is life there is hope." During the speeches of these resolute advocates, powder and perspiration mingled in cordial streams adown their writhing features: their mouths, ornamented at each corner with generous froth, threw out half-a-dozen arguments, with tropes and syllogisms to match, whilst English gentlemen would have been cautiously pronouncing one monosyllable, and considering most discreetly what the next should be. In short, they always stuck to their cause to the very last gasp!—and it may appear fabulous to a steady, regular English expounder of the law, that I have repeatedly seen a cause which the bar, the bench, and the jury, seemed to think was irrevocably lost,—after a few hours' rubbing and puffing, (like the exertions of the Humane Society) brought into a state of restored

animation; and, after another hour or two of cross-examination and perseverance, the judges and jury have changed their impressions, and sent home the cause quite alive in the pockets of the owner and lawful solicitor.

In making these observations, I cannot but mention a gentleman then at the very head of the bar, as Prime Serjeant of Ireland, Mr. James Fitzgerald. I knew him long in great practice, and never saw him give up one case whilst it had a single point to rest upon, or he a puff of breath left to defend it; nor did I ever see any barrister succeed, either in the whole or partially, in so many cases out of a given number as Mr. Fitzgerald: and I can venture to say, (at least to think) that if the Right Honourable James Fitzgerald had been sent ambassador to Stockholm in the place of the Right Honourable Vesey Fitzgerald, his *cher garçon*, he would have worked Bernadotte to the stumps, merely by treating him just as if he were a motion in the Court of Exchequer. There was no treaty which the Government of England might have ordered him to *insist* upon, that he would not have carried, at all events in a degree.

This is a digression: but having been accustomed, for near forty years, to express my regard for that gentleman, and as this is probably the last time I shall ever have an opportunity of

doing so, I was determined, in my "last speech," not to be forgetful of my old, and, I really believe, sincere friend.

And now, reader! (I have in my preface stated my objections to the epithet *gentle*) we will go back to Theophilus Swift, and the college, and the King's Bench. The trial at length came on, and there were decidedly more parsons present than I believe ever appeared in any court of justice of the same dimensions. The court set out full gallop against us: nevertheless, we worked on—twice twelve judges could not have stopped us! I examined the most learned man of the whole university, Dr. Barret, a little, greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost: he knew of nothing on earth, save books and guineas—never went out, held but little intercourse with men, and none at all with women. I worked at him unsuccessfully for more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce: at length, he grew quite tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. "Indeed!" exclaimed he: "Oh! I did not know you were a christian!" At this unexpected repartee, the laugh was so strong against me, that I found myself muzzled. My colleagues worked as hard as I: but a seventy-horse power could not have moved the court. It was,

however, universally admitted that there was but one little point against us out of a hundred which the other side had urged: that point too had only three letters in it: yet it upset all our arguments: that talismanic word "law" was more powerful than two speeches of five hours each;—and, by the unanimous concurrence of the court and jury, Theophilus Swift was found guilty of writing, publishing, and undoubtedly *proving*, that certain parsons, Fellows of Dublin University, had been living (conjugally) with certain persons of an entirely different sex: and, in consequence, he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, where he took up his residence with nearly two hundred and forty felons and handy pick-pockets.

My poor visionary friend was in a sad state of depression: but heaven had a banquet in store for him which more than counterbalanced all his discomfitures:—an incident that I really think even the oracle of Delphos never would have thought of predicting.

The Rev. Doctor Burrows was, of all, the most inveterate enemy and active prosecutor of my friend Theophilus: he was one of those who, in despite of God and Queen Elizabeth, had fallen in love, and indulged his concupiscence by uniting his fortunes and person with the ob-

ject of it—and thereby got within the circle of Swift's anti-moralists. This reverend person determined to make the public hate Theophilus, if possible, as much as he did himself; and forgetting, in his zeal, the doctrine of libel, and the precedent which he had himself just helped to establish, set about to slay the slayer, and write a *quietus* for Theophilus Swift (as he supposed) during the rest of his days! Thus, hugging himself in all the luxury of complete revenge on a fallen foe, Dr. Burrows produced a libel at least as unjustifiable against the prisoner, as the prisoner had promulged against him: and having printed, published, and circulated the same, his Reverence and Madam conceived they had executed full justice on the enemy of marriage and the clergy. But, alas! they reckoned without their host: no sooner had I received a copy of this redoubtable pamphlet, than I hastened to my friend Theophilus, whom, from a state of despondency and unhappiness, I had the pleasure, in half an hour, of seeing at least as happy and more pleased than any king in Europe. It is unnecessary to say more than that I recommended an immediate prosecution of the Rev. Doctor Burrows, for a false, gross, and malicious libel against Theophilus Swift, Esq. Never was any prosecution better founded, or more clearly and effectually supported; and

it took complete effect. The reverend prosecutor, now culprit in his turn, was sentenced to one-half of Swift's term of imprisonment, and sent off to the same gaol.

The learned Fellows were astounded; the university so far disgraced; and Theophilus Swift immediately published both trials, with observations, notes critical and historical, &c.

But, alas! the mortification of the reverend Fellow did not end here. On arriving at Newgate (as the governor informed me) the Doctor desired a room as high up as could be had, that he might not be disturbed whilst remaining in that mansion. The governor informed him, with great regret, that he had not even a pigeon-hole in the gaol unoccupied at the time, there being two hundred and forty prisoners, chiefly pick-pockets, many of whom were waiting to be transported; and that, till these were got rid of, he had no private room that would answer his reverence: but there was a very neat and good chamber in which were only two beds—one occupied by a respectable and polite gentleman; and if the Doctor could manage in this way meanwhile, he might depend on a preference the moment there should be a vacancy. Necessity has no law; and the Doctor, forced to acquiesce, desired to be shown to the chamber. On entering, the gentleman and he exchanged

bows—but in a moment both started involuntarily at sight of each other. On one was to be seen the suppressed smile of mental triumph, and on the other the grin of mortification. But Swift (naturally the *pink* of politeness) gave no reason for an increase of the Doctor's chagrin. As the sunbeams put out a fire, so did a sense of his folly flash so strong upon the Doctor's reason, that it extinguished the blaze of his anger; and the governor having left them, in a short time an *eclaircissement* took place between these two fellow-lodgers in a room fourteen feet by twelve! I afterwards learned that they jogged on very well together till the expiration of their sentences, and I never heard of any libel published by either the Doctor or Swift afterwards.

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

Biographical and characteristic sketch of Dean Kirwan—His extraordinary eloquence—The peculiar powers of Sheridan, Curran, and Grattan contrasted—Observations on pulpit, bar, and parliamentary oratory.

A COMPARATIVE scale of the talents of the celebrated men of my day I have frequently attempted, but never with success. Though I knew most of them both in private and public, my mind could never settle itself to any permanent opinion on so complicated a subject. Nevertheless, I quite agree with the maxim of Pope—"that the noblest study of mankind is man!" and, consequently, the analysis of human character has ever formed one of my greatest amusements, though all endeavours to reduce my observations to a system have proved decidedly idle. Hence, I have at times grown out of humour with the science altogether, and made up my mind that there never was a more unprofitable occupation than that of determining

a public character whilst the individual still lived. It is only after the grave has closed on men—when they can change no more, and their mortal acts are for ever terminated—that their respective natures become truly developed. This is a reflection that must surely force itself upon the mind and heart of every observant man.

The depressions of adversity generally leave the ostensible character pretty much as it appeared originally, save that it occasionally throws out either abjectness or fortitude, and that talent is sometimes elicited in a greater proportion than the sufferer was imagined to possess. But I have always seen high prosperity the true and almost infallible touchstone: and since I have had leisure to observe the world, its effects upon my fellow-countrymen have proved more remarkable than upon the people of any other country—and indeed, in many instances, thoroughly ridiculous.

Eloquence, a first-rate quality in my scale, is that for which the Irish *were* eminently celebrated. But the exercise of this gift depends on so many accidental circumstances, and is withal so much regulated by fashion, that its decline is scarcely surprising. So few possess it, indeed, that it has become the interest of the only body in Ireland accustomed to extempore public speaking, (the bar) to undervalue and

throw it into the back-ground, which they have effectually succeeded in doing. A dull fellow can cry "come to the point!" as well as the most eloquent declaimer.

Pulpit eloquence is, in my opinion, by far the most important of any: the interest in which it is enlisted is, or ought to be, tremendously absorbing; and in consequence, it is deserving of the highest and most persevering cultivation. Yet, what is the fact?—Unless we resort to the temples of sectarianism, and run a risk of being annoyed by vulgarity and fanaticism, we have little or no chance of meeting with a preacher who seems *in earnest*. Polemical controversy may be carried on between hireling priests without the least tincture of hearty zeal, and bishops may think it quite sufficient to leave the social duties and cardinal virtues to work their way by force of their own intrinsic merits; yet these are the points whereon a really eloquent and zealous minister might rouse the attention of his hearers to effectual purpose, and succeed in detaching them from methodistical cant and rant, which, at present, (merely in consequence of apparent heartiness and a semblance of inspiration,) draw away both old and young—both sensible and illiterate—from the tribe of cold metaphysical expositors who affect to illus-

trate the Christian tenets in our parochial congregations.

Nothing can better exemplify the latter observations than a circumstance connected with the island of Guernsey. There are seven Protestant churches in that island, where the usual service is gone through in the usual manner. A parcel of Methodists, however, professed themselves discontented with our Litany, established a different form of worship, and set up a meeting-house of their own—giving out that they could save *two* souls for every *one* that a common Protestant parson could manage: in due time they inveigled a set of fanatic persons to form a *singing choir*, which employed itself in chanting from morning till night; every girl who wanted to put her voice in tune being brought by her mother to sing psalms with the Methodists. This vocal bait, indeed, took admirably; and, in a short time, the congregations of the seven churches might have been well accommodated in one. On the other hand, although the meeting-house was enlarged, its portals even were thronged on every occasion, multitudes both inside and out all squalling away to the very stretch of their voices.

The dean and clergy, perceiving clearly that singing had beaten praying out of the field, made

a due representation to the bishop of Winchester, and requested the instructions of that right reverend dignitary, how to bring back the wayward flock to their natural folds and shepherds. The bishop replied, that as the desertion appeared to be in consequence of the charms of melody, the remedy was plain—namely, to get *better singers* than the Methodists, and to sing better tunes; in which case the Protestant churches would, no doubt, soon recover every one of their parishioners.

Not having, for many years, heard a sermon in Ireland, I am not aware of the precise state of its pulpit oratory at present. But of this I am quite sure—that politics and controversy are not the true attributes of Christian worship; and that, whenever they are made the topic of spiritual discourse, the whole congregation would be justified in dozing.

I have heard many parsons *attempt* eloquence, but very few of them, in my idea, succeeded. The present archbishop of Dublin worked hard for the prize, and a good number of the Fellows of Dublin College tried their tongues to little purpose: in truth, the preaching of one minister rendered me extremely fastidious respecting eloquence from the pulpit.

This individual was Dean Kirwan (now no more), who pronounced the most impressive ora-

tions I ever heard from the members of any profession, at any era. It is true, he spoke for *effect*, and therefore directed his flow of eloquence according to its apparent influence. I have listened to this man actually with astonishment! He was a gentleman by birth, had been educated as a Roman Catholic priest, and officiated some time in Ireland in that capacity; but afterwards conformed to the Protestant church, and was received *ad eundem.* His extraordinary powers soon brought him into notice; and he was promoted by Lord Westmoreland to a living; afterwards became a dean; and would, most probably, have been a bishop;—but he had an intractable turn of mind, entirely repugnant to the usual means of acquiring high preferment. It was much to be lamented, that the independence of principle and action which he certainly possessed was not accompanied by any reputation for philanthropic qualities. His justly high opinion of himself seemed (unjustly) to overwhelm every other consideration.

Dr. Kirwan's figure, and particularly his countenance, were not prepossessing; there was an air of discontent in his looks, and a sharpness in his features, which, in the aggregate, amounted to something not distant from repulsion. His manner of preaching was of the French school: he was vehement for awhile, and then, beco-

ming (or affecting to become) exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face: a dead silence ensued—he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence—another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The men began to wonder at his eloquence, the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivalled his talent; and, at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a "celestial exhaustion" (as I heard a lady call it,) not unfrequently terminated his discourse—in general, abruptly. If the subject was charity, every purse was laid largely under contribution. In the church of St. Peter's, where he preached an annual charity sermon, the usual collection, which had been under £200, was raised by the Dean to £1,100. I knew a gentleman myself, who threw both his purse and watch into the plate!

Yet the oratory of this celebrated preacher would have answered in no other profession than his own, and served to complete my idea of the true distinction between pulpit, bar, and parliamentary eloquence. Kirwan in the pulpit, Curran at the bar, and Sheridan in the senate,—were the three most effective orators I ever recollect, in their respective departments.

Kirwan's talents seemed to me to be limited

entirely to elocution. I had much intercourse with him at the house of Mr. Hely, of Tooke's-court. Whilst residing in Dublin, I met him at a variety of places; and my overwrought expectations, in fact, were a good deal disappointed. His style of address had nothing engaging in it; nothing either dignified or graceful. In his conversation there was neither sameness nor variety—ignorance nor information; and yet, somehow or other, he avoided insipidity. His *amour propre* was the most prominent of his superficial qualities; and a bold, manly independence of mind and feeling, the most obvious of his deeper ones. I believe he was a good man, if he could not be termed a very amiable one; and learned, although niggardly in communicating what he knew.

I have remarked thus at large upon Dean Kirwan, because he was by far the most eloquent and effective pulpit orator I ever heard, and because I never met any man whose character I felt myself more at a loss accurately to pronounce upon. It has been said, that his sermons were adroitly extracted from passages in the celebrated discourses of Saurin, the Huguenot, who preached at the Hague (grandfather to the late attorney-general of Ireland). It may be so; and in that case all I can say is, that Kirwan was a most judicious selector, and

that I doubt if the eloquent writer made a hundredth part of the impression of his eloquent plagiarist.

I should myself be the plagiarist of a hundred writers, if I attempted to descant upon the parliamentary eloquence of Sheridan. It only seems necessary to refer to his speech on Mr. Hastings's trial;* at least, that is sufficient to decide me as to his immense superiority over all his rivals in splendid declamation. Most great men have their individual points of superiority, and I am sure that Sheridan could not have preached, nor Kirwan have pleaded. Curran could have done both—Grattan neither:—but, in language calculated to rouse a nation, Grattan, whilst young, far exceeded either of them.

I have often met Sheridan, but never knew

* I had an opportunity of knowing that Mr. Sheridan was offered £1000 for that speech by a bookseller, the day after it was spoken, provided he would write it out correctly from the notes taken, before the interest had subsided; and yet, although he certainly had occasion for money at the time, and assented to the proposal, he did not take the trouble of writing a line of it! The publisher was of course displeased, and insisted on his performing his promise: upon which Sheridan laughingly replied in the vein of Falstaff:—"No, Hal!—were I at the strappado, I would do nothing *by compulsion!*" He did it at length—but too late! and, as I heard, was (reasonably enough!) not paid.

him intimately. He was my senior and my superior. Whilst he was in high repute, I was at laborious duties: whilst he was eclipsing every body in fame in one country, I was labouring hard to gain any in another. He professed whiggism: I did not understand it, and I have met very few patriots who appear to have acted even on their own definition thereof.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Reception of the late Queen Caroline (then Princess of Wales) at the drawing-room held after the "Delicate Investigation"—Her depression and subsequent levity—Queen Charlotte and the Princess compared and contrasted—Reflections on the incidents of that day and evening—The Thames on a Vauxhall night.

I HAVE often mused on the unfortunate history and fate of the late Queen Caroline. It is not for me to discuss the merits or demerits of her case, or to give any opinion on the conduct of the ruling powers in the business. I shall only observe, that though it was not possible to foresee such events as subsequently took place, I had, from the time of my being presented to that Princess by Lord Stowell, felt an unaccountable presentiment that her destiny would not be a happy one.

Upon the close of the "delicate investigation," a drawing-room of the most brilliant description was held at St. James's, to witness the Princess's reception by Her Majesty, Queen Charlotte.

I doubt if a more numerous and sparkling assemblage had ever been collected in that ancient palace;—curiosity had no small share in drawing it together.

The sun was that day in one of his most glaring humours; he shone with unusual ardour into the windows of the antique ball-room—seeming as if he wished at the same moment to gild and melt down that mass of beauty and of diamonds which was exposed to all his fervour. The crowd was immense, the heat insufferable; and the effects resulting therefrom liberally displayed themselves, though in different-tinted streams, upon the faces of the natural and aided beauties.

I was necessitated to attend in my official dress: the frizzled peruke, loaded with powder and pomatum, (covering at least half the body of the sufferer,) was wedged in amongst the gaudy nobles. The dress of every person who was so *fortunate* as to come in contact with the wigs, like the cameleon, instantly imbibed the colour of the thing it came in collision with; and after a short intimacy, many a full-dress black received a large portion of my silvery hue, and many a splendid manteau participated in the materials which render powder adhesive.

Of all the distressed beings in that heated assembly, I was most amused by Sir Vicary

Gibbs, then attorney-general.—Hard-featured and impatient—his wig awry—his solids yielding out all their essence—he appeared as if he had just arisen (though not like Venus,) from the sea. Every muscle of his angular features seemed busily employed in forming hieroglyphic imprecations! Though amused, I never pitied any person more—except myself. Wedged far too tight to permit even a heaving sigh at my own imprisonment, I could only be consoled by a perspective view of the gracious Charlotte, who stood stoutly before the throne like the stump of a baronial castle to which age gives greater dignity. I had, however, in due rotation, the honour of being presented, and of kissing the back of her Majesty's hand.

I am, of course, profoundly ignorant of her Majesty's manner in her family, but certainly her public receptions were the most gracious in the world: there could not be a more engaging, kind, and condescending address than that of the Queen of England. It is surprising how different a Queen appears in a drawing-room and in a newspaper.

At length, the number of presentations had diminished the pressure, and a general stir in the crowd announced something uncommon about to take place. It was the approach of the Princess of Wales.

Whoever considered the painfully delicate situation in which this lady was then placed, could not help feeling a sympathy for her apparent sufferings. Her father, the Duke of Brunswick, had not long before expired of his wounds received at Jena; and after her own late trials it was, I thought, most inauspicious that deep mourning should be her attire on her reception —as if announcing at once the ill-fate of herself and of her parent: her dress was decked with a multiplicity of black bugles. She entered the drawing-room leaning on the arm of the Duke of Cumberland, and seemed to require the support. To her it must, in truth, have been a most awful moment. The subject of the investigation, the loss of her natural protector, and the doubts she must have felt as to the precise nature of her reception by the Queen, altogether made a deep impression on every one present. She tottered to the throne: the spectacle grew interesting in the highest degree. I was not close; but a low buzz ran round the room that she had been received most kindly, and a few moments sufficed to show that this was her own impression.

After she had passed the ordeal, a circle was formed for her beyond the throne. I wished for an introduction, and Lord Stowell (then Sir William Scott,) did me that honour. I had felt

in common with every body for the depression of spirits with which the princess had approached her Majesty. I, for my part, considered her in consequence as full of sensibility at her own situation: but so far as her subsequent manner showed, I was totally deceived. The trial was at an end, the Queen had been kind, and a paroxysm of spirits seemed to succeed and mark a strange contrast to the manner of her entry. I thought it was too *sudden* and too *decisive:* she spoke much, and loud, and rather bold: it seemed to me as if all recollection of what had passed was rapidly vanishing. So far it pleased me, to see returning happiness; but still the *kind* of thing made no favourable impression on my mind. Her circle was crowded; the presentations numerous: but on the whole, she lost ground in my estimation.

This incident proved to me the palpable distinction between *feeling* and *sensibility*—words which people misconstrue and mingle without discrimination. I then compared the two ladies. The bearing of Queen Charlotte certainly was not that of a heroine in romance: but she was the best-bred and most graceful lady of her age and figure I ever saw: so kind and conciliating, that one could scarcely believe her capable of any thing but benevolence. She appeared plain, old, and of dark complexion; but

she was unaffected, and commanded that respect which private virtues ever will obtain for public character. I liked her vastly better than her daughter-in-law;—indeed, I never could reconcile myself, in any instance, to extra-natural complexions.

I returned from the drawing-room with a hundred new thoughts excited by circumstances which had never occurred to me on any former occasion, and by the time I arrived at the Adelphi, had grown from a courtier into a philosopher! Even there, however, my lucubrations were doomed to interruption. From my chamber at the Caledonian, the beauty of the animated Thames quite diverted my mind from the suffocating splendour, under the pressure of which I had passed three hours. The broad unruffled tide, reflecting the rich azure of the firmament, awakened in my mind ideas of sublimity which would have raised it towards heaven, had not dinner and a new train of observation unfortunately recalled me to worldly considerations, which I fancied I had for one evening completely laid aside. Another scene of equal brilliance in its own way soon rivetted my attention. It was a Vauxhall evening—and thousands of painted and gilded skiffs darted along under my windows, crowded with flashy girls and tawdry cits, all enveloped in their

holiday glories, and appearing to vie in gaudiness with the scullers of which they were the cargo. Here elegance and vulgarity, rank and meanness, vice and beauty, mingling and moving over the waters, led me to the mortifying reflection, that this apparently gay and happy company probably comprised a portion of the most miserable and base materials of the British population.

I soon became fatigued by the brilliant sameness of the scene; and a sort of spurious philosophy again led me back to the Queen's drawing-room, and set me reflecting on numerous subjects, in which I had not the remotest interest! but as solitary reasoning is one of the very greatest incentives to drowsiness, that sensation soon overcame all others; the sensorial powers gradually yielded to its influence; and, in a short time, the Queen and the Princess of Wales—the drawing-room and the gilded boats—the happy-looking girls and assiduous gallants—all huddled together in most irreverent confusion, sheered off (as a seaman would say), and left a sound and refreshing slumber in place of all that was great and gay—dazzling and splendid—in the first metropolis of the European hemisphere.

LORD YELVERTON AND THE BAR.

Characteristic and personal sketches of three Irish barristers: Mr. William Fletcher (afterwards chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas), Mr. James Egan (afterwards judge of Dublin County), and Mr. Bartholomew Hoare, King's counsel—Lord Yelverton's dinner party—The author's parody—Mr. Egan right by mistake.

Mr. William Fletcher, since chief justice of the Common Pleas; Mr. James Egan, afterwards judge of Kilmainham; and Mr. Bartholomew Hoare, one of the King's counsel, were certainly the three most intractable men of their profession, though of characters very dissimilar.

Mr. Fletcher, a clever man and excellent lawyer, had a surly temper combined with a kind heart and an honest free-spirited principle, which never forsook him either in private life or as a public functionary. He was hard-featured, and although morose in court, disposed to jocularity in society: his appetites seemed to incline towards *gourmandise*, and in fact, toward voluptuousness, generally speaking. As

a judge, he was upright, uninfluenced, and humane.

Mr. Egan, a huge, coarse-looking, red-faced, boisterous fellow, to as tender a heart as ever was enclosed in so rough an outside, added a number of other good qualities which it would be too much to expect should exist without some alloy. His manners were naturally gross rather than refined; and it was very curious to see him, in full-dress, endeavour to affect good breeding. He had immense business at the bar at the time Lord Yelverton presided in the Court of Exchequer; and he executed that business zealously and successfully, with, however, as occasion served, a sprinkling of what we term balderdash. In fact, he both gave and received hits and cuts with infinite spirit, and in more ways than one; for he had fought a good number of duels, (one with swords) and had the good fortune to escape with an unpierced skin. Natural death was his final enemy, and swept him off long before nature ought to have had any hand in it. He died judge of Dublin County.

Bartholomew Hoare was the inferior of both. He wrote well, but spoke most disagreeably;—his harangues being sententious and diffuse, though not destitute of point. He was ill-tempered, arrogant, and rude, with a harsh ex-

pression of countenance; but withal, what was termed "an able man." In point of intellect, indeed, he perhaps exceeded Egan, but in heart I must rank him inferior. Egan was popular with the most talented men of his profession: Hoare could never attain popularity in any shape.

These are merely fugitive sketches of three men of the Irish bar who (I knew not why) were generally named together, but whose respective careers terminated very differently.—Bartholomew Hoare died in great distress.

The chief baron, Lord Yelverton, got one day after dinner, at his house at Fairview, into an argument with Egan, which in truth he always courted, to enhance the merriment of the company. Hoare never heard an argument in his life between any two persons, or upon any subject, wherein he did not long to obtrude; and Fletcher, if he thought he had conceived a good hit, was never easy till he was delivered of it. On the evening in question, the trio had united in contesting with their host all manner of subjects, which he had himself designedly started, to excite them. He was in high glee, and played them off in a style of the most superior wit and cleverness, assisted by much classic quotation: by successive assaults he upset the three, who were as less than one in the hands of

Yelverton, when he chose to exert himself. The evening certainly turned out among the pleasantest I ever passed in society.

Lord Yelverton's wit and humour had a sort of weight and solidity in it, which emitted a fervid as well as a blazing light. I opened not my lips;—had I mingled in their disputation, I should not only have got my full portion of the tattooing (as they termed it), but also have lost, in becoming an actor, the gratification of witnessing the scene. At length Lord Yelverton wrote under the table with a pencil the following words, and sent the scrap by a servant to me:—"Barrington, these fellows will never stop!—pray *write something about them*, and send it to me."—I left the room, and having written the following parody in a hand to resemble printing, sent it in to his Lordship sealed as a letter:—

> Three pleaders, in one vulgar era born,
> Mount Melic, Cork, and Blarney did adorn:
> In solemn *surliness* the first surpass'd,
> The next in *balderdash*—in both the last:
> The force of Nature could no further go;
> To make a third, she join'd the former two!

Lord Yelverton, not expecting the lampoon to come in form of a letter, was greatly diverted; it was read over and over again, amidst

roars of laughter. Every body entertained his own conjecture respecting the writer, and each barrister appropriated to himself one of the three characteristics. I was not at all suspected that night, since I had in nowise interfered, and my brief absence had not been noticed: but next day in court, it somehow came out. Nobody but Hoare was vexed, and him I silenced by threatening that I would write another epigram on him *solus* if he provoked me.

Egan, however, professed annoyance at me from some cause or other in the course of that day. He was never remarkable for the correctness of his English. In speaking to some motion that was pending, he used the word *obdurate* frequently. I happened to laugh; Egan turned round, and then addressing himself to the chief baron, "I suppose, my Lord," said he ironically, "the gentleman laughs at my happening to pronounce the word *obdurate* wrong."

"No, my Lord," replied I, "I only laughed because he happened to pronounce it *right*."

I never heard him utter the word *obdurate* afterwards.

MR. NORCOT'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

The hollowness of interested popularity illustrated in the example of Mr. Norcot—The dilemma of a gamester—The last resource--The "faithful" valet—Mr. Norcot turns Mahometan—His equivocal destiny.

Mr. Norcot was an eccentric Irish barrister, the uncertainty of whose fate has given rise to a vast number of surmises: the last authentic account described him as a Turk selling rhubarb and opium in the streets of Smyrna! When the Duke of Richmond was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he was a great favourite at the Castle revels. He could drink as stoutly as the Duke himself, touch the piano as well as a lady, or gamble as deeply as any of the gentlemen: he could jest even better than Sir Charles Vernon, and drove, in his entertainments, all other bachelors out of the field. Hence, his reception was so flattering, that he discarded all reflection, and at length found his purse empty, his resources dry, his profession unproductive, his estate melted down, and his reputation *not improved*. The

noble Duke gave him no *place*—but at his dinner-table, while smiles and lemonade were the favours of the Duchess: the courtiers turned their faces towards him whilst he was rich, and their backs when he had grown poor: his best puns began to pass without notice, his mimicry excited no laughter, and his most high-flown compliments scarcely received a curtsey.

A fat, hearty, convivial fellow does not perceive what is termed the half-cut near so soon as your lank, sensitive, thorough-paced goer: and Norcot was not completely undeceived as to his own declining influence until, one evening, having lost much more money than he had to pay, he began to consider how to make up the deficiency. He had very little cash left anywhere, and was not versed in the borrowing system: so he thought he would wait a few days to see what Providence would be pleased to do for him; and as he had never thought it worth his while to rely upon her before, he did not know exactly in what way to court her assistance. Irish gentlemen so circumstanced are very apt to suppose that they may find *Providence*, or in other words *good luck*, at the bottom of two or three bottles of wine, and accordingly never omit the application thereunto. Norcot pursued the usual course, and certainly made away with that number at least next night,

with the Duke. But alas! this kind of exorcism was unsuccessful in his instance, and he was necessitated to return home, at three o'clock in the morning, sobered by the very lassitude of excess, and maddened by reflection. On arriving, he threw himself into his arm-chair, his mind became confused, his reason wandered: he thought of resources—there were none!—but the extent of his poverty and debts being as yet not publicly known, he thought of borrowing: the plan, however, seemed a doubtful one; and besides, he was deterred from trying it by his pride. He next thought of prison; this inflamed his brain still farther, and drove him upon the fearful alternative of suicide! Here a door of retreat seemed open, although whither it led he knew not: but he had neither heart to bear up against misfortune, nor religion to assuage it: he had no steady friend to advise with, and no liberal one to relieve him.

He sank for a moment into an enviable state of insensibility. His servant Thomas, a broad, faithful Irishman, but who never had known the meaning of any kind of feelings, (except corporeal ones,) stood by surprised at the change in his master's manner. "Thomas!" exclaimed the desponding Norcot, "Thomas, are my pistols charged?"

"Right well, plase your honour," replied Thomas.

"The flints, Thomas?"

"I'm sure they 'd strike fire enough to burn a barrel of gunpowder, if your honour wanted to blow it up!"

"Bring them hither!" said Norcot.

Thomas did not approve of this order, and answered, "Sure your honour can't want them till day-light, any how!" But, upon Norcot's authoritatively waving his hand, he brought the pistols, wondering what his master wanted with them.

"Thomas," said the desperate man, "you were always faithful!"

"And *why should not I?*" said Thomas.

"Well, then, Thomas, I can live no longer!"

"Thunder and oons, Master! why not?"

"'Tis enough to say, Thomas," pursued the hapless barrister, taking up one of the pistols, "that I am *determined* to die."

Thomas never having seen such a catastrophe, was quite alarmed, but all his eloquence was in vain: having wept and argued to no purpose, he ran towards the window to shout murder, but it was fast. Norcot, (who was an unbeliever,) shuddering meanwhile less at the idea of the crime he contemplated than at that of eternal

annihilation, (which his tenets induced him to anticipate,) said, "Thomas, take one of these pistols and put it to my head; apply the other here, to my heart;—fire both together, and put me out of my pain—for die I will!"

Thomas mused and bethought himself, and then answered, "I am willing to do the best I can for so good a master, but truly I can't shoot, and may be I 'd miss your honour! hadn't I better go to some gentleman of your acquaintance that I heard you say never missed anybody—and who would do it cleverly?"

"None but you," returned the unyielding desperado, "shall shoot me, Thomas!"

"I never shot any body!" cried the servant: "but (taking up the pistols) your honour says, one at your head: may I crave what part of it?"

"There," said Norcot, pointing to his temple; "the other through my heart!"

"And which side is your honour's heart to-night?" inquired the dilatory valet.

"Here!" replied Norcot: "now cock and fire!"

Thomas, who had been planning all this time how to get rid of the business, now seemed on the sudden to recollect himself. "But, master dear!" said he, "when you were going to fight a duel with that Captain O'Brien, at the Cove of Cork, your honour took out Surgeon Egan with

you, saying, that no gentleman should risk his life without a doctor: so, if you plase, I'll just step over first and foremost, and fetch Surgeon Macklin here *for fear of accidents!*" Without waiting any reply, he instantly stepped out of the room as fast as he could, taking the pistols with him, and leaving Norcot in astonishment: he actually went to the doctor, told him the story, and brought him over to reason with his master, who remained in a state of perfect distraction. However, the fit somewhat subsided; and the incident's being thus placed in a novel and ridiculous point of view had the most extraordinary effect on Norcot's mind. He recovered the use of his reason, and calm reflection succeeded the burning frenzy. He could scarcely avoid smiling at Thomas; and, relating the adventure himself, pretended it was only a trick of his own to terrify his servant. But when he was left to himself, he considered what was best to be done, and adopted it. He made up all the means he could, and got into a place of secrecy, where he awaited the result of the "Chapter of Accidents," and the efforts of his great friends to procure him some employment for subsistence: —nor was he long unprovided for. He was appointed to an office, I think at Malta, but where he soon disgraced himself in a manner which for ever excluded him from society. Being now

lost past all redemption, he fled to the Morea, and from thence to Constantinople, where he renounced the cross and became a Mussulman. But even there he was not fortunate: he has for some time been lost sight of, and exhibits a most edifying lesson to the dissipated and unbelieving. After commencing the world with as plausible prospects of success and respectability as most men of his day, Norcot, if dead, has died a disgraced and blasphemous renegado; thus confirming an observation of mine, throughout life, that a free-*thinker* is ever disposed to be also a free-*actor*, and is restrained from the gratification of all his vices only by those laws which provide a punishment for their commission.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH JUDGES.

Baron Monckton—Judge Boyd—Judge Henn—Legal blunder of a judge, and Curran's bon-mot thereon—Baron Power—His suicide—Crosby Morgal's spirit of emulation—Judge William Johnson—Curious anecdote between him and the author—Judge Kelly—His character and bon-mots—Lord Kilwarden—His character—Murder of him and his nephew the Rev. Mr. Wolfe—Mr. Emmet executed—Memoir of that person—Judge Robert Johnson—Arrested in Ireland, and tried in London, for a libel written on Lord Redesdale in Ireland and published by Cobbett—Doubts of the legality of his Lordship's trial—He is found guilty.

Before, and for some time after I was called to the bar, the bench was in some instances very curiously manned as to judges. The uniform custom had previously been to send over these dignitaries from England;—partly with a view to protect the property of absentees, and partly from political considerations: and the individuals thus sent appeared as if generally selected because they were good for nothing else. In truth, till the judges of Ireland were made independent of the crown in 1784, no English

barrister who could earn his bread at home would accept a precarious office in a strange country, and on a paltry salary. Such Irishmen, also, as were in those days constituted puisne judges, were of the inferior class of practising barristers, on account of the last-mentioned circumstance.

A vulgar idea, most ridiculous in its nature, formerly prevailed in Ireland, of the infallibility of judges. It existed at an early period of my observations, and went so far even as to conceive that an ignorant barrister, whose opinion nobody probably would ask, or, if obtained, would act upon—should he, by interest, subserviency, or other fortuitous circumstances, be placed on the judicial bench, immediately changed his character—all the books in his library pouring their information into his head! The great seal and the king's patent were held to saturate his brain in half an hour with all that wisdom and learning which he had in vain been trying to get even a peep at during the former portion of his life; and the mere dicta of the metamorphosed barrister were set down, by reporters, as the infallible (but theretofore inexplicable) law of the land; and, as such, handed round to other judges under the appellation of precedents, entitled to all possible weight in judicial decisions.

This old doctrine of the infallibility of dicta and precedents, (which presented, in fact, an accumulation of enigmas and contradictions,) was at one time carried to great lengths;—I believe partly from a plausible system of making legal decisions *uniform*, whether right or wrong; and perhaps partly from the inability of the adopters to make any better sort of precedent themselves. A complaisance so ridiculous has of late been much relaxed.

To show the gradual and great improvement of the Irish bench, and the rapid advance in the administration of justice in the law courts of that country, I will subjoin a few illustrative anecdotes.

Baron Monckton, of the Exchequer, (an importation from England) was said to understand *black* letter and *red* wine better than any who had preceded him in that situation. At all events, being often *vino deditus*, he on those occasions described the segment of a circle in making his way to the seat of justice! This learned baron was longer on the bench than any other in my recollection. I have also in later days enjoyed the intimacy of a very clever well-informed man, and a sound lawyer, who (like the baron) rather indecorously indulged in the juice of the grape, and whom Lord Clare had made a judge for some services rendered

to himself. The newspapers eulogised this gentleman very much for his singular *tender-heartedness*, saying, "So great was the humanity of Judge Boyd, that when he was passing sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, it was observable that his Lordship seldom failed to have 'a drop in his eye!'"

I remember a barrister being raised to the Irish bench, who had been previously well known by the ingenious surname of Counsellor *Necessity*,—because "necessitas *non legem* habet:" and certainly to do him no more than justice, he consistently merited the cognomen after his elevation as well as before.

Old Judge Henn (a very excellent private character,) was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers (arguing a civil bill upon some trifling subject,) repeatedly haranguing the Court, and each most positively laying down the "law of the case" in *direct* opposition to his adversary's statement thereupon. The judge listened with great attention until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his Lordship to decide the point.

"How, gentlemen," said Judge Henn, "*can* I settle it between you?—You, sir, positively say the law is *one way*, and you, (turning to the op-

posite party) as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris, (to his registrar, who sat underneath,) I knew what the law *really* was!"

"My Lord," replied Billy Harris most sententiously, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance towards the bench; "if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your Lordship with a great deal of pleasure!"

"Then we 'll *save the point*, Billy Harris," exclaimed the judge.

A more modern justice of the Irish King's Bench, in giving his *dictum* on a certain will case, absolutely said, "he thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life interest* in the estate to *himself*." The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable. "Very true, my Lord," said he, "very true! testators generally do secure life interests to themselves. But, in this case, I rather think your Lordship takes the *will* for the *deed*."

The chief justices were, however, generally accomplished men, and of first-rate talent as lawyers; and the chancellors, with few exceptions, both able and dignified; qualities, which Lord Lifford was the last to unite in an eminent degree.

On the subject of judges, I cannot omit a few

anecdotes of a very different description from the foregoing, which occurred in my own time.

Baron Power was considered an excellent lawyer, and was altogether one of the most curious characters I have met in the profession.— He was a morose, fat fellow, affecting to be genteel: he was very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious. Unfortunately for himself, Baron Power held the office of usher of the Court of Chancery, which was principally remunerated by fees on monies lodged in that court. Lord Clare (then chancellor) hated and teazed him, because Power was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon. The chancellor had a certain control over the usher; at least he had a sort of license for abusing him by innuendo, as an officer of the court, and most unremittingly did he exercise that license. Baron Power had a large private fortune, and always acted in office strictly according to the custom of his predecessors; but was attacked so virulently and pertinaciously by Lord Clare, that having no redress, it made a deep impression, first on his pride, then on his mind, and at length on his intellect. Lord Clare followed up his blow, as was common with him: he made incessant attacks on the baron, who chose rather to break than bend; and who, unable longer to stand this

persecution, determined on a prank of all others the most agreeable to his adversary!—The baron walked quietly down early one fine morning to the south wall, which runs into the sea, about two miles from Dublin; there he very deliberately filled his coat-pockets with pebbles; and having accomplished that business, as deliberately walked into the ocean, which however did not retain him long, for his body was thrown ashore with great contempt by the tide. His estates devolved upon his nephews, two of the most respectable men of their country; and the lord chancellor enjoyed the double gratification of destroying a baron, and recommending a more submissive officer in his place.

Had the matter ended here, it might not have been so very remarkable; but the precedent was too respectable and inviting not to be followed by persons who had any particular reasons for desiring strangulation; as a judge drowning himself gave the thing a sort of dignified legal *éclat!* It so happened, that a Mr. Morgal, then an attorney residing in Dublin, (of large dimensions, and with shin bones curved like the segment of a rainbow,) had, for good and sufficient reasons, long appeared rather dissatisfied with himself and other people. But as attorneys were considered much more likely to induce their neighbours to cut their throats

than to execute that office upon themselves, nobody ever suspected Morgal of any intention to shorten his days in a voluntary manner.

However, it appeared that the signal success of Baron Power had excited in the attorney a great ambition to get rid of his sensibilities by a similar exploit. In compliance with such his impression, he adopted the very same preliminaries as the baron had done; walked off by the very same road, to the very same spot; and, having had the advantage of knowing, from the coroner's inquest, that the baron had put pebbles into his pocket with good effect, adopted likewise this judicial precedent, and committed himself in due form into the hands of father Neptune, who took equal care of him as he had done of the baron; and, after having suffocated him so completely as to defy the exertions of the Humane Society, sent his body floating ashore, to the full as bloated and buoyant as Baron Power's had been. This gentleman was father to a lady of rank still living, and whose first husband met a much more disagreeable *finale*, being shot *against* his will by his brother candidate Mr. Crosby, at the election of Kerry. She has herself, however, been singularly fortunate throughout life.

As a sequel to this little anecdote of Crosby

Morgal, it is worth observing, that, though I do not recollect any of the *attorneys* immediately following his example, four or five of his *clients* very shortly after started from this world of their own accord, to try, as people then said, if they could any way overtake Crosby, who had left them no conveniences for staying long behind him.*

* The Irish attorneys had, I believe, then pretty much the same reputation and popularity enjoyed by their tribe throughout the United Kingdom. They have now wisely changed their designation into that of *solicitors*. I recollect one anecdote, which will, I think, apply pretty well to the major part of that celebrated profession. Some years ago, a suitor in the Court of Exchequer complained in person to the Chief Baron, that he was quite *ruinated*, and could go on no further! "Then," said Lord Yelverton, "you had better leave the matter to be decided by reference."—"To be sure I will, my Lord," said the plaintiff: "I've been now at law thirteen years, and can't get on at all! I'm willing, please your Lordship, to leave it all either to one *honest man* or two *attorneys*, whichever your Lordship pleases." "You had better toss up for that," said Lord Yelverton, laughing. Two attorneys were however appointed, and, in less than a *year*, reported that "they could not agree:" both parties then declared, they would leave the matter to a very honest farmer —a neighbour of theirs. They did so, and, in about a *week*, came hand-in-hand to the court, thanked his Lordship, and told him their neighbour had settled the whole affair square and straight to their entire satisfaction. Lord Yelverton used to tell the anecdote with great glee.

Mr. William Johnson (the present Judge Johnson) was the only one of my brother barristers whose smiles were not agreeable to me when we went circuits together. I liked his frowns extremely, because *they* were generally *very sincere,* extremely picturesque, and never niggardly bestowed. But, as my own smiles had the trouble of mounting up from my heart, whilst he had an assortment ready prepared to take a short cut to his muscles whenever policy required, I found that in this particular we were not equally matched.

When my friend William was angry, I was sure he was in earnest, and that it would not be over too soon: I therefore considered it as a proper, steady sort of concern. But his paroxysms of good humour were occasionally so awkward, that although they were but transitory, I have frequently begged of him to cheer up our society by getting into a little passion; nay, have sometimes taken the liberty of putting him into one myself, to make him more agreeable.

Be it remembered, however, that this was before Mr. William Johnson became a judge; and I cannot say what effect an inoculation by Lord Norbury's temperament may have had upon his constitution. But I have frequently told him,

that either physic or wrangling was indispensably necessary, to keep his bile from stagnation; and I hope my old chum has not suffered himself to sink into any morbid state of mental apathy.

I always promised to give William Johnson a page or two in my "Historic Memoirs of Ireland:" some of his friends have suggested that he would be more appropriately introduced into my "Fragments." I will adopt their suggestion without abandoning my own purpose, and, with the best wishes for his celebrity, bequeath him in *both* works to posterity, which I shall leave to form its own estimate of his merits.

Though divers curious and memorable anecdotes occur to me of my said friend Judge William Johnson, I do not conceive that many of them can be very interesting out of court, particularly after he becomes defunct, which nature has certainly set down as a "motion of course." One or two, however, which connect themselves with my egotistical feelings shall not be omitted. At the same time, I assure him, that I by no means approve of our late brother Daly's method of reasoning, who, on his speaking rather indecorously of Mr. William Johnson, in his absence, at the Bar-mess on circuit, was tartly and very properly asked by the present Mr. Justice Jebb, "Why he would say such things of Mr.

Johnson behind his back?" "Because," replied Mr. Daly, "I would not *hurt his feelings* by saying them to his *face*."

I often reflect on a most singular circumstance which occurred between Johnson and me, as proving the incalculability of what is called in the world "fortune," which, in my mind, cannot have a better definition than "The state lottery of nature." My friend is the son of a respectable apothecary, in Fishamble-street, Dublin, and was called to the bar some few years before me; but the world being blind as to our respective merits, I got immediately into considerable business, and he, though a much wiser man and a much cleverer lawyer, got none at all. Prosperity, in short, deluged me as it were; when suddenly I fell ill of a violent fever on circuit, which nearly ended my career. Under these circumstances, Johnson acted by me in a most kind and friendly manner, and insisted on remaining with me, to the neglect of his own concerns. This I would not allow; but I never forgot the proffered kindness, and determined, if ever it came within my power, to repay his civility.

The next year I was restored to health, and my career of good fortune started afresh, whilst poor Johnson had still no better luck. He remained assiduous, friendly, and good-natured to

me; but at the same time he drooped, and told me at Wexford, in a state of despondency, that he was determined to quit the bar and go into orders. I endeavoured to dissuade him from this, because I had a presentiment that he would eventually succeed; and I fairly owned to him that I doubted much if he were *mild* enough for a parson.

In about two years after, I was appointed King's counsel. My stuff gown had been, so far, the most fortunate one of our profession, and Johnson's the least so. I advised him to get a new gown; and shortly after, in the whim of the moment, fancying there might be some seeds of good luck sticking to the folds of my old stuff after I had quitted it for a silken robe, I dispatched a humorous note to Johnson, together with the stuff gown, as a mark of my gratitude for his attentions, begging he would accept it from a friend and well-wisher, and try if wearing it would be of equal service to him as to me.

He received my jocose gift very pleasantly, and in good part; and, laughing at my conceit, put on the gown. But, whatever may become of prepossessions, certain it is that from that period Johnson prospered; his business gradually grew larger; and, in proportion as it increased, he became, what they call in Ireland, *high enough* to every body but the attorneys;

and thus my friend William Johnson trudged on through thick and thin to the Parliament House, into which Lord Castlereagh stuffed him, as he said himself, "to put an end to it." However, he kept a clear look-out, and now sits in the place his elder brother Judge Robert had occupied, who was rather singularly *un*judged for having *Cobbettized* Lord Redesdale, as will hereafter appear.

Old Mr. Johnson, the father of these two gentlemen, when upwards of sixty, procured a diploma as physician—to make the family genteeler. He was a decent, orderly, good kind of apothecary, and a very respectable, though somewhat ostentatious doctor; and, above all, a good, orthodox, hard-praying Protestant. I was much amused one day after dinner at Mr. Hobson's, at Bushy, near Dublin, where the doctor, Curran, myself, and many others were in company. The doctor delighted in telling of the successes of his sons, Bob, Bill, Gam, and Tom the attorney, as he termed them: he was fond of attributing Bob's advancement rather to the goodness of Providence than that of the Marquess of Downshire; and observed, most parentally, that he had brought up his boys, from their very childhood, with "the fear of God always before their eyes." "Ah! 'twas a fortunate circumstance indeed, doctor," said Cur-

ran, "very fortunate indeed—that you *frightened* them so early."

One of the most honourable and humane judges I ever saw upon the Irish bench was the late Justice Kelly, of the Common Pleas. He acquired professionally a very large fortune, and died at a great age beloved and regretted by every being who had known him. It was he who tried the cause of Lady M—, and never did I see him chuckle with pleasure and a proper sense of gallantry, more than he did at the verdict in that case.

He was no common man. Numerous anecdotes have been told of him: many singular ones I myself witnessed; but none which did not do credit to some just or gentlemanly feeling. He had practised several years in the West Indies; and studying at the Temple on his return, was in due season admitted to the Irish bar, to the head of which he rose with universal approbation.

At the time the Irish insisted on a declaration of their independence, Judge Kelly had attained the high dignity of Prime Serjeant, a law office not known in England: in Ireland the Prime Serjeant had rank and precedence of the attorney and solicitor-general. On the government of Ireland first opposing that declaration of independence, Kelly, from his

place in Parliament, declared "he should consider it rather a disgrace than an honour to wear the prime serjeant's gown under a ministry which resisted the rights of his country!" and immediately sent in his resignation, and retired to the rank of a private barrister.

Among such a people, and in consequence of such conduct, it is useless to attempt describing his popularity. His business rose to an extent beyond his powers. Nobody was satisfied who had not Tom Kelly for his advocate in the courts: no suitor was content who had not Tom Kelly's opinion as to title: all purchasers of property must have Tom Kelly's sanction for their speculations. In a word, he became both an oracle and a fortune-teller: his court-bag grew too heavy for his strength, but he got through every cause gallantly and cheerfully: he was always prepared; his perseverance never yielded; his arguments seldom failed; his spirits never flagged. This enviable old man lived splendidly, yet saved a large fortune. At length, it was found so unpopular to leave him at the bar, that he was first appointed Solicitor-General, and then mounted on the bench of the Common Pleas, where having sat many years, he retired to his beautiful country residence, near Stradbally, Queen's County, and lived as a country gentleman in hospitable magnificence. He married

three of his daughters well, pursued his field-sports to his death, and departed this world to the unanimous regret of all who knew him.

Judge Kelly's only son, whilst his father yet lived, turned methodist; got infatuated amongst devotees and old women; became a sectarian preacher! and has by these ignoble means contrived, as thoroughly as the possession of a large fortune will permit him, to bury once more the family name in that obscurity whence his father had raised it. After Judge Kelly had assumed the bench, the public began to find out that his legal knowledge had been overrated! his opinions were overruled, his advice thought scarce worth having, his deductions esteemed illogical:—in short, he lost altogether the character of an infallible lawyer, but had the happiness of thinking he had confirmed his reputation for honour, justice, and integrity. He used to say, laughingly, "So they find out now that I am not a very staunch lawyer: I am heartily glad they did not find it out thirty years ago!"

He loved the world, and this was only gratitude, for the world loved him; and nobody ever yet enjoyed his existence with more cheerfulness and composure. "Egad!" he used to say, "this world is wheeling round and round quite too fast to please me. For my part I'd

rather be a *young* shoe-boy than an *old* judge." (Who would not?—says the author:) He always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes: I recollect my friend William Johnson once pressing him very fiercely to a decision in his favour, and stating as an *argument* (in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of) that there could be no doubt on the point—precedent was imperative in the matter, as his Lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before.

"So, Mr. Johnson," said the judge, looking archly—shifting his seat somewhat—and shrugging up his right shoulder,—"so! because I decided *wrong* twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a *third* time? No, no, Mr. Johnson! you must excuse me. I'll decide the other way this bout:"—and so he did.

The anecdotes of his quaint humour are in fact innumerable, and some of his charges quite extraordinary. His profile was very like Edmund Burke's: he had that sharp kind of nose which gives a singular cast to the general contour; but there was always an appearance of drollery lurking in his countenance. No man could more justly boast of carrying about him proofs of nationality, as few ever had the Irish dialect stronger. It was in every word and every motion! Curran used to say he had the

brogue in his *shoulders.* If Judge Kelly conceived he had no grounds to be ashamed of his country, she had still less to be ashamed of him. He was calculated to do credit to any land.

I also had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Arthur Wolfe intimately, afterwards Baron Kilwarden and Chief Justice of Ireland. This gentleman had, previously to his advancement, acquired very high eminence as an equity lawyer: he was much my senior at the bar.

Wolfe had no natural genius, and but scanty *general* information: his talents were originally too feeble to raise him by their unassisted efforts into any political importance. Though patronized by the Earl of Tyrone, and supported by the Beresford aristocracy, his rise was slow and gradual; and his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General had been long predicted, not from his ability, but in consequence of his reputation as a good-hearted man and a sound lawyer.

On the elevation of Mr. John Fitzgibbon to the seals, Mr. Wolfe succeeded him as Attorney-General, the parliamentary duties of which office were, however, far beyond the reach of his oratory, and altogether too important for his proportion of intellect; and hence he had to encounter difficulties which he was unable successfully to surmount. The most gifted members

of his own profession were, in fact, then linked with the first-rate political talents of the Irish nation, to bear down those measures which it had become Mr. Wolfe's imperative official duty to originate or support.

In the singular character of Mr. Wolfe there were strange diversities of manner and of disposition. On first acquaintance, he seldom failed to make an unfavourable impression; but his arrogance was only apparent—his pride innoxious—his haughtiness theoretical. In society, he so whimsically mixed and mingled solemn ostentation with playful frivolity, that the man and the boy, the judge and the jester, were generally alternate.

Still Kilwarden's heart was right and his judgment sufficing. In feeling he was quick—in apprehension slow. The union of these qualities engendered a sort of spurious sensibility, which constantly led him to apprehend offence where none was ever intended. He had a constant dread of being thought petulant; and the excitement produced by this dread became itself the author of that techy irritation which he so much deprecated. Thus, like certain humorous characters on the stage, he frequently worked himself into silly anger by endeavouring to show that he was perfectly good-tempered.

Lord Kilwarden, not perceiving the true dis-

tinction between pride and dignity, thought he was supporting the appearance of the one, when, in fact, he was only practising the formality of the other: and, after a long intercourse with the world, he every day evinced that he knew any one's else character better than his own. As Attorney-General during a most trying era, his moderation, justice, and discretion were not less evident than was his strict adherence to official duties; and the peculiarities of his manner were merged in the excellence of his more sterling qualities.

In the celebrated cause of the King against Heavy, (in the King's Bench,) Mr. Curran and I were Heavy's counsel, and afterwards moved to set aside the verdict on grounds which we considered to form a most important point, upon legal principles.

Curran had concluded his speech, and I was stating what I considered to be the law of the case, when Lord Kilwarden, impatient and fidgetty, interrupted me:—"God forbid, Mr. Barrington," said he, "that should be the law!"

"God forbid, my Lord," answered I, "that it should *not* be the law."

"You are rough, Sir," exclaimed he.

"More than one of us have the same infirmity, my Lord."

"I was right, Sir," said he.

"So was I, my Lord," returned I, unbendingly.

He fidgetted again, and looked haughty and sour. I thought he would break out, but he only said, "Go on, Sir—go on, Sir!" I proceeded: and, whilst I was speaking, he wrote a note, which was handed to me by the officer: I kept it, as affording a curious trait of human character. It ran thus:—

"Barrington,

"You are the most impudent fellow I ever met. Come and dine with me this day at six. You will meet some strangers, so I hope you will behave yourself, though I have no reason to expect it!" "K."

To conclude this sketch;—Lord Kilwarden was, in grain, one of the best men I ever knew: but, to be liked, it was necessary he should be known; and, the more intimately known, the more apparent were his good qualities. He had not an error, to counterbalance which some merit did not exhibit itself. He had no wit, though he thought he said good things: as a specimen of his punning, he used to call *Curran* "*Gooseberry.*"

The instability of human affairs was lamentably exemplified in his Lordship's cata-

strophe:—his life was prosperous, and deservedly so; his death cruel and unmerited. There scarcely exists in record a murder more inhuman or more wanton than that of the chief justice.

In 1803, on the evening when the partial but sanguinary insurrection broke out in Dublin, (organized by Mr. Emmet) Lord Kilwarden had retired to his country-house near the metropolis, and was tranquilly enjoying the society of his family, when he received an order from government to repair to town on particular business: in fact, the police, the secretaries, and all attached to the executive, had continued incredulous and supine, and never believed the probability of a rising until it was at the very point of commencing.

Lord Kilwarden immediately ordered his carriage, and, attended only by his nephew, (a clergyman) and one of his daughters, proceeded to Dublin without the least suspicion of violence or interruption. His road, however, lay through a wide and long street, wherein the rebels had first assembled; and previously to Lord Kilwarden's arrival, had commenced operations. Before his Lordship could conceive, or had time to ask, the cause of this assemblage, he was in the midst of their ranks; hemmed in on every side by masses of armed ruffians, there was no

possibility of retreat; and without being conscious of a crime, he heard the yells of murder and revenge on every side around him, and perceived that he was lost beyond the power of redemption.

A general shout ran amongst the insurgents of "The Chief Justice!—The Chief Justice!" Their crime would have been the same in either case, but it was alleged that they were mistaken as to the person, conceiving it to be Lord Carleton, who, as justice of the Common Pleas, had some years before rendered himself beyond description obnoxious to the disaffected of Dublin, in consequence of having been the judge who tried and condemned the two Counsellors Sheers, who were executed for treason, and to whom that nobleman had been testamentary guardian, by the will of their father. The mob thought only of him; and Lord Kilwarden fell a victim to their revenge against Lord Carleton.

The moment the cry went forth, the carriage was stopped, and the door torn open. The clergyman and Miss Wolfe got out and ran:—the latter was suffered to escape; but the pikemen pursued, and having come up with Mr. Wolfe, mangled and murdered, in a horrid manner, as fine and inoffensive a young gentleman as I ever knew.

Hundreds of the murderers now surrounded

the carriage, ambitious only who should first spill the blood of a chief justice; a multitude of pikemen at once assailed him, but his wounds proved that he had made many efforts to evade them. His hands were lacerated all over, in the act of resistance; but, after a long interval of torture, near thirty stabs in various parts of his body incapacitated him from struggling further with his destiny. They dragged him into the street; yet, when conveyed into a house, he was still sensible, and able to speak a few words—but soon after expired, to the great regret of all those who knew him well, as I did, and were able to separate his frivolity from his excellent qualities.

Certain events which arose out of that cruel murder are singular enough. Mr. Emmet, a young gentleman of great abilities but of nearly frantic enthusiasm, who had been the organ and leader of that partial insurrection, was son to the state physician of Ireland, Doctor Emmet. Some time after the unfortunate event, he was discovered, arrested, tried, and executed. On his trial, Mr. Plunkett was employed to act for the crown, with which he had not before been connected, but was soon after appointed Solicitor-General. The circumstances of that trial were printed and are no novelty; but the result of it was a paper which appeared in Cobbett against

Lord Redesdale, and which was considered a libel. It was traced to Judge Robert Johnson, of the Common Pleas, who was in consequence pursued by the then Attorney General, Mr. O'Grady, as was generally thought by the bar, (and as I still think) in a manner contrary to all established principles both of law and justice, The three law courts had the case argued before them: the judges differed on every point: however, the result was that Judge Johnson, being kidnapped, was taken over to England, and tried before the King's Bench at Westminster, for a libel undoubtedly written in Ireland, although published by Cobbett in both countries. He was found guilty; but, on the terms of his resigning office, judgment was never called for. As, however, Judge Robert Johnson was one of those members of parliament who had forgotten their patriotism and voted for a Union, the government could not in reason abandon him altogether. They therefore gave him twelve hundred pounds a year for life; and Robert Johnson, Esquire, has lived many years not a bit the worse for Westminster; whilst his next brother (to whom I have already paid my respects,) was made judge of the Common Pleas, and rules in his stead. This is the Mr. Robert Johnson who, from his having been inducted into two offices, Curran used to style, on allu-

ding to him in the House of Commons, "the *learned* barrack-master." He was a well-read entertaining man, extremely acute, an excellent writer, and a trust-worthy, agreeable companion. But there was something tart in his look and address, and he was neither good-natured in his manner nor gentlemanly in his appearance, which circumstances, altogether, combined with his public habits to render him extremely unpopular. He did not affect to be a great pleader, but he would have made a first-rate attorney: he was very superior to his brother William in every thing except law and arrogance, in which accomplishments William, when a barrister, certainly was entitled to a pre-eminence which, I believe, none of his contemporaries refused to concede him.

END OF VOL. I.

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